The Sunday Oregonian.

NO. 45. PORTLAND, OREGON: SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1883. PRICE—TEN CENTS

OUS WOMAN.

[illegible] 1840, a young man [illegible] applied for a situation as [illegible] in a New York [illegible] advertisement was [illegible] house, doing a large [illegible] for planters in Geor[illegible] applicant was an English[illegible] and was married. [illegible] marriage, a boy [illegible] accompanied them in [illegible]. Finding New York [illegible] he took up his resi[illegible] and went daily to his [illegible] by ferry boat, leav[illegible] and returning by the [illegible] York at 5 in the [illegible] was nearly a mile [illegible] landing, more com[illegible] and there he lived [illegible] most vexatious years [illegible].

[illegible] the third son of a clergy[illegible] had been educated for [illegible] means a ther[illegible] of that mighty ne[illegible] with the re[illegible] world, and such [illegible] Gayton received. In [illegible] by nature. A heavy [illegible] short and ill-shapen [illegible] short, and sup[illegible] of unmistaka[illegible]. Beyond this the [illegible] deep research [illegible] law had made [illegible] foremost men in the [illegible] was sufficient to [illegible] and the innate purity [illegible] capacity nothing [illegible] him. He was always [illegible] work, and stood ready [illegible] whenever they got [illegible] handwriting was as neat [illegible] and nothing could [illegible] his ledger. It was no [illegible] while wholly deficient [illegible] by which alone he [illegible] a member of the firm, [illegible] in him the highest [illegible] ability and faithful ad[illegible] trust. The morning [illegible] Philip Gayton absent [illegible] nightfall never cast its lead[illegible] day that did not see him at [illegible] little stepson to get his [illegible].

[illegible] I write of his wife? What [illegible] generous and sympathetic [illegible] born without any balance [illegible]? She was about two [illegible] husband and had been a [illegible] woman in her day; but long [illegible] drink had left its impress on [illegible] features. She would have [illegible]ally, but never showed her[illegible] while laboring under this [illegible] I have been in her house when [illegible] bedlam and her power[illegible] through the chamber [illegible] roar of an enraged lioness. [illegible] this once beautiful woman [illegible] halls of her house and roar out [illegible] unintelligible gibberish to all [illegible]. And yet, let a neighbor get [illegible] was the very first hand to admin[illegible] careful nursing. Charity was [illegible] element in her nature that [illegible] salary was insufficient to meet [illegible] in behalf of her poorer neigh[illegible] constantly took advantage of her [illegible] misplaced generosity.

[illegible] years that I knew of, and the [illegible] knows how much longer [illegible] had come home at least [illegible] in the week, either to find [illegible] from the effects of [illegible] nearly dead with "the hor[illegible]" in the train of a heavy de[illegible] all those long years that patien[illegible] utterance to the first querulous [illegible] you prate of heroes who have [illegible] or been spitted upon a rapier, [illegible] very common men. This man's [illegible]. "We must bear [illegible] with poor ma," he said one day to a [illegible], "for she has suffered much." [illegible] him in fearful terms when intox[illegible] seemed to overlook an oppor[illegible] humiliate him in the presence of [illegible]. But he bore it with all the [illegible] of a Choctaw brave, and some[illegible] 1861 Mrs. Gayton was carried to [illegible] last time. All night long she [illegible] paroxysms of superhuman strength, [illegible] her nurses as easily as if they [illegible] children. Toward morning [illegible] grew calmer, and as the wintry [illegible] cold and gray, her weary spirit [illegible] forever.

[illegible] before her death one of my rela[illegible] with her. It was the first lucid in[illegible] Mrs. Gayton had enjoyed for weeks, and [illegible] in front of a huge log fire. The [illegible] aristocratic family connections [illegible] a subject of mirth and satire [illegible], but of one thing there [illegible]—she was a splendidly edu[illegible]. The conversation reverted to [illegible] on the day referred to, and Mrs. [illegible]: "You have probably heard a [illegible] gossip about my antecedents, but [illegible] soon to die and have, therefore, [illegible] in any misrepresentation. My [illegible] was Emilia Capel, and my [illegible] Lady Flora Capel, third daughter [illegible] of Coningsby. And do you know [illegible] father?"

[illegible] had not the slightest idea.

"[illegible]," replied Mrs. Gayton, "he was no [illegible] than William the Fourth. He [illegible] Clarence at the time he married [illegible] who really loved him. She re[illegible] his efforts to seduce her, as he had [illegible] ladies whose male relatives were [illegible] of power and wealth to resent the [illegible] on their family honor. My [illegible] him on his pledge that he [illegible] regard it as a morganatic mar[illegible]. I had a brother older than myself, who [illegible], and better for him it is, [illegible]."

"[illegible] were you born?" asked my [illegible].

"[illegible] 1822, two years after my father's [illegible] from Mrs. Jordan."

"[illegible] was there to your mother's [illegible] on his wife?" asked my aunt.

"[illegible] of royal blood. I was sent away [illegible] and there in seclusion and in [illegible] of the world. At 18 years of [illegible] to a farmhouse at Dentdale, in [illegible] the Scottish border, where I [illegible] provided for me in advance, [illegible] for anything. One [illegible] a handsome young man who in[illegible] to me as Mr. Robert Johnson [illegible] enjoying a few weeks' shooting [illegible] in my foolish girlhood I knew [illegible] the world, and eloped with him. I [illegible] found out that his name was not [illegible] and that he was one of the worst [illegible] in London. He died in a fit of de[illegible] and when he had been dead a year I [illegible] to Mr. Gayton."

[illegible] after this came Mrs. Gayton's [illegible] which cost her the loss of her [illegible] was buried in the little cemetery near [illegible] her husband married again about [illegible]. His second wife was a very [illegible] domestic woman, and her kindness [illegible] him forget all his former troubles. [illegible] mysterious woman was soon forgot[illegible] his former acquaintances. Gayton left [illegible] of cotton factors in 1862, and was [illegible] secretary of one of the largest fire in[illegible] companies in New York. Several years [illegible] publishing a newspaper it The [illegible] I got out an illustrated holiday paper, [illegible] a copy to him, as well as several [illegible] in New York. About three weeks [illegible] notification from the postal au[illegible] to discontinue sending the paper, as the party to whom it was addressed was dead. So ends all connection of Philip Gayton with this strange story. Brave heart, and fearless slave of duty, he had gone to his long deferred reward. There is no courage so sublime as that which suffers in silence, and he was a hero if ever I knew one.

About three years ago the associated press sent out a telegram to all daily newspapers using their dispatches, stating that a secret agent of the British government was negotiating with a lawyer of Louisville, Ky., for the purchase of a book published in London in 1828, called "Memories of George the Fourth," which was printed in twelve numbers and illustrated with wood cuts that are nothing more or less than obscene pictures. Up to the time it was discovered the Louisville lawyer had a copy of this work, it was believed the entire edition had been destroyed. The press dispatch, published in all the papers at that time, gave as a reason why the royal family were so anxious to suppress the book, that it contained a full exposure of the base intrigues, scandals and infamies in which the licentious George the Third figured; also, unimpeachable proof of a child born in lawful wedlock by a poor, obscure girl, whom the prince could ruin by nothing short of marriage—a child whose impoverished [illegible] to be wearing the English crown instead of Victoria Guelph. The telegram was published in every paper connected with the associated press, and from its startling character was extensively copied.

In the eleventh and twelfth numbers of this series of pamphlets was the story of the morganatic marriage of "the Sailor King" to Lady Flora Capel, and the sudden death of that ill-fated lady. It also stated that a daughter born of this union was still living, but her whereabouts were totally unknown. And in my own mind there can be no doubt but Mrs. Gayton's story was in every respect true. That it was possible for a lovely woman to fall in love with the hero of a dozen naval battles, in spite of his notoriously immoral character, requires no great stretch of credulity. The lives of Nelson and the great duke of Marlborough prove abundantly that men can be heroes and villains as well. And with all her education and her beauty, Lady Flora Capel was but human. It is quite probable, from what Mrs. Gayton divulged before her death, that her mother had attempted to obtain a recognition of her rights as the lawfully born daughter of the sailor king, but had been scouted as an adventuress by those who, in the hope of future power and preferments, were paving the way for the accession to the throne of the daughter of Edward of Kent. Just think how it would sound to hear of one of the royal family being married to "a party by the name of Johnson." And yet I have not the slightest doubt that the story told by Mrs. Gayton, a few days before her death, was substantially correct. In everything else she had been uniformly truthful, and what object could she have had in misrepresenting it?

The secret agent of the British government is reported to have paid $5 000 for the book in the possession of the Kentucky lawyer, believing that he was then obtaining the only copy of what is rated as a scandalous book. If what it contains is false, its obscenity should be enough to consign it to the flames; but, if its disclosures are true, there is a tenfold incentive for its immediate destruction. Let 10,000 half-starved operatives read that book on the eve of a great labor strike, and there is no certainty that the queen's own head would be safe from the violence of an infuriated mob. In England such a book could be speedily suppressed by the strong arm of the law, but in this country no legal procedure could reach the possessor of such a work, hence the large reward paid for its destruction. But it would seem as if there were other copies extant and other parties possessing the washtickets for the soiled linen of royal families need to be settled with, on a pecuniary basis, payable probably out of the secret service fund of the British government. At all events a Pennsylvania paper has its little say about the scandalous book.

Richard Watts is an Englishman by birth and a retired tradesman of considerable means. He is past seventy years of age and resides about twelve miles from Erie, Pennsylvania. He was looking over some old copies of the *Erie Dispatch*, about a month ago, in search of a legal advertisement in relation to the estate of a deceased neighbor, when his eye fell on the telegram about the Louisville lawyer selling the book to the secret agent of the British crown. It occurred to him that when a boy in England he had purchased such a book in twelve weekly numbers and that he had put them away, because of the lewd nature of the contents and the vile character of the engravings. He left England for that place in 1832, bringing with him a trunk full of old and new books. To this old trunk Mr. Watts went immediately after he read the Louisville dispatch. At the bottom he discovered the work complete. The twelve numbers, making a book of about 500 pages, were found in a rusty and mouldy condition, but with the contents legible.

The week after he had left England the government had begun the work of suppressing this book by force of law and not by offers of reward. But for the mere accident of seeing the telegram, Mr. Watts would never again have thought of the books which had lain undisturbed for nearly fifty years. Being a man of means himself, Mr. Watts had no desire to profit financially by his discovery, but handed the precious work to a young man of slender means, John Firch of Erie, giving him full permission to treat with the Britishers. Firch is a member of the Young Men's Christian Association and became quite a prominent character two years ago for the vigorous part he took in the liquor crusade against the saloon keepers. There can be no doubt as to the genuineness of the work, and if the royal family are so anxious about the work as they were three years ago he has a bonanza. Very foolishly he told quite a number of people about it, and two efforts have been made to steal the "Memoirs."

Mr. Firch has already been offered a large sum of money to part with the books to speculators, but as their design is to republish them, beyond doubt, he has declined a larger offer than he will get from the English government. Once let a contract be let for the republication of the work, and it would cost a quarter-million to suppress the edition. Mr. Firch mailed the following letter to the prime minister of the British empire:

To the Right Honorable William E. Gladstone:

SIR: I have in my possession a copy of the work entitled, "The Memoirs of George the Fourth," containing a minute history of all the scandals connected with that monarch's reign. The recent discovery of a press telegram stating that the British government is desirous of wiping out every copy of this vile publication induces me to acquaint you that a copy similar to that obtained from the Louisville lawyer, which was believed to be the only copy extant in this country, has been handed to me for disposal. If her majesty's government is desirous of procuring this copy, any proposition for its destruction or delivery into the hands of a duly authorized agent, can be addressed to

J. F. FIRCH, Thirteenth St., Erie, Pa.

Meanwhile the book has been deposited in a tin case in the vaults of the National bank of Erie, where there are a score of applications every day to see them, but all such offers have been rejected. If the lecherous and indecent portions of the book could be stricken out and the remainder published, we fail to see any harm it might do in America, although it might prove very unpleasant reading to the royal family of England, whom it claims were pretenders to the throne. And, while $5000 is a good deal of money to pay for a book, especially a book which the purchaser does not want to read, yet it is not a big price to pay to keep down riots that would make the tenure of the throne insecure. Queen Victoria is the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., and holds the English throne by the supposed fact that neither George IV. nor his two next brothers, the Duke of York and the Duke of Clarence (afterward William IV.) left any lawful male issue. To have anybody turn up as the legal heirs of George IV. or William IV. would be very unpleasant notwithstanding the fact that the descendants of the Duke of Kent have had peaceable possession of "the sack" for nearly half a century.

Of the truth of Mrs. Gayton's statements to my relative, I have never had a doubt. That she was a woman of high birth and refined breeding, could not be obliterated by the years of intemperance that she had passed through before I had ever seen her. Her conversation was that of a highly educated woman, whenever she was not under the influence of liquor; and she could quote all the leading poetic and prose writers with a marvelous degree of accuracy. Her sympathy with the poor and needy showed the innate nobility of her nature, despite the one fault from which she was herself the greatest sufferer. Again, what object could she have had in misrepresenting it? The higher her birth and early surroundings, the worse the vice which had overtaken her and from which she seemed wholly unable to abstain. "I love my husband for all his goodness to me," she said one day, "but when I think of what I am and what I should have been, it makes me doubt the existence of a God and I find drink my only relief. Some of these days it will all be over, and there will be nobody to weep for poor Millie Capel. If I thought there was one grain of justice under the sky, I would want to live; but now I feel that the sooner it's over the sounder I'll rest."

Her husband was a man that looked at everything from the stern standpoint of duty. His pride had caused his estrangement from his family and he preferred to cleave to his wife and forget them, notwithstanding all the misery he suffered from her intemperance. The old cotton firm of Middles & Son, in whose employ he remained so many years, were fearful for his personal safety while she was in her cups; and on one occasion the elder member of the firm offered to furnish him with the necessary means for a divorce. Mr. Gayton became very indignant and said that had the offer emanated from any other source he would have resented it as a personal insult. "When I said 'until death do us part,' I meant it," said he. In his pale blue eyes shown the unflinching courage that had overthrown the French at Waterloo. He had forsaken home, forgotten friends and estranged himself from blood relations, all for the sake of one who repaid his devotion with the harshest of all cruelties. The reader may not concur with me in many sentiments expressed in this narrative, but he will agree with me that to endure patiently and without complaint the sorrows which Philip Gayton suffered in silence for nearly twenty-five years calls for a higher order of courage than is required to win a battle or take a city by storm. And so I take leave of my humble hero, whose identity I have concealed under another name. Confident that not one living being in fifty remembers his ill fated wife, I have paid him this tribute, as there are no living relatives to recognize these portraits of a mysterious woman and an almost forgotten man.

M.

THE ADVENTURESS' RETURN.

A Plain Spoken View of Mrs. Langtry by a Quaker City Journalist.

Philadelphia Times, Oct. 10.

Having exhausted a variety of more sensational modes of advertising, the celebrated Mrs. Langtry now causes it to be announced that she is returning to America, bringing her aged mother with her. It is doubtful whether the small remaining interest in the British humanity will extend to her venerable mamma, who is scarcely likely to prove as strong an attraction as the companion and protector of last season. And if this refuge beneath the maternal wing is designed for Mrs. Langtry's social rehabilitation, it is sufficient to say that it is too late. The career of this person has been a wanton insult to every well-behaved and self-respecting woman in England or America, and it ought to be said emphatically, once for all, that this country has no more use for her, with or without her mother, and that those who encourage her vulgar pretensions do a wrong, not only to an honorable profession, to which she has presumed to attach herself, but to the honor of womanhood, which she has dragged in the dirt.

When an actress appeals to public favor by her art we have nothing to do with her private character. But this woman came before the public at the first upon a reputation sullied or in some way clouded by the patronage of the prince of Wales and made that smirch her sole stock in trade. She was found to be absolutely without dramatic talent, skill or capacity, and of only ordinary personal attractions, and apparently with the knowledge that she could not be accepted as an artist she deliberately chose to fasten public attention on herself by conduct mildly characterized as indiscreet. There are no princes here, but she chose as her companion a fast young New Yorker of wealth and impudence, and in his company paraded her unladylike conduct from town to town. No American woman, however brazen would dare openly to travel about the country in the way that Mrs. Langtry traveled with this man last season, and whether she does all this with the deliberate purpose of gaining the Americans' money or only because she thinks that an Englishwoman may do anything in this country, it is equally necessary that she should be taught better.

There are a hundred American girls, with more beauty and incomparably more dramatic capacity than Mrs. Langtry has, playing their little parts modestly in the theaters at wages that barely buy their clothes; what kind of a lesson are they to learn from the spectacle of a woman who amasses tens of thousands of dollars in one season by trading on no other capital than her immodesty? For the sake not only of the stage, but of the fireside; for the sake of public decency, of womanly honor and of national self-respect, it is time the English were made to understand that Americans have some knowledge, both of art and beauty, and of morals and decent conduct as well. If a shallow adventuress like this can make a fortune out of us by sheer effrontery, what is the use of brains or refinement or modesty?

A New Theory of Love.

What is all this finery for? Does it make men admire us? Have fine feathers really anything to do with fascinating these male birds? A journalistic friend assured me that sympathy was the great inciter of love. He said that Rev. Dr. Buckley told him of having met, in an asylum, two beautiful and accomplished women, who were teachers in the institution and wives of deaf and dumb men. They might have had their pick to a reasonable extent, from amongst men with full faculties, and yet they had chosen husbands who never had and never could speak or hear a word. The two matches had proved so agreeable that a young heiress of the neighborhood was betrothed to a third pupil. Dr. Buckley had convinced himself that sympathy in these instances begot love. The Rev. Dr. Newman was in the party, and my friend quotes him as dissenting from that theory and saying, 'A woman invariably has an ideal man in her mind for a husband. She doesn't often find his counterpart in reality. Now, what is it that usually disillusionizes her? It is the man's talk. He looks like a very commonplace mortal. Now a deaf mute doesn't let himself down in that way. His methods of conversations are so laborious that he doesn't resort to them unless he has something to say. He remains a hero in the estimation of the woman whom he impresses favorably by his person, and she falls in love with him for good and for all."

So we had better stop dressing carefully and hold our tongues in case this theory is sound and reversible as to the sexes.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

A Philadelphia preacher will to-morrow hold forth on "Base ball from a theological standpoint." The best standpoint to see a base ball game, let us here remark is behind the catcher, where you can take in the curved pitching.—*Hartford Post.*

TRESPASSES.

I see that Frank Blake has gone over to Seattle to start a Sunday paper, and if push will succeed, Blake's the man for the place. The reporter in "Michael Strogoff," who sends the first chapter of the book of Genesis to the London *Times* in order to hold the wire against his rivals, is a fool to Blake. I have heard of all sorts of reportorial enterprise, but Blake was the first reporter ever I knew who stopped a funeral to gain information. In justice to Blake I must state, however, that he made no endeavor to interview the corpse.

The funeral was that of Smith, who killed Mrs. Petch more than a year ago and, on being convicted of murder in the first degree, took morphine enough to straighten out a rhinoceros and adjourned under a suspension of the rules. This was on Saturday night and the funeral was to take place on the following Monday. Just as the solemn cortege was moving in the direction of the graveyard, a sweltering figure was seen coming up the road with the speed of "Jim Renwick," if not the staying qualities of "Patsy Duffy." This was nobody less than the indefatigable Blake, who was temporarily employed as local on the daily issues of the OREGONIAN. He ran till he overtook the hearse, which he "hove to," but suddenly remembered that the corpse could not talk.

He then ran back and jumped into the carriage with the widow and children of the suicide, and kept the mournful cortege waiting nearly ten minutes in a shower of autumn rain, while he got all the points of the suicide, etc., from the bereaved relict, who came to town and got married again on the following Saturday, by the way. And having extracted all possible information from the widow, he kindly alighted from the vehicle and allowed the procession to resume its melancholy errand. Then rushing back to the depot, he boarded the down train from Corvallis and was back in Portland at 2:45 P. M. If anybody can beat this feat, for the three cardinal virtues of rush, search and gall, please trot him out. I yearn to observe his form.

The best funeral story I ever heard was the one written by the late James Oakes ("Acorn" of blessed memory), in the New York *Spirit of the Times*, nearly fifty years ago, entitled the "Fastest Funeral on Record." That was but a clever fiction, however, framed by the quick brain and graceful pen of the eccentric old gentleman who presided over the "Salt House" in Boston. But the Yamhill funeral, which Blake "held up" until he could get all the points from the widow concerning her husband's suicide, was an actual fact. I did hear of an execution in New Jersey, about six years ago, in which the condemned man was interviewed at 10 A. M. by a New York reporter, who said he would like to ask a favor. The execution was to take place at any time between 12 and 2 o'clock, and as the return train for New York left at 12:50, he would be very much obliged if the condemned man would have the little affair come off at noon if possible. The poor fellow thought the thing over and concluded he might as well die one time as another. So he asked the sheriff to hang him at 12 promptly, which was done and the reporter caught the train. His paper had much the best account of the hanging, and he was promoted for it. The name of the reporter has never yet been given to the public, but I am willing to believe that Blake was the man.

The attempted suicide of Paschel Coggins, in San Francisco, calls to mind many recollections of old days in the editorial rooms of the Sacramento *Union*. I entered that employ in December, 1863, and left in February, 1866, to take the position of editor of the *Bee*, while James McClatchy was discharging the duties of sheriff. The staff consisted of Henry C. Watson, J. E. P. Weeks, A. P. Catlin, Pascal Coggins and myself. Coggins and I did the local work, and "Dad" Weeks was the pen and scissors. Catlin gave the bulk of his time to the Monroe doctrine, and Henry Watson wrote up the great civil war, then raging, in the most epigrammatic style ever attempted by any Pacific coast journalist. Poor fellow, he died of delirium tremens in 1867, and Weeks died of dropsy about four years ago. The three old gentlemen who made that the leading California newspaper of that era—Anthony, Larkin and Morrill—are all dead. The last two died poor, but Anthony left his widow and children a very handsome fortune.

Joe Friend, who kept a lumber-yard on the corner of Front and L streets, was a notorious practical joker, and Bill Hunt, whose wife kept the Hotel de France, was just about as bad. One day along came a two-wheeled cart drawn by a crowbait horse, and driven by an inebriated Irishman named Jack Duff. Just as the cart came opposite the gate of Joe Friend's lumber-yard, the wheel jarred over a piece of scantling and the Greek fell backward off the seat into the body of the cart. Joe, with a true humanitarian's impulses, at once raised the sound of "woe," and the philanthropic horse stood still. At that moment who should come along but Bill Hunt. Here was a chance for a cyclone in a samovar.

Nothing in the world ailed Mr. Jack Duff save that he was internally drunk. He lay there like a log while Bill Hunt took the old plug by the headstall and led him into the yard with the cart attached to him. Joe Friend unhitched the horse and ran the shafts up to a sawbuck so that the cart would not tip up, its occupant meanwhile signifying assent with a tipsy snore. This done, Hunt went over to a butcher's shop and got a hunk of bloody meat with which he smeared the drunken man's throat and shirt bosom, and then, having set the trap, they went out on the sidewalk and sat down in arm chairs in front of Joe's lumber yard. They did not have to wait long for a bite.

Coggins always made the round of the city front about 2 P. M. and the hot sun was pouring down on the levee as he approached the lumberyard. He asked:

"Well, Joe, what's new to-day?"

"Nothing—only that suicide."

"What suicide?" asked Coggins.

"Why Jack Duff that works in the brickyard. He went home drunk last night and walloped the packin' out of his wife. Then he came down town and drove in here somehow or other and cut his throat. His body is lying out here on the cart now. Come out and look at it."

Coggins walked out toward the cart, but as he neared it a swarm of flies arose from the pools of blood on Duff's neck. Coggins was a tender-hearted man and, veiling his face in his hands, walked rapidly away.

The next morning the *Union* had a full account of the appalling suicide of the drunken wife-beater, and about 10 A. M., as old man Weeks was overhauling the exchanges, in came the would-be suicide. To say that Mr. Duff's utterances were not those of a man of ecclesiastic education, is referring to the situation in a very mild way. Coggins got wind of the gathering storm and kept out of the way for four days, for Duff was hunting him with a four-year-old dried hickory plant. One day not long after that Mr. Anthony drove me out to the park in his carriage, to take a look at the horses in training for the state fair. Charley Shear drove by us with Alicia Mandeville, one of his best fillies.

"There goes Alicia," said I, "she is the coming star. Bill Hunt timed her a mile in 2:33 last Friday."

"Never mind anything but what you see yourself, sir," replied Mr Anthony, "and don't put anything into the *Union* on what Bill Hunt tells you, for by —, he ain't authentic."

Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer, an Episcopal clergyman, died at Montreal, Canada, on the 10th inst. To the many who have come upon this coast since 1861 this means little. But to the old-timers and particularly to the pioneer journalists of the coast, it means the loss of an older brother. In 1850, when Edward Gilbert was editor of the *Alta*, he one day received an application from Mr. Ewer for a place as assistant editor on the paper, and enclosing a contributed article on some pending question. Mr. Gilbert declined to give him the place, but paid him $20 for the article. Ewer then hunted up Col. B. F. Washington of the *Times and Transcript* and obtained a place on that paper which he held till January, 1853, when he launched forth his venture, the *Pioneer Magazine*, at $8 per year. In point of literary ability and neat discrimination, it would compare favorably with any magazine ever published in America, but its birth was premature for the nomadic condition of California's population forbade the contemplation of such subjects as were to be found in its pages. It had for its contributors such writers as Lieutenant George H. Derby, better known as "John Phœnix;" Hon. Joseph G. Baldwin, author of the "Flush Times of Alabama;" Edward Randolph, famous both as an orator and a jurist; George Wilkes, afterward editor of the New York *Spirit of the Times*; Frank Soule, a poet of no mean order, who died about a year ago; and John C. Cremony, well known to all old-time journalists. With such a force of gratuitous contributors, added to his own marked ability as a writer, Ewer could have made the *Pioneer* pay in any country which had the time to cultivate a taste for a fine type of literature, but California was in too big a hurry to get rich. Consequently the *Pioneer* was abandoned.

In 1856 Mr. Ewer was ordained publicly as an Episcopal minister by Bishop Kip, and became associate rector of old Grace church, on the corner of Powell and Jackson streets. He preached there three years and then went east, where he suddenly became famous as a ritualist. His celebrated discourse on the "Failure of Protestantism" gave great offence to the body of the church, and he sank in obscurity almost as rapidly as he had risen to fame. He lost the rectorship of a church which paid him $1900 per month, and his last few years were spent in comparative poverty. In person Mr. Ewer was a man of prepossessing appearance. Nearly six feet in hight, and of symmetrical figure, he had a face that was full of intellectual beauty and kindness. His life was a checkered one, yet all of his early Pacific coast friends will hear of his death with regret, for he was not only the most amiable of men, but has also left a deep and lasting impress on the literature of the Pacific coast.

The president has disapproved of the findings of the court martial in the case of Lieutenant Simpson, who was ordered to be dismissed from the army for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. His offence consisted in marrying a woman with whom he had cohabited for several years. This, of course, gave great offence to the noble cohort of journeyman waltzers and German leaders who infest the army to-day, and the man was given the "grand bounce" for the only decent thing he had done. Perhaps he had betrayed the woman in the first place, and, in marrying her, was making her the only reparation in his power. If such was the case, he deserved the sympathy of every honest man in the service. There was no need of Mrs. Colonel McDude and Mrs. General Bloodrummer associating with the women if they did not wish to do so, but they had no need to cut off the subsistence of a man against whose integrity nothing could be urged.

If the army is to be kept so pure and free from contamination, why do not the "powers [illegible] trial the bigamist [illegible] "charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" for marrying one woman while he has another legal wife living? And there is the great embezzler of Arctic renown, Captain Howgate—has any attempt been made to strike him from the rolls of the profession he has so shamefully dishonored? Not at all. These are bad men, both of them—Nickerson and Howgate—but they have wealthy and influential relatives who can screen them from merited punishment. But this poor Simpson has no rich relatives in army circles, and he must be made an example for juvenile delinquents. He has not stolen anything like Howgate, nor committed bigamy like Nickerson, but he married a woman who is not such as army society can receive as a visitor. And that is a crime in the eyes of the women who give expensive entertainments and run their husbands head over heels in debt in order to keep up appearances of what they have not got nor never had.

In retaining this young officer in the army over the verdict of a court-martial, the president has done a righteous act. He has shown the stiff-necked dudes who aim to run things in the "wegulah ahmy" that they cannot ostracise men who don't see fit to bow the knee to the shoddy element that has usurped the place once filled by such sterling men as old Zack Taylor and William S. Harney. If Simpson is to be expelled the army for making an atonement for a wrong, or even for trying to make a good woman out of a bad one, he is himself the greatest sufferer, and deserves the cordial sympathy of every brave man under the flag. Now let the names of the officers composing that court-martial be published, that men of decency and common sense can ostracise them as they sought to do with the unfortunate young lieutenant. And let Nickerson and Howgate be set to breaking rock or picking jute at the penitentiary before anybody prates about "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

The troubles of Senator Sharon and Miss Sarah Althea Hill, who claims to be the lawfully wedded wife of the little brandy-nosed statesman, have filled a considerable space in the California papers, and it is hardly in good taste to drag the controversy in the Oregon press, but a lady asked me the other day:

"Mr. Grizzly, did you ever study botany?"

"Never, my dear madam. I hardly know the difference between the *convolvulus major* and the *dioscorea batatas* from the residency of Lucknow in the Punjaub," was my answer.

"Then you have not remarked the strange coincidence?" asked the lady.

"What coincidence?"

"Why in the Sharon breach of promise case. The lady's middle name is 'Althea,' which is the botanical name for 'Rose of Sharon.'"

We have had an unusual number of notables visiting us this year, but we are not yet done with them. The overland train, which is to arrive to-night, will bring us one of the public men of the old school, ex-Governor John S. Phelps of Missouri, a man in whom the people of the entire Pacific coast feel a deep interest, from the fact that he is a representative man of the restless and energetic New England element that has been first and foremost in leading the march of empire across the continent. Governor Phelps' visit to Oregon is a mission of private citizenship, coming as he does to visit his daughter, Mrs. J. B. Montgomery, of this city. In him our young state will recognize an old and well tried friend, upon whose sympathy and co-operation she could always reckon in behalf of any meritorious and equitable proposition. Born in Connecticut in 1814, he emigrated to Missouri in 1836, since which time he has been a moving figure in the progress of that great and wealthy state. He represented that state in congress from 1844 to 1863, and was always on the committee of ways and means in which arduous body his efforts were always directed to aiding the development of the far west. California found him an earnest advocate for her admission into the sisterhood of states in 1850; and when, eight years later, Oregon came timidly knocking at the door, his voice (and it was on his motion that the bill for our admission was passed) was the first raised in her behalf. When the purchase of the territory now known as Arizona was first mooted, some of the wisest men in the nation scouted it as a willful waste of ten million dollars. Governor Phelps advocated it as the addition of another strong box to our national exchequer, and subsequent events have more than vindicated his sagacity. Of his career in the gubernatorial chair of his adopted state, no mention is necessary at our hands, for it is part and parcel of the history of the country. Suffice it to say that all the best men in Missouri rising above the sordid trammels of party, have united in paying equal tribute to his sagacity, shrewdness and high integrity. In bidding him heartily welcome to her emerald hills and rich valleys, Oregon is merely paying a debt of gratitude of long standing to a man whose sincere friendship in the years of her severe trial and long isolation has been enshrined in the hearts and memories of her best citizens.

GRIZZLY.

MR. COLFAX AT HELENA.

His Remarks Upon the Northern Pacific Railroad and Upon Mr. Villard.

On his trip west Hon. Schuyler Colfax stopped at Helena and was accorded a generous reception by the Odd Fellows of that city. The *Herald* of the 8th inst. devotes a column and a half to Mr. Colfax's address, from which we make the following excerpts:

He congratulated them also on the opening of the great railroad line, whose heavy passenger and freight trains already sweep by their doors so grandly, although its career has but barely begun. From the very outset he had been the earnest, outspoken advocate, by speech, and pen, and vote, of this grandest of all our continental lines, and had for many a year insisted that, when completed, the nation would be convinced, at last, that it ran through a country susceptible of a more prosperous development than any of the lines which have made our continent the highway of nations between Europe and Asia.

Already, he said, he saw in the swift-coming future, not weak and sparsely settled territories in this northern border land of the republic, but rich and growing states, through which the iron horse shall speed his way over the mountains and across the valleys of our interior, no longer to be called a "frontier"—not vast, unimproved and undeveloped plains, but irrigation, from lateral canals for hundreds of miles along the rivers, making them as fertile as the overflow of the Nile fertilizes old Egypt. Contemplate, too, our mineral area, larger than all the mineral area of all the world besides. But half a century ago there were some insignificant gold-washings on our Atlantic seaboard; while now, from the British line on the north to the Mexican line on the south, a thousand miles in length, and from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific, hundreds of miles in width, are proven to be rich in every direction, in mountain and valley, in river and ravine, with the precious ores. And there burst upon our eyes these gold and silver seams, forced into the molten rock when the creator spoke this world into being, and hidden from view for ages until the afternoon of the nineteenth century, as if from the beginning, thousands of years ago, he had intended that our republic should be not only the freest, but also the wealthiest nation of the world.

Mr. Colfax spoke of the great executive and administrative abilities of President Villard, who had carried through so energetically the remarkably rapid construction and completion of the unfinished part of the Northern Pacific railroad. He said he had known him for many years, and having formed his acquaintance when he was a newspaper correspondent at Washington city, he had witnessed his steady progress since then with a personal interest. Mr. Villard seemed born to success, a man of great will-power so often are. And he had never failed in any of his undertakings, difficult and daring as many of them had been. As receiver of Kansas railroads he had won the confidence of foreign capitalists, and had exhibited such marked powers as to inspire a confidence that proved of inestimable value when the vast amounts of money were to be raised for this railroad. The "blind pool," as it was called, by which over half a score of millions of dollars was offered him on his own responsibility, without any hint or revelation of how it should be used, by which he obtained control of the great railroad company, was one of the most remarkable and complimentary exhibitions of absolute confidence in a man ever known in the financial history of the nation, and of which Mr. Villard had every reason to be proud.

He had just carried through a successful consummation the most magnificent and comprehensive excursion ever given in the world, bringing together by its unifying influence not only the great lakes and the Pacific, but, on even a grander scale, the great nations of Europe with western America.

And now comes his greater work, grander in its results even than the building of a thousand miles of railroad over and under mountains, and overcoming the mighty obstacles of nature. And that work is the work of development of the remarkable resources of the country it has opened up to immigration and productive industry. The productive development of this vast region has but just begun. States along this railroad line are to add glory to this republic, and brilliant stars to its flag. Immigration is to furnish a constantly increasing population to the belt it traverses and constantly increasing traffic to its revenues.

Mr. C. said he had the fullest confidence that President Villard would be found rising to "the height of the occasion," hereafter as heretofore, in all the measures from time to time that will conduce to those results that will indicate the wisdom of congress in making the great land grant through which alone this railroad could have been built in this generation, and will thus win an enduring name as being not only the greatest of railroad builders of this era, but also a wise manager and public benefactor.

Tonquin's Agricultural Wealth

There are two kinds of rice—one for food and export, the other glutinous rice for sacrifices. Large areas of the lower delta produce an inferior species of sugar cane. It is proposed to introduce from Java a species called Violette. A considerable quantity is exported to Hong Kong. Silk is largely produced, but the quality is poor. Tonquin cannot produce especially delicate fruits, but a plentiful variety exists. The common southern China tobacco resembles that grown in the Canton province. Little tea is grown in Tonquin, but in [illegible]es, bordering Yunnan, a fine quality is grown. The French hope to divert this export. This is a hopeless unless they lay a rail along the Songkoi. Cotton is grown successfully, and exported to Yunnan. China nettle is grown, and textile fabrics are produced from bark. Among dyes are inferior indigo and false gambier, a black dye much used in Hanoi. The process is kept secret. Among medicinal plants yam and Hoangnan are the most famous; the former is a powerful tonic, the latter strychnos Gautheriana, a poison, reported to be a sovereign remedy for plague, paralysis, leprosy and snake bite. Various oils, resins and varnishes are found similar to those found in southern China. Nutmeg, cardamom and betel are plentiful. There is no valuable timber, but bamboo is plentiful. There are four varieties of ironwood and other useful timber, but none valuable for export. Buffaloes work on the fields; they are cattle, bred like ponies by the Shan tribes. Pork is reported healthy and the principal flesh eaten by the Tonquinese. Poultry is plentiful. Report credits the hill regions with abundance of big game. Much stress has been laid on metallic wealth, but information is vague. The most valuable mines are situate in unhealthy regions. The coal might compete with the Australia, China and Japan coal sold at Hong Kong. Analysis has shown its good quality. Iron, lead, zinc, tin, and gold exist in different parts mainly the Songkoi basin and along the north frontier, but whether it will pay to exploit them I cannot say.—Cor. *London Times*.

"The oldest inhabitants remember so badly and lie so well they do not get on well together. When they talk together about the "days of yore," it is common to hear one say, "yore another."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

TROTTING TOPICS.

It is impossible to resist the belief that of all the sons of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, the crown prince is Electioneer. We have tried to doubt it, in favor of Volunteer and Alexander's Abdallah, but the "proof of the pudding" is beginning to stare us too strongly in the face. Here is the record from one year up to four:

Yearlings, Hinda Rose	2:36
Two-year-old, Wildflower	2:21
Three-year-old, Hinda Rose	2:19½
Four-year-old, Bonita	[illegible]

In addition to this, Fred Crocker trotted in 2:25 at two years old; Albert W., four year old stallion, in 2:22; Adair, four years, a third heat in 2:20; and Anteeo, four years old stallion, a two mile heat in 5:06, at the close of a heavy season when he was as big as a bull, and not fit to trot for the cocktails. No other sire can make such a showing as this with a batch of colts, the oldest of which is not five years of age. The most significant, in one sense of the word, in the performance of [illegible] it will be remembered that in February, 1869, at San Francisco, Warren's Ratifier trotted a heat of two miles in 5:12, being then nine years old, which was not only the fastest heat of two miles trotted up to that time by any stallion in America, but actually stood unbeaten for six years later. And here comes a half-broken, ill-trained four-year-old, with a belly on him like an elephant, and trots a third heat six seconds quicker. It is impossible to frown down "the inexorable logic of events" that stares us in the face. Breeding is as progressive as training, and "the world moves."

The boasted supremacy of Kentucky in the breeding of trotters is something that is rapidly becoming traditional, while California's fame in that line assumes the proportions of tangible history. And when you come to sift it all down what does it amount to? Was Alexander's Abdallah a Kentucky horse? Oh, no, he was foaled in Ulster county, New York, and was called Edsall's Hambletonian until taken south. Was Alexander's Norman, the sire of Lulu and Blackwood, a Kentucky bred horse? Not at all, he came from way out in Maine, so far down east that they pry the sun up with a handspike in the morning. Was Dictator, the sire of Jay Eye See and Director, bred in Kentucky? Not a bit of it, for he was bred by Jonathan Hawkins of Orange county, N. Y. Now, then, where did Electioneer come from? Charles Backman's place in the same county. He is by the old "Hero of Chester" out of a tried mare, the dam of Elaine and Prospero. Therefore, let us say, which we may say without stretching the truth or falsifying the record, that the California trotter and the Kentucky trotter are nothing but the Orange county trotter improved by transplantation into a milder and more favorable climate.

Jay Beach was, last year, an unlucky man. He was down at the state fair and campaigned through the circuit with a fine lot of colts, only to lose races which he ought to have won with ease. He has been more fortunate this year, sweeping off both the colt stakes and winning a handsome race of five heats with his handsome Altamont. On the strength of this season's performances he has got his stock into deserved notice, and will find them in demand hereafter. This convinces him that his residence in Jackson county is too far from market, too far from Portland, which is the center of finance and traffic in the northwest. He has therefore removed his horses to Reedville for the balance of the season, while he has gone out to Jacksonville to remove hither all his brood mares, colts and other personal surroundings. Having made arrangements with John L. Hallett, Esq., the well-known railroad contractor, who has a handsome farm near Dilley, on the west side road, Mr. Beach will hereafter conduct operations at that beautiful and well organized farm. This will place Mr. Beach within three hours' drive of the metropolis, so that purchasers can visit him and see his stock at work during the training season without taking long or expensive journeys. Having such mares as Maggie Arnold and the dams of Zilophone and Vanita to commence with Mr. Beach cannot fail to turn out a high type of horses.

Dr. C. H. Mack, of Walla Walla, was the unlucky man this year, and struck about such a streak of misfortune as that which overtook Mr. Beach last year. He came down to the fair with six standard-bred colts, sired by his great horse Alwood, who imparts beauty and quality to nine-tenths of his colts, and size and substance to all of them. As a sire of colts possessing ability to pull weight, handsome color and high form, no horse surpasses Alwood. As yet his get have won but little, owing to the absence of a trainer who has the patience to handle youngsters, like Henry McGregor, of Palo Alto. Au Revoir and Souvenir were two as fine looking fillies of their age as ever tramped the Pacific turf, and would have given good accounts of themselves had they been properly handled. But were we to engage in the breeding of trotters, we should never train as large colts as Alwood's for early engagements. They are worth more money later in the day.

From a private letter received in this city, we learn that the Oregon-bred stallion, General Crook, reached San Francisco safely and is now taking his work kindly at the San Jose track in charge of James Mooney. Crook is an exceptional horse, and, for size coupled with symmetry, is unequalled by any stallion on this coast. He has a record of 2:37, but can reduce it considerably. He was bred by James Brackett of Grant county, and sold to P. J. Martin of this city in 1879. In color he is a dark chestnut without white, and has the soundest of legs and feet. In a general way, we are not an admirer of the Knox family of horses. The old horse was a pretty game nag himself, but most of his get were quitters. This fellow, however, is an exception. The road is never too long nor the pace too sharp. He will trot like a walking-beam, and take the whip like a glutton. As a desirable horse to cross upon the get of Signal, Blackbird, Lancet, Billy McCracken and the other sires that have stood in northern California, we should prefer General Crook to any horse of his age in that state, excepting Albert W., Anteeo and Adair.

The great campaign horse of the year has been Director beyond all cavil, for while he has been several times beaten, he has also won every really great stake for which he has started. The memorable contest for the 2:19 purse at Hartford, of which we gave a graphic report about three weeks ago, in which he defeated Phallas, Adele Gould, Clemmie G., Wilson, Fanny Witherspoon and Overman, was the greatest race ever trotted in America. Single-handed, we believe Phallas or Clemmie G. can beat him; but make it three-handed, and the Oakland stallion is altogether too jolly for them.

HUMOROUS.

"There is one thing connected with your table," said a drummer to a western landlord, "that is not surpassed by even the best hotels in Chicago." "Yes?" replied the pleased landlord; "and what is that?" "This salt."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"Persons and events," said Emerson, "may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt." Bankruptcy had evidently not been reduced to a system when he wrote that. Now every man has a legal method to avoid paying his debts.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Mike: "Is the Irish that does all the inventing in these days, sure." Jonathan: "Irish be darned! The Irish don't invent anything to speak of. Americans invent everything." Mike: "Thin perhaps yez can tell me why the Irishman's name, Pat, is always next to the date on all the new inventions. Divil an American name can yez find on one, at all, at all."

[illegible] the continent, and many [illegible] journals have be[illegible] them with [illegible] the truth that [illegible]."

FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.—Rev. T. J. Hailly says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for indigestion and chills with entire satisfaction."

[illegible] today there was a regular bear panic, and the [illegible] in their anxiety to cover, rushed prices up [illegible] themselves. It was rumored at this time that Union Pacific, Oregon and Transcontinental, and [illegible] Kentucky.

—Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured my wife immediately of severe neuralgia." H. M. Conklin, Shepherdstown, Pa. 50c. at druggists.

[illegible] tainly say [illegible] circumstances.

[illegible] KENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

[illegible] rheumatism, disordered blood, general debility, and many chronic diseases pronounced incurable, are often cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

No exaggerated or fictitious certificates, but solid facts, testify the marvelous cures of [illegible] rills.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 21, 1883.

MY SWEETHEART'S GOWN.

My love, she wears a ruddy dress
In bright and chilling weather,
White furs, that, envious pale confess
They deck a statelier loveliness,
Or purple-plaided mantle—yes,
And costly hood, together.

Ah love, my love,
Wear what you will,
And dazzle nature yet;
You speak—you move—
And men forget—
They see you only, still!

My love may wear an ashen gown
Herself hath stitched together—
A frock to mask her fair renown—
A clinging cloak of oaken brown
And pieced with patches up and down
Against the wintry weather.

Yet love, my love,
Wear what you will—
(Would Fortune proved us so!)
Look—listen—move—
'Tis all we know—
You, only, hold us still!

—*Dora Read Goodale, in Springfield Republican.*

FOUR TIMES HANGED.

The Varied Endeavors to Dislocate Jesse Watts' Vertebra.

A BRITISH SKIPPER'S NARRATIVE.

A Man Who Was Suspended Four Times by the Neck, but Escaped With Life.

Philadelphia Press.

Captain George Burton, commander of the steamship British Prince, relates a marvelous story of a man he met shortly before leaving Liverpool on his last voyage. The captain's acquaintance had realized the sensation of being suspended by the neck on no less than four different occasions. His first hanging was by accident, his next was for murder; the third attack on his windpipe was made by Judge Lynch, while the fourth was a personal attempt to end his life. "But the man," said Captain Burton, "was cut down in each instance, comparatively uninjured, and he is now firmly convinced there can never be a gallows high enough or a rope strong enough to hang him. I met him on the docks at Liverpool. He was leaning against the railings of the pier, looking at an Allen line steamer, and, noticing my gaze fall in the same direction, he spoke to me, and said he was going in the Allan line to America, and asked me about the safety of ocean steamers. I assured him, of course, of his perfect safety, unless providence willed it otherwise. Well,' he remarked, 'it is not that I am afraid of anything much, but something tells me I shall drown some day, and I want to postpone that event as long as possible.'

"The tone and manner of the man's speech attracted my particular attention," continued the captain. "I took stock of his appearance. He was a tall, sinewy-looking fellow, dressed in a suit of pilot cloth, with a peaked cap pulled over his ears. Thick mustache, and beard covered the lower part of his face, and his eyes peered almost fiercely beneath shaggy eyebrows. He did not look like a man easily unnerved. I told him I was master of one of the clippers in the dock and began to draw him into conversation, and finally induced him to take lunch with me on board my own ship, where, over a glass of grog, he told me his strange history. He led up to it by really convincing me that he had a dread of crossing the water. I will try and relate his story in his own words.

THE MUCH-HANGED MAN'S NARRATIVE.

"'I cannot tell you, skipper,' he began, 'the horror and fear I have of the sea. I can't help it; otherwise there is nothing that God, man or devil can produce of which I am afraid,' and he brought down his fist with emphasis on the table at which he was sitting. 'Born to be hung, never be drowned; born to be drowned, never be hung. I shall be drowned some day—I can never hang.'

"'You speak of hanging,' I remarked, 'as though you were familiar with the sensation, Mr. ——.'

"'Watts, sir, Watts is my name—Jesse Watts—leastways that is the name by which I care to be called for the present. I sail to-morrow for Colorado where they say there is plenty of work for a man who cares to dig for silver—and I know what a mine is and what a miner's life is like; but you spoke something about the sensation of hanging. Now, look here, sir. As sure as I'm a living man, I have been hanged four times. Three times I danced my senses away on thin air, and the other time I was saved just as the bolt was about to be drawn to break my neck. Still, as the cap was over my head and the parson had said: "Lord, receive his spirit," I should say that's about as near hanging as most people would wish to go, so I call it four times. It was my first hanging which gave me my terror of the sea, and yet I have crossed it since three times. Give me a chaw of 'bacca.'

"I sent a steward for a piece of honey-dew," said the captain, "and Watts sat for a few minutes chewing in silence. Then he turned to me and said: 'Cap'ain, I leave this country and all my past, I hope for good, to-morrow; but I think it would just relieve my heart to tell all I have suffered, and if you care to listen I'll spin you the yarn.' I signified a willing desire, and Watts continued:

"'I was born in the town of Falmouth, Cornwall. My father was a sailmaker, doing a fair business. I was an only child. My mother I do not remember. I was sent to the grammar school; learned to read, write, arrange books and other matters in keeping with my station. At 15 my father took me into his store as assistant. The Cornish coast abounds in rocky cliffs, where thousands of gulls build their nests. I often used to go egg-hunting with my boy friends. There was plenty of excitement in it. We used to fix a stick in a knot of rope some twenty feet long. One end would be fastened securely to a stake in the ground and then we used to let ourselves slowly down over the cliff and swing backward and forward, seated on the stick, along the face of the rocks, frighten the old birds away and fill our wallets with eggs. It was a little dangerous, as the rope might eat away at any time on the rough surface of the rocks, but we were generally in parties of a dozen, and one division of us kept a sharp eye on the ropes while the rest hunted.

THE FIRST AND SECOND HANGINGS.

"'I loved the sea in those days. One morning I started out alone with my coil of rope. I expected to find some comrades by the shore, but none were there. However, thinking they would soon arrive, I let myself down, not on the seat, as usual, but with the rope in a slip knot beneath my shoulders. Directly my full weight was in the noose and it began to tighten to an uncomfortable extent, so I placed my foot against a small ridge and began to loosen the strain. I got one arm out and was gradually pulling the rope over my body so as to sit in the noose, when a dozen gulls flew out and began to attack me. My foot slipped from its hold as the rope closed rapidly round my neck. I had time to place my right hand to my cheek, an act which saved my life, for, although the pain was severe, I could breathe.

"'I shouted for help, but no help was near. I hung there for hours, to me it seemed years, losing consciousness from time to time and having the most horrible visions. Finally the agony was so great that with an effort of despair I freed my hand and suffocated. I recovered consciousness to find myself on my back in a fishing boat with two men bending over me. It seems they had discovered my dilemma and were drawing me up within half a minute after the rope had closed around my neck. My windpipe, I have since had reason to discover, is pretty strong—I can take a deal of hanging. My first experience, nevertheless, gave me a bad attack of brain fever, during which I must have acquired the fear and aversion for the sea I have felt ever since.

"'When I recovered my health I became wild and dissipated, and, although I managed to remain on friendly terms with my father, for the next five years I was regarded in my native town as a quarrelsome fellow, foremost in every row and ready to get drunk whenever I had a chance. Looking back, I believe I suffered in my brain for several years after my first hanging. One night in a general row I killed one of my pot house companions with a blow on the head, delivered with a heavy pewter vessel. I was arrested, tried and condemned to be hanged. The verdict should have been manslaughter, for the deed was done in a free fight; but I had no friends on the jury. The foreman was a near relative of the dead man, and, although the judge charged the twelve good men and true in accordance with the lesser crime, they found me guilty, without even a recommendation to mercy. The judge put on the black cap, and hoped God would have mercy on my soul.

"'The day arrived for my execution. Meanwhile, I knew my poor father was making strenuous efforts to have my sentence reversed, but up to the day fixed for my death without success. My hands were pinioned. I took my last look, as I supposed, at the sun, felt the white cap drawn over my face, and begged the hangman to pull the bolt when I arrived at the supplication in the Lord's prayer, "Forgive me my trespasses." I had hardly finished the first words of entreaty to heaven when a loud tumult fell on my ears, and the word "Reprieve!" was shouted from mouth to mouth. The next moment I was unbound and the royal message of mercy read to me. The death penalty was commuted to ten years penal servitude.

THE THIRD HANGING.

"'Never mind how I passed the next ten years. They were not altogether unhappy. The facts of my crime were known in the prison. I was not a thief, and my docility and intelligence gained me favor with the governor. I was made messenger clerk, and the last two years of my confinement schoolmaster to my fellow convicts. Everything was on the mode system then. Transportation had been abolished shortly before I became a convict. Finally I was once more a free man. England, however, is no place for a freshly released jail-bird; he must live things down for a year or two, and so my poor old father gave me £200 and his blessing and I shipped for the Cape of Good Hope and the diamond fields. On the long sea voyage I suffered like a child in a dark room who is afraid of ghosts—an infirmity, of course, and a relic of my first hanging.

"'Well,' Watts continued after a drink of whisky, 'I landed at Cape Town and found the city full of excitement. Diamonds had just been discovered afresh in old fields and untold wealth, so it was supposed, was in the grasp of everybody. To reach my destination, the Kimberley mine, I had to travel a distance of 800 miles in a stage coach drawn by oxen, a journey which took up ten days and which was full of adventure. I arrived at the fields, and in partnership with an acquaintance I made in the wagon, I purchased a share of a claim for £150. For a month we found next to nothing, then success crowned our work, and within six months after leaving England I was worth £2000. I returned to Cape Town, but could not make up my mind to cross the ocean home, so I took rooms at a crack hotel and began to enjoy myself. Those who find fortune easily spend freely; in a short time gambling and drink left me with just enough cash to return to the fields. This time I had no money to buy a claim, so I had to work for a percentage. Luck favored me, and again I was the possessor of several hundreds, sufficient to join a company of ten in the purchase of a large claim.

"'There was an old Dutchman at the settlement who sold liquors and mining implements and other things to the diggers. He had a daughter, a handsome girl, the only young woman for hundreds of miles. She and I became intimate. The Dutchman did not approve of my attentions to his daughter, and the way in which she favored me roused the jealousy of my companions. The Dutchman determined to get rid of me. One day he accused me of robbing him, and certainly a package of loose stones belonging to him were found in my coat pocket. I had been talking to Gretchen, and had thrown off my coat because of the heat, and the devilish Dutchman placed the plant on me. There is not much justice in a mining camp. As I said, I was disliked because of Gretchen's preference, and my partners no doubt were willing to have my share of the claim to divide among them; so I was tried and condemned to be hanged, in less than an hour after the old man's accusation, by a lynch jury. I was allowed two hours to prepare for death, and then taken to the nearest tree, where a rope was placed around my neck and I was jerked by a dozen willing hands into the air. But before strangulation ensued I fell to the ground with a thump. Gretchen had not been idle. Her entreaties brought an opposition crowd of diggers to my assistance, and though they permitted me to be jerked into the air just to see how it looked, they would not allow things to go any further; in fact they squarely expressed the opinion that the Dutchman had lied. The tide turned in my favor and I believe the old villain would have been burned in his cabin but for my intercession and his daughter's tears. Gretchen jilted me, nevertheless, shortly afterward, and as I had next to no luck in my search for diamonds, I left the field again for Cape Town, this time with only two or three hundred pounds in my pocket. I found a letter awaiting me at the postoffice from a friend in Falmouth, telling me my father was dying.

FOURTH AND LAST HANGING.

"'After again enduring the miseries of a sea voyage I arrived in England, only to find my father dead and buried. He left me a small sum of money and his business. There was no peace for me in my native city, however; blood was on my hands and coldness met me on all sides. I sold my father's effects at public auction and journeyed to London, where my identity was soon lost among the many millions. But the brand of Cain followed me. I tried several kinds of business and employment, but no luck was mine. I took to drink again, and a fight with a policeman landed me once more in a prison cell. I was committed to hard labor for fourteen days. Despair seized me. I twisted a rope out of the strands I was given to convert into oakum, made a noose for my neck, secured the other end to bars of my window, kicked away the stool, and lost consciousness. To my dying day I shall remember the sensations of my last hanging. I was transported to a beautiful paradise of meadows and flowers, where lovely forms of children greeted me and delicious music sounded in my ears. It seemed to last for an age; but it could only have been a lapse of a few moments, for gruff voices succeeded the delicious music, and the faces of the angelic children faded into the stern features of a pair of prison warders, who cut me down just in time. I was sentenced to three months longer for the attempt at self destruction and watched night and day to prevent a repetition. I had, however, no wish to end my life again; on the contrary the desire for new scenes and fresh adventure was full upon me when my release from prison arrived. I still possessed a little money, so I purchased a ticket for Colorado, and I leave England, I suppose, forever. The anticipation of the sea voyage tries me terribly this time. I will never make another journey by ocean; of that I am determined. In the far west, with a new name, new associations and a clean shave—for I am younger than I look—providence may yet send me happiness and fortune.'

"I was very much interested in my new acquaintance," continued Captain Burton, "and I offered him letters to friends of my own in California, but he would not accept them, and, after some general talk, he left me. The next day the Allan liner sailed, and Watts waved his hat to me from the side by way of farewell. I was, I must say, deeply impressed with the man's truthfulness and earnestness."

Knights of the Garter.

London World.

When a Knight of the Garter dies it is the custom for his successor or representative to deliver up his insignia to the queen at an audience which is specially granted for the purpose, while his state robes are sent to the dean of Windsor, who takes them as his perquisite as registrar of the orders. These robes are never worn except at a chapter, and there has not been one since 1855, when the late Emperor Napoleon visited England, and a chapter was held by the queen at Windsor castle on the occasion of his investiture as a Knight of the Blue Ribbon. The knights are always formally summoned on these occasions, but in 1855 the late duke of Buckingham, who was in a state of decadence and disgrace, was not summoned. He came, nevertheless, and as a matter of right attended the chapter, but was punished by not being invited to stay with the other knights to the state banquet, which was given in the evening in St. George's hall. I hear that the queen has intimated that she will not grant an audience to the present duke of Marlborough, and that her majesty has decreed that the late duke's insignia may be sent to the lord chamberlain.

Martin Luther's Descendants.

Now that Germany is about to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth, it is called to mind that in an obscure Thuringian hamlet live two of the great reformer's undoubted male descendants, who bear his name. One is a carpenter, the other a theological student. Under the law they each enjoy—and their male descendants forever—in consideration of their ancestor's services, the following bounties from the public funds: On confirmation, fifty thalers (about $37 50); on apprenticeship to any trade or calling, fifty thalers, and on marriage, a third fifty thaler—an aggregate of $112 50, to which every male descendant of Luther is entitled, on condition that he is confirmed, apprenticed and married.

BRITISH BRILLIANTS.

Gleanings from this Month's English Magazines.

EXCERPTS FROM THE REVIEWS.

Gems from Blackwood, Fraser and Macmillan Condensed into Brief Paragraphs for Sunday Reading.

LIEUT. WAGHORN.—Except a mural tablet set up in a Kentish church by his widow, no public memorial exists in this country to keep alive the memory of Waghorn. Yet there are few of us who have not been indebted to him, directly or indirectly. M. de Lesseps openly acknowledges that he received his first ideas as to piercing the isthmus of Suez from Waghorn, and, with a generosity too rare among Frenchmen, has placed his bust on "Waghorn quay," at the entrance of the canal, where it is commonly pointed out to passing travelers as a likeness of M. de Lesseps himself. For it was Waghorn who first directed attention to the overland route, and when, worn out with toil in the service of his country, he came home to die, his project was in full working order, and the task on which he had spent life and fortune was practically accomplished. The gratitude of his native land was exhausted when a small pension was conferred on him in 1849, and he just lived long enough to draw the first installment. Chatham retains no memory of him, though, if he had been born in a French town, his statue would have long since been erected in the market place, and a street in Paris have been called after his name. When we read that the triumph of his life was the passing of the mails from London to Bombay in forty-six days, we may figure to ourselves what that passage must have been before. Thackeray draws an amusing picture of Waghorn in his volume of travels "From Cornhill to Grand Cairo;" and, depicting the scene at a Cairene hotel on the arrival of the mail from England, speaks of Lieutenant Waghorn as bouncing in and out of the court-yard full of business. "He only left Bombay yesterday morning, was seen in the Red sea on Tuesday, is engaged to dinner this afternoon in the Regent's park, and (as it is about two minutes since I saw him in the court-yard) I make no doubt he is by this time at Alexandria or at Malta—say, perhaps at both. *Il en est capable.* If any man can be in two places at once (which I don't believe or deny) Waghorn is he." Thackeray further compares his achievements with those of Napoleon in Egypt, greatly, of course, to the disadvantage of Napoleon; "what are his wonders compared to Waghorn?" he asks. "Nap. massacred the Mamelukes at the pyramids; Wag. has conquered the pyramids themselves; dragged the unwieldy structures a month nearer England than they were, and brought the country along with them;" and he ends in his own delightful way with the anti-climax: "Be ours the trophies of peace! Oh, my country! Oh, Waghorn!"—*The Saturday Review.*

INSCRIPTIONS FOUND IN THE CATACOMBS, ROME.—The large majority of inscriptions are brief and general. Thus (I have translated most of them): "Felix sleeps here." "Irene in pace," with a dove carrying in its beak an olive branch. "Susannah, may you live in God. Locus Marci." "Here lies Marcia, put to rest in a dream of peace." Then we find more distinctive phrases, giving glimpses into life and character, and painting invariably the saddest picture of the times. "Virginius remained with us but a short time." "Here lies Gordianus, deputy of Gaul, who was murdered, with all his family, for the faith. They rest in peace. His hand-maid, Theophila, set this up." Gentle, loving Theophila! There was no one left but thee to remember poor Gordianus, and perhaps his little children, whom thou didst tend. And how didst thou escape? Thy name, "lover of God," proclaims thee a Christian; but thou wast perhaps too obscure a victim; none cared to ask thee of thy faith, and thou wast sent homeless and friendless forth, yet not before leaving this stone in memory of thy beloved master and his; and thou who didst also love God didst surely find his love sufficient for thee! "Petronia, a priest's wife, the type of modesty. In this place I lay my bones. Spare your tears, dear husband and daughter; believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God." Are these her own last words, or such as she might have uttered? Simple memorials of conjugal affection and high religious trust, they speak more eloquently of faith and purity than any doctrine of celibacy. The church of the first three centuries reads a lesson of simplicity, tenderness and piety which after ages have been slow to follow.—*Good Words.*

MME. MOHL'S MARRIAGE.—"I gave my two servants warning, my dear, and told them I was going to travel in Switzerland. You know it is necessary to put up a placard the day before on the church you are going to be married in, announcing the event. So I gave a little boy ten francs to paste a play bill over it at once, and waited at the corner of the street to see it done. When the morning came I told my maid I was going to a christening, as an excuse for putting on my best clothes. I didn't know whether I was standing on my head or my heels. After the ceremony I left M. Mohl and my witnesses at the church door, got into a coach and told the man to drive to No. 120 Rue du Bac, [she lived at No. 120]. I got out as soon as we arrived, paid the driver, went into the porter's lodge and asked if Madame Bertrand was at home—this was to give time for the coach to drive off. The porter thought me very stupid. He assured me that no Madame Bertrand had ever lived there, which I knew perfectly well. When I got home I took off my fine clothes and my wedding-ring and packed up for my journey. My servants had no idea that I was married. I did not see M. Mohl again for two days, when I met him and our witnesses at the railway station. We all dined together and M. Mohl and I set off for Switzerland, and then, luckily for me, the duc de Praslin murdered his wife, and everybody talked about that and forgot me and my marriage. She wrote to her sister, without any previous warning, that 'as an aunt was like a fifth wheel to a coach she had been married that morning to M. Mohl.'—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

CHINESE GAMBLERS.—Of all the games we noticed, at which sometimes a good deal of money changed hands, we could only distinguish three varieties. First a game at cards, the number in a pack being "prodigious." About twenty rounds are dealt out, then each player takes one from the pack and stakes on it; then the hands are played out; secondly, a game much resembling dominoes; and, thirdly, a regular gambling affair. One big fellow sits at the top of a long mat, and on one side of him squats his cashier with the till between his knees, containing dollars and small change. The players are seated on the edges of the mat as close together as they can get. The big "croupier" has a large heap of copper counters—with square holes in the middle—in front of him. Out of the heap he takes a large handful and lays them in a lump in the center of the mat. He then places over them a leaden lid, much resembling the top of a tea-cake dish, and immediately proceeds by the aid of a long chop-stick to draw away—by inserting the tip into the square holes—four at a time, all the counters not completely covered by the lid. When this is finished the players stake. It seems to be really a game of "odd or even," though it is hard to discover one or two points in it. As soon as every one has staked, the pieces under the lid are counted, and it is easy to tell by the exclamations how the various players have staked. One fellow won $10 at a "coup," and another lost two or three in succession.—*The London Field.*

YOU CANNOT WRITE AHEAD OF THE INSTINCTS OF A PEOPLE.—The dramatists of Elizabeth's time, looking about for heroic ideals, for men representing the leading current of the nation's life, found himself cheek by jowl with Raleigh and Sidney. But the poor modern vamper up of plays, searching for a general definite heroic idea and heroic persons to embody it, finds himself able to seize nothing better than a steady, persistent glorification of money-making and industrious respectable business life and in place of Raleigh and Sidney is met by the eminent head of some great city firm. And as the Elizabethan drama reeks of Raleigh and Sidney, and is relative to the age of the Spanish armada, so the Victorian drama reeks of successful tradesmen and is relative to the age of Clapham Junction. It is impossible to make laws for plays very much ahead of the general moral or artistic instincts of the people. From this consideration it is plain that there can be no sudden political millennium. Such good as may be brought about must be painfully and laboriously worked for, mostly by means of agencies already in operation, and it is certain that for a long time to come those who desire such a millennium can do little more than hail it far off, and, like the pilot of some small, night-foundered skiff, wait patiently and hope while night invests the sea and the wished morn delays.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.—There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that an extemporary sermon saves the preacher labor and time. I believe if it is such as it should be, it needs even more thought and preparation than a written discourse. Bishop Gardiner, who, though he has left no pleasing mark upon the history of his time, was a man of undoubted capacity and thought, is said to have given the following advice in order to combine the semblance of a spoken sermon with careful premeditation: "Write your sermon, every word as you will preach it; and when you go into the pulpit deliver your book unto the chiefest man there that can read, and let him take heed of your book while you do preach and say no more but that you have written and studied for.' But *non omnia possumus omnes.* There are some like Bishop Sanderson, whose unconquerable diffidence makes it impossible for them to trust themselves without notes in the pulpit. Izaak Walton in his delightful English has told how Bishop Sanderson was persuaded by his old friend Dr. Hammond to trust his excellent memory, and not to read; but to try to speak a sermon as he had written it. "And to that end the two went early the Sunday following to a neighboring minister and requested him to exchange services, which they did. And at Bishop Sanderson going into the pulpit he gave his sermon, which was a very short one, into the hand of Dr Hammond, intending to preach it as it was written; but before he had preached a third part Dr. Hammond, looking at the written sermon, observed him to be out and so lost as to the matter that he became afraid for him. But when he had ended this short sermon, as they two walked homeward, Bishop Sanderson said, with much earnestness, 'Good doctor, give me my sermon and know that neither you nor any man living shall ever persuade me to preach again without my books.' To which the reply was made, 'Good doctor, be not angry; for if ever I persuade you to preach again without book I will give you leave to burn all the books I am master of.'" Whitefield, whose oratorical gifts, popularity and success have been rarely exceeded, was in the habit of preparing and learning by heart particular pages, and of repeating them over and over again to different audiences. Charles Simeon has left a curious account of his method of composition, and tells us that he used to write out his sermon "half a dozen times at least," and, thus having become master of it, he was able to deliver it with perfect ease and his usual animation.—*The National Review.*

IN SUSSEX.—The struggles of modern ugliness and modern æstheticism still seem happily remote from our remote Sussex lane. A few steps farther, a gate to the left leads into the wood; and since we love woods, let us enter; and since we love flowers, let us turn into this wide grassy track, which leads down the hill. For here, where the thinning trees leave a more open space, dotted only with bushes three or feet high, the ground is covered with flowers; scarlet pimpernel creeping everywhere; tufts of deep rose-colored campion growing among the bushes; while to the right a long slope is purple and blue and white with a bed of wild heartsease. An inexpressible charm lies in this treasure-trove of wild wood-flowers when the riches of the spring and early summer are gone. There is no loveliness perhaps to equal that of a copse filled with primroses, violets and anemones, with bird notes on every side, and the breath and scent of spring in the air. But this August wood has a beauty of its own, in the dignity of its trees, in the ample foliage which has replaced the scarcely unclosed April buds, in the abundant verdure of the long grass and leafy bushes in which the flowers are set; nor could violet bank surely surpass in beauty the purple and blue of yonder heartsease slope. And see, as we raise our eyes, between the slim gray saplings and sturdy stems of the oaks, spaces of golden brown corn and green meadow lying in breadths of sunlight and shadow on the opposite side of the valley. Strangely in this pomp of deep summer we come upon two belated primroses. Nothing, in truth, can be stranger than to gather primroses on a hot August day. The fresh scent belonging above all others to the spring of the year and the spring of life, seems incongruous as would be a cloud touched with the light of dawn lingering in a noonday sky. The lane narrows after we leave our flowery wood, and is shadier as it winds between higher banks topped by larger trees. Anon we come to a deserted quarry with heaps of stones and mounds of yellow earth, overgrown by tall rods of yellow flowers, thin thistles and purple teazles; bees hum, big spiders run on the sunny stones, the wind stirs the trees—beyond, absolute silence. For miles and for hours, it seems, we might wander on, meeting no living thing; and as we stand in this shady, sunny silence, shut in on every side, we seem to feel the very pulse beating in the heart of England—not the England of London, whose turmoil and roar lies less than two hours distant by rail, but of that slow-moving, rural England which in the past has had so much to do in making Englishmen what they are.—*Temple Bar.*

THE TALLEST TREES.—Though there is every probability that California's big tree will maintain its supremacy as the most massive column in the world's forests, it must perforce yield the palm of altitude to the Australian eucalyptus. In the valley of the Watts river, in Victoria, many fallen trees have been measured as they lie on the ground, and found to exceed 350 feet in length. One mighty giant had fallen so as to form a bridge across a deep ravine. It had been broken in falling but the portion which remained intact measured 435 feet in length, and as its girth at the point of fracture is 9 feet, its discoverer estimates that the perfect tree must have measured fully 500 feet. Its circumference, five feet above the roots, is 54 feet. Another gum tree on Mt. Wellington was found to be 102 feet in girth at three feet from the ground. Its hight could not be estimated owing to the density of the forest. But its next neighbor, which was ninety feet in circumference, was found to be 300 in hight. In the Dandenong district of Victoria, an almond-leaf gum tree (*Eucalyptus amygdalina*) has been carefully measured, and is found to be 430 feet in hight. It rises 380 feet before throwing out a branch; its circumference is sixty feet. Tasmania also produces specimens of eucalyptus which are 350 feet in hight, and which rise 200 feet ere forming a branch. One near Hobart Town is eighty-six feet in girth, and, till ten years ago towered to a hight of 300 feet, but is now a ruin. The question of supremacy is, however, confined to altitude, for the untidy-looking eucalyptus, with its ragged and tattered gray bark hanging about it in such slovenly fashion, can never contest the palm of might or majesty with those stately cedars, whose magnificent golden-red shafts tower on high like the fluted marble columns of some vast cathedral.—*All the Year Round.*

SCRATCHING A NAME FROM THE BIBLE.—At the police court at Whitby, North Yorks, an incident occurred that deserves, I think, a "note" in your perennial magazine. A girl was prosecuted by the police for wandering abroad and having no settled abode. Her mother appeared and acknowledged she was irreclaimable. She had more than once taken her home. The chairman suggested that the mother should give the girl one more trial. The mother said she dare not, as the father had "scratched her name out of the family bible." The girl was committed to jail by the magistrates. This appears to be a new system of parental excommunication, superseding the old theatrical one of cutting "off with a shilling."—*Notes and Queries.*

THE ORIGIN OF "FUDGE."—This is a curious word, having a positive personality underlying it. Such at least it is if D'Israeli's account thereof be authentic. D'Israeli quotes from a very old pamphlet, entitled, "Remarks upon the Navy" wherein the author says: "There was in our time one Captain Fudge, commander of a merchantman, the Black Eagle, of the time of Charles II, who upon his return from a voyage, always brought home his owners a good crop of lies, so much, that now aboard ship the sailors, when they hear a great lie told, cry out, 'You *fudge* it.'"—*Notes and Queries.*

SIGNOR FAVELLE'S BEQUESTS.—Of curious bequests there would seem to be no end; indeed, any one bent upon making a complete collection of such singularities has a hobby that will last a lifetime. For the newest specimen of eccentricity in this line we are beholden to Signor Pasquale Favelle, a well-to-do gentleman, "late of Naples," and still later of London, where his will was proved not very long since. By this document the testator leaves three Italian municipalities £450 each and the corporation of London £750; the interest in each case to be given every year to three poor girls between the ages of 16 and 25, the claims of the candidates to be decided by lot not by favor. The corporations concerned may save Signor Favelle's executors any trouble regarding these matrimonial premiums, but they have a more unthankful task in deciding where to place a legacy of £240 bequeathed "to the editor enjoying the greatest repute in any town of Europe," a legacy the selected one is likely emphatically to decline, since it is burdened with the obligation of printing and publishing the testator's French novel "Zulette" his four-act comedy, "An English Election," besides sundry poems, including one on the "Final Judgment." Although a voluntary exile from his native land, and taking the last opportunity afforded him to proclaim that he died as he had lived, a hater of tyranny and corruption, the signor had nothing in common with the democracy, for it is to "her imperial and royal majesty of India and of the united kingdom of Great Britain," that he bequeaths his most cherished production, a tragic opera entitled "Alzira," trusting that her majesty will order it to be performed for the benefit of the poor of London.—*Chambers' Journal.*

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.—Medwin, in his "The Angler in Wales," gives a remarkable anecdote illustrative of our theme. Two terriers, inseparable friends, named Vixen and Viper, were employed by their owner to hunt an otter. Owing to the nature of the ground, selected carefully by the otter, only one of the dogs, Vixen, was enabled to attack the enemy, and she got so fearfully mauled in the encounter that death speedily followed. Viper appeared inconsolable at the loss of his friend. The next morning he was missing, and after some hours' search was given up as lost. On retracing their steps to the scene of the fatal hunt, Captain Medwin and his companions were surprised to find traces of fresh blood, and, on following them up, discovered, rolled up together, stiff and cold, in the embrace of death, the otter and Viper. From the appearance of the ground and the gore reddened turf it was seen that the battle had been a desperate one. Well does Captain Medwin remark: "It was a memorable incident, a proof of sagacity, an instance of memory, thought and reason combined," which led this little terrier to brave that danger which had been fatal to its consort, in order to avenge her death.—*Chambers' Journal.*

WHITTIER'S OPINION OF A BOILED DINNER.—The old-fashioned New England beverage cider was mentioned, and Mr. Whittier stated that he had once derived much benefit when unwell, "when nothing tasted good," from the use of cider. Huntington suggested that without cider we should not have vinegar. "Well," said Whittier, "vinegar is not of much use, after all." "Except," replied Huntington, "to eat on cabbage and cucumbers." "Neither of which are fit to be eaten," remarked the poet. "I think it would be a good idea to start a prohibition party on those two articles. As for cabbage, it is not fit to be eaten; if you cook it in the house you have got to burn your house down afterward to get rid of the smell. It is certainly the most diabolical smell that was ever invented." And Whittier, who was sitting near the open stove grate, upon the top of which he had deposited his tall hat, folded his hands, and laughed a hearty silent laugh. "What do you think of onions, Mr. Whittier?" asked I. "Well," he replied, "onions are not quite so bad, for you can get rid of the smell of those in three or four days." "Then," said Huntington, "you would not approve of the old fashioned 'boiled dinner?'" "No I think that is a detestable dish. I remember that my father used to have it, in which cabbage, onions, beets, potatoes turnips and carrots were all boiled together and turned out into a great dish all in a heap, with a great greasy piece of meat in the middle. I think that is the reason why the present generation is not so strong as the former. It is owing to the way the parents lived, eating so much pork and potatoes. Our last war showed that. The farmers were not nearly so strong as the men recruited in the cities—Portland, Portsmouth and Boston." "But the people in the cities do not have the free air we get in the country," said Huntington. "I know that," replied Whittier, "but they live better, and that makes a great difference."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Parrot with a Pious Wish.

In our cabin we had quite a menagerie of tame birds and animals, writes Moncure D. Conway, referring to his recent voyage from Honolulu to San Francisco. When I was spoken to by this parrot, while passing, I turned and closely inspected its face. It winked. There was something in its mere wink so pious, and something so unctious in its voice that I feel confirmed in my suspicion that this is the penitent parrot. Without being in the least annoyed by anyone, and while seemingly looking out in a dreamy mood over the deep blue sea, this bird would suddenly break out with a volley of mariners' patois and oaths enough to turn the air purple around it. At length, when it was heard that some ladies had declared they would never again sail on a ship with such a bird, it was resolved that the parrot must be cured of its bad habits. And it was. Its oaths were invariably followed by a ducking. A large bucket of salt water was emptied on the poor bird's head, each splash accompanied with the remark, "You've been swearing." Polly was thoroughly cured by this. Once, when the boat shipped a heavy sea, which gave the reformed parrot a severe ducking, the bird, conscious of its own innocence, descended from its perch and repaired to the place of poultry. There it walked up and down before the cooped fowls, saying to them "You've been swearing! You've been swearing!"

Africans Eating Salt.

Correspondence London Telegraph.

I bought a head rest of one man for a tattered old shawl which I had meditated tossing into the Congo as worthless just before. The people here were handing round salt to one another in a large leaf. They eat it alone and with extraordinary gusto. One of these Bayansi men that I had previously met at Msuata became so affectionate that after I had given him a few pinches of table salt—to them an indescribable delicacy—that he implored me to become his "blood-brother." I half-laughingly consented, and he took his knife and, with the point of it, gently scratched my skin (on my forearm) as if he were going to vaccinate me. When a few drops of blood had appeared on the scarified flesh he greedily sucked them, and then repeating the same process on his own arm invited me to apply my lips to the wound. I made a show of doing so, and the ceremony was then concluded by our exchanging presents and mutual protestations of eternal friendship. I have never seen this blood-brother of mine from that day when I left him smiling at me as our canoes glided off from the shore, and I confess I should be curious to know whether he would remember me should we ever meet again.

Asia's Floating Gardens.

Philadelphia Press.

"Among the most remarkable illustrations of human energy are certainly the floating gardens in Kashmir, in eastern Asia, the more so that they are the work of an essentially indolent population. For their creation an expanse of water about nine miles in circumference has been utilized, on which masses of weeds, grasses and aquatic plants grow and become entwined and entangled. These form soil, as it were, on which cultivation is carried on. Divisions are made in them, they are cut level with the surface of the water and then banked over with river mud properly prepared for this purpose. This soil is sowed with melons and cucumber plants, and a crop is raised which is unequaled in the country for quantity and quality. These melons and cucumbers are sold in good season at the rate of ten or twenty for two cents; in dear seasons they bring two cents apiece. Floating gardens in Mexico are upon much the same plan, but are usually devoted to the culture of flowers.

No Time for the Judge to Talk.

Laramie Boomerang.

A black woman was brought before a magistrate for unmercifully beating her imp, a saddle-colored imp, and the judge was delivering a reprimand, when the woman broke out with "Judge, has you ebber been a parent to a wuthless yeller boy like dat ar cub of mine?" "Never," ejaculated the judge with great vehemence, getting red in the face. "Den don't talk."

The oldest mayor in France is said to be M. Cornu, mayor of Bazolles, in the department of the Nievre. Appointed to the office just after the battle of Waterloo, M. Cornu is said to have exercised his functions ever since, making sixty-eight years of uninterrupted official duties. The number of marriages at which M. Cornu has officiated is said to be "incalculable."

ABOUT LEXINGTON.

A Brooklyn Journalist's Impressions of the Athens of the South

HENRY CLAY'S SPIRIT STILL LIVES.

The Home of the Thoroughbred Horse—[illegible] and Trotters in Church—Negroes as Farm Servants.

Correspondence of Brooklyn Union.

It is hardly conceivable that Lexington should not catch something of the impulse of the busy city less than one hundred miles distant. But the differences so sharply marked by the old free and slave state lines are still evident. A town of 18,000 inhabitants at the north or east would show the signs and results of prosperous thrift which are strangely absent here. One explanation of the contrast is furnished by the fact that nearly one-half of the population is composed of blacks. The preponderance of colored labor is an effectual bar to the introduction of white workingmen. Those who are most largely concerned for the welfare of the negroes frankly admit that their advance in intellectual capacity and industrial value is painfully slow. The work of education among the freedmen—not only the education of schools, but training in morals and in habits of intelligent fidelity, providence and forehandedness—has not gone on so satisfactorily as was hoped. That this educational problem must and will be solved is certain, but the process of solution is tedious and embarrassing. The black half of the population must live. It is supported mainly by the white half—supported not altogether through the instrumentality of well-directed industry, which is twice blest, blessing not only those who earn the wages, but also those who pay them and receive an ample equivalent for their money. Instead of this the support comes often in the form of wasteful, ill-judged charity—sometimes in petty, kitchen door pilfering. One result of the imperfect evolution of the enfranchised race is the unsettlement of the household service question. The domestic confusion which long ago became a daily discipline of life in the east has extended to Kentucky. There is a pleasant fiction in the New England and middle states that this is the paradise of housekeepers; that simultaneously with the establishment of a family there is an easy acquisition of first class "help," who, in their own persons or in the persons of their posterity, remain with the family to its remotest generations and throughout its branches, until its absolute extinction. But this is among the old order of things overthrown by the war. To the embarassments familiar to the people of the north in the form of unsatisfactory service and frequent personal changes, is added another, the fact that, as a rule, the servants refuse to remain on their employers' premises during the night. The privilege of returning to their homes at the close of the day seems to be regarded as a constant guaranty of liberty which must be insisted on before all other conditions. The custom is illustrative of the wasteful practices of the south. The maintenance of the separate homes of the serving class—of course far less comfortable than those which are incontinently abandoned at nightfall—involves an additional and unnecessary expense. It establishes a larder-leakage of indefinite extent, so that the housekeeper never can be sure as to the precise numbers of her family or the exact cost of feeding them.

With all their imperfections the colored population are less dangerous and costly on some accounts than the ignorant and vicious classes of our large cities. In New York, for example, these classes control municipal politics, make mayors and aldermen and representatives in the legislature and in congress. This the negroes here certainly do not do, as yet. But in New York, politics apart, these classes exert less obstructive influence. Their existence does not prevent commercial and industrial advancement. In the south, on the other hand, the corresponding element of the population is the fruit of a system whose paralyzing effect is felt by other than political interests a score of years after its abolition and will probably not cease to be felt for a score of years more. Slow as its disappearance may be, however, it is safe to look forward to the large development of the city which lies in the center of this lovely region. Far-seeing men are preparing for this future in the multiplication of railroad facilities which already impart new life to the town.

The abiding presence of a personality is rarely so exemplified as in the relation of Henry Clay to Lexington. His tall memorial in the beautiful cemetery is surmounted by a statue of more than life size, and upon the stone casket beneath, which contains the body of the great Kentuckian, are strewn flowers whose faithful renewal assures a continual bloom. The effigy of the statesman looks over the city which lives so largely in his history and out toward his Ashland home. Most people forget that the house in which he dwelt is not now standing. The new building—no longer new—rests upon the foundation of the old, and resembles it far more closely than the gigantic tariff structure built upon the foundations of the American system resembles that moderate policy of protection for early and infant industries. If Henry Clay could have seen the transformation scene which his state and the country have accomplished, none of the great changes of a generation would surprise him more than the astonishing discovery that high protective tariff laws are still in force long after he believed there would be any necessity for their further existence, and when they have ceased to protect in the sense which his system contemplated.

At Ashland statesmanship has given place to horse-breeding, and I saw there several of the most famous horses in the annals of the turf. I shall venture upon no particulars of pedigrees and records connected with animals either on this farm or Major McDowell's, or on Alexander's and Harper's, which I have also visited. In the first place, magazine writers and newspaper correspondents have recently gone over the ground pretty fully. In the next place, I am informed on excellent authority that these horse biographers have stumbled into many errors productive of great amusement to experts. It is not surprising that this should be so. The farm owners and superintendents talk of sires and dams and fractions of a second and strains and crosses and "events" with a glib volubility that defies other than expert reproduction. Although the stock farms and their fruits have lately come more conspicuously into notice at the east through the multiplication of race meetings, and through the popular descriptions to which I have referred, nothing but a visit to Kentucky can give one a just notion of the magnitude of the horse interest. While it has made the state celebrated throughout the land and beyond the sea, an increasing number of her citizens are inclined to doubt whether it is the best thing that could have happened to her. The turf is a sacred tradition. The racer has become a part of the local religion. Many a Presbyterian deacon who would not care to be seen on the course can give the genealogy and the time of the "favorites" of a long series of seasons. One of the foremost breeders, who turns out as good stock as the best in the world, never makes an entry or sees a match, and is understood wholly to disapprove such things. How to reconcile the condemnation of a practice with the supply on a large and elaborate scale of the subjects for the practice, is a nice question in casuistry. They tell a story of a neighboring farmer who, being moved to join the church, was refused admission to the Episcopalian fold on the ground of his interest in thoroughbreds.

"But," said he, referring to another breeder, "X—— belongs to your society."

"True," was the answer, "but he raised trotters."

"Well," said C——, "if horsemen must go to —— I would rather go on a runner than a trotter."

The Episcopalian reply is not reported, but the wisdom of the remark struck another denomination with such force that C—— was soon afterward received into the Catholic communion.

The stock farms seem to be the Arcadia of the horse and the negro. If Mr. Bergh never visited one he should do so without delay and see the working of a practical society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The mutual regard of the horses and the men is an ameliorating influence that goes far to compensate for the alleged evils of the turf. In no other relation of life here does the colored race enjoy a larger measure of equality of rights.

"Do you prefer black trainers to white?" I asked a superintendent, as some colts were taking their exercise under the direction of a negro.

"Yes, upon the whole we do. The white trainers are more intelligent, but they are very apt to turn out to be rascals. You can almost always trust a darky, whether in a horse's stable or on his back."

Louisville seems
plied Cincinnati
with their ample and
lining the long, level str
the residence part of the
trastive. Looking only
take for granted its large
mercial prosperity.
part one unavoidably
begins to suspect that
beautiful homes were
their means. Further
suspicion.

"The people of Louisville
business to me, "have
money on their homes
stores and warehouses
nected with these.
along Broadway and
ful, and so they are.
Main, Water and Jefferson
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that Louisville, owing to
sition on the river
and inevitable railroad
to the whole south
north, ought upon the
to have moved forward
commercial prosperity
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cinnati, and have
with that city. But
pare them."

WOMAN'S

TO THE EDITOR OF THE O

The question has
ful influence has been
the women of America
into existence such
Woman's Christian Temp
lary branches, thoroughly
union of states? In
seeking after light we
the especial design
have thus far been
enthusiastic women.

As briefly as possible
these questions, and
by any means in
work before us, who
indifferent, we shall
slight effort.

After the purifying
the women's crusade had
their force, from the
potent force which

The Woman's Temperance
offspring of the
cradle of lofty inspiration
sprang full-fledged
While sojourning
were engaged one day
those heroic times
their common foe,
that the times demanded
might bring into active
ents and influence of all
land.

The idea was eagerly
all its bearings. The
suitable time to extend
dies on the grounds to
about the matter.

Accordingly, at the
ber assembled and
Miss Jennie Willing
ler secretary.
circular letter was
union of states, inviting
the land to elect one
district to an organization
Ohio, to meet on the

On the day appointed
and an organization
effected, and called the
Temperance Union.
number of unions have
state auxiliary to the
field of usefulness
and affording a sphere
natural or acquired
sympathy with the

This new dispensation
force the dormant
never having had the
them, had been at ease
manded them to throw
and example against the
of fashionable society
cinating charms of
smiles, does all within
ble the perilous
tempting wine,
which conceals within
basilisk, which ever
sooner or later, fastens
hearts of those who

To be brief as possible
sketch of the line of
bor faithfully occupied
our land:

There are in effective
3000 and 4000 local unions
members. Each state has
state organization, with
over at least twenty
temperance work, and
cities attractive
perance restaurants
have been established
matrons who, by their
istrations, have been
titudes of homeless
a new life of
means of reclaiming
have descended so low
be thought, by the
be quite beyond the

A systematic work
the penitentiaries, jails
with the most
of the land have been
where they are being
temperance principles
most beneficial effect
generation.

In short, the
ultimate overthrow of
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summary of the
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and petition work
gelical work; to
cians to refrain from
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public opinion for the
ing of humanity, and
up to a temperance
so that they may be
itory laws soon to

To this end
women of our
their prayers, and
may behold the
utter destruction of
the dawning of
morning when
nation, so she
der whose

An English

Daniel Webster
tragedy, says the
ambition was
up the ladder of
of state, and
preference given by
himself as their
reason for this
to have been the
party advocate
further, that
conviction
triumph of the
bodiment of the
world."
this, and it may
party found
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moreover, could
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his speech on the
that for the
he had
question and
have
bastion and
it was
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party, and
could not
what it
own
right.
flag in
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political
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as to its future.

These
circles over the
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currency
that the
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sanction
been made
that no
repeal of
problem
where
for
easiest
threatened

The most
just now
support
be somewhat
that she will.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

[illegible] CHAMPAGNE.

[illegible] Wash Down the [illegible] Flux.

[illegible] CHANDON SONG.

[illegible] where Names of [illegible] go to Tipple [illegible]

[illegible] Buffalo Express.

[illegible] along the thoroughfares [illegible] the owners of fast road [illegible] and it is in a half- [illegible] much frequented bar rooms [illegible] do their loud talk- [illegible] a grand beverage in these [illegible] to rival exertions by [illegible] their wares into favor [illegible] along the drives are [illegible] sometimes novel advertise- [illegible] brands. The hope seems [illegible] the consumer will order [illegible] the last or most conspicu- [illegible] The form of announce- [illegible] is a huge picture of a [illegible], correctly colored as to [illegible] copies of this were lav- [illegible] a few days ago. But [illegible] to protect art thus degraded to [illegible] the following afternoon, when [illegible] of swift horses drove [illegible] vision fell upon the [illegible] the name originally on every [illegible] carefully overlain with that of [illegible] Each elaborate picture of [illegible] had cost several dollars [illegible] the expense of utilizing them [illegible] was not more than [illegible]

[illegible] the Fleetwood track on the [illegible] which I have mentioned, [illegible] of women as well as of [illegible] that the champagne was [illegible] which was not one [illegible] anywhere until very [illegible]

[illegible] any material difference [illegible] of champagne of the first [illegible] asked of a leading agent in [illegible] we watched the large con- [illegible] field. [illegible]," he replied; "a [illegible] that a certain firm in [illegible] quantity of grape juice, [illegible] to the best usages of [illegible] on the market after it has [illegible] They make it sweet or dry, to [illegible] and the processes are the [illegible] vineyards and cellars of the [illegible]

[illegible] difference between the score [illegible] I said, "what causes the [illegible] among the drinkers?" [illegible] women wear their skirts [illegible] to-day, while a few years [illegible] and I will give you a [illegible] are now drinking Smith's [illegible] of the Brown's Golden [illegible] period. It is a mix- [illegible] chance. A champagne [illegible] popular favor was for [illegible] unknown in this country, though [illegible] kept open, and there was all [illegible] sale to persons who kept on [illegible] been died out. The [illegible] good now. I know a [illegible] a stock of it lay during [illegible] unsalable until last winter, [illegible]"

[illegible] of prosperity brought [illegible] that drinkers had got a [illegible] brand that had been at the [illegible] and there was what you [illegible] spiritual need of a change. The [illegible] popular singer to advertise the [illegible] Of course such a thing would [illegible] or at least would be im- [illegible] in a first-class concert or [illegible] on the other hand would not [illegible] in a low variety show; but he [illegible] into a successful drama in [illegible] was aptly incidental. [illegible] was that of a London [illegible] in the highest degree, and [illegible] be drunk and vocalized the [illegible] big club house. That was [illegible] young fellows about town. The [illegible] drunk by English nobs was the [illegible] It is a peculiarity of drinking [illegible] directly for whisky and al- [illegible] in the alcoholic line, we [illegible] a bottle of champagne.' We [illegible] the brand, and look critically at [illegible] we get it, as though no other on [illegible] at all. So all the dudes took to [illegible] champagne of the song, and now [illegible] once more.

[illegible] the home house open dur- [illegible] of disfavor?"

[illegible] Americans are not the only [illegible] champagne. While the business of [illegible] to almost nothing here, it [illegible] proportions in Russia which is a [illegible] country, and so they simply [illegible] direction instead of another. [illegible] has exported most largely to [illegible] the past five years sends hard- [illegible] England."

[illegible] me to believe that our cham- [illegible] foreign product."

[illegible] the truth as to all the leading [illegible] native and bogus stuff is [illegible] of course, but there is little dan- [illegible] at most bars. It is chiefly [illegible] resorts, where few ques- [illegible] are not scrupulous, [illegible] fraud in such places is to buy [illegible] on which authentic labels re- [illegible] them with cheap imitations of [illegible]

[illegible] that women were free consumers [illegible] race. The sight was peculiar. [illegible] daughters of respectable wealth were [illegible] glasses in the same enclosure [illegible] most notorious cyprians. Still, [illegible] and indecency were thus quaf- [illegible] inside the same fence, they were [illegible] The former element (so [illegible] confined to the female sex) was [illegible] in the upper story of the club- [illegible] which women were admitted only [illegible] by members of the Gentlemen's [illegible], while the latter element, [illegible] it was confined to the female sex, [illegible] where it made a brave show of [illegible] and personal beauty. Both the [illegible] in full view of the multitude of [illegible] and it is only truth to say that [illegible] one was about as good as the [illegible] the balance in beauty was [illegible] favor of the wicked. Vice is not a [illegible] hideous mien when you dress [illegible]

A [illegible] Romances.

[illegible] three romances in the life of the [illegible] Sears, the millionaire grocer of [illegible] The first was when he was a poor [illegible] He started a flirtation with a [illegible] on a railroad train, called on [illegible] and finally found that his suit [illegible] he was poor and she was [illegible] second was when he was [illegible] and very rich. He be- [illegible] to a dashing young widow. [illegible] her friends asked her: [illegible] going to be married to that old [illegible] "For his money, of course," said [illegible] of this. "For my money, [illegible] not by a—blessed—sight." He [illegible] lawyer and was told she would [illegible] for a breach of promise suit. [illegible] a lawsuit, so he handed a con- [illegible] $10,000 and told him to go and [illegible] "fix things up," which was [illegible] the bribe and giving him [illegible] The third was when he was an [illegible] He found himself enormously rich, [illegible] "when I am gone, as I soon [illegible] will enjoy it all?" So he went [illegible] Alpheus Hardy and said: "Hardy, [illegible] of getting married. What do [illegible]?" Hardy thought he knew [illegible] would just suit. "Well, then, [illegible] and arrange it." So Hardy [illegible] negotiations and Sears was ac- [illegible] On the wedding morn the bashful [illegible] called Hardy aside and said: [illegible] know anything about this cer- [illegible] So I want you to stick [illegible] and coach me so that I wont [illegible] blundering mistake." Hardy did [illegible] well.

[illegible] to the legal decision against the [illegible] Salvation army, a large sign in [illegible] over the doors of the Eagle tav- [illegible] announces that William Booth is [illegible] to retail intoxicating liquors to [illegible] either on or off the premises, [illegible] however, to only one-half of the [illegible] In the other half coffee and tea [illegible] and the resounding hymns [illegible] echo under the whole roof.

ANIMATED NATURE.

A Column Devoted to the Oddities of Our Dumb Animals.

FREAKS OF FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.

'Twas at the Animals' Fair, and the Birds and Beasts were There—[illegible]—Their Mute Intelligence.

The wild beasts in a Paris menagerie were recently photographed with excellent results.

Puck says that the only safe way to wash a mule is to stand on the other side of the fence and use a garden hose.

The society for the prevention of cruelty to animals will not permit Senator David Davis to take horseback exercise.

Chester Weirick, a fifteen-year-old boy of Miles City, recently shot a wolf, a bison, and a black-tailed deer, in a day's hunt.

A country constable who tried to capture an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" bloodhound was compelled to buy a pair of new trousers.

A fish, being caught on a hook, reproached the angler for his cruelty. "Reproach yourself, rather," said the angler, "for your intended treachery to the worm."

Dogs recently guarded a sheepherder in Woodland, Cal., so well that the town constable, who wanted to arrest him, had to wait until the man was sober enough to call the dogs off.

George Kelly, of Hummelstown, Dauphin county, recently caught a black bass in the Swatara river that measured twenty-four inches in length and seventeen inches around the body.

Boston cats will no longer have an excuse for staying out late o'nights. A handsome building has just been erected in that city to provide shelter and domestic comforts for impecunious and friendless cats.

J. H. Wells of Riverhead, L. I., has what is said to be the largest eel-pond in America. It covers five acres, and the eels are so numerous that they can be gathered with a garden-rake like hay, unless people lie about it.

Carrier-pigeons are so liable to destruction by birds of prey that young ravens, which are attacked much less often, have been tried as substitutes at Coblentz, Prussia, from which place they made very satisfactory trips of about forty miles.

Dr. Gardiner Williamson has a number of monkeys who, among other accomplishments, act as torch-bearers at a dinner party. Seated in a row on a raised bench they hold the lights until all the guests have departed, patiently awaiting their own supper as a reward for their services.

An international congress of ornithologists, in which the crown prince of Austria will take a prominent part, will meet at Vienna next spring. Among the topics to be discussed by the meeting is the possibility of protecting harmless birds in the various countries of continental Europe.

J. C. Lewis killed a squirrel in Putah canyon last week that was perfectly white and had pink eyes. The squirrel had often been seen in that vicinity and one man said that he had spent three months' time trying to capture him, as there was a reward of $75 for him alive.—*Solano Republican.*

A lady camping near the Great Western mine, in packing up her bedding preparatory to moving, found a venerable rattlesnake with fourteen rattles and five and a half feet long; and another, less venerable, had ten rattles and was four and a half feet in length. Everything in Lake county is on a grand scale.—*Lower Lake Bulletin.*

Of what tyrannies are not the minions of effete monarchies capable? Here is an enterprising Galway merchant who undertook to supply lobsters to his customers through the British parcels post, but such is the arbitrary and oppressive policy of the authorities that his trade is nipped in the bud by their refusal to allow it.

Mr. Eugene Blackford exhibits at Fulton market a large salmon, the first brought to New York from Portland, Oregon, by the Northern Pacific road. The train was delayed and the fish was not received in good condition, but with "rapid transit" and sufficiently reduced freights Mr. Blackford thinks he can sell a car load a week.

There were about 200,000 sheep driven in and through Montana this season. The bulk of them were from Oregon and were driven north to the British possessions. About 50,000 of them, however, came from Red Bluff, Cal. Notwithstanding this large drive sheep are in good demand and at better figures than they have been since the hard winter.

The English hunting field shows already a number of bad accidents. Lord Lonsdale was thrown at a five-barred gate and is in a precarious condition. Mr. Whitbread, a well-known member of parliament was shot in the head by his son while grouse shooting, and Sir Stafford Northcote has had a bad fall from his horse while cub hunting. But the lordly Englishmen must have sport.

The canine population of Paris is estimated at 200,000 dogs, but taxes are paid on but half that number, so it has been decided that all dogs shall wear a collar with the name and address of the owner stamped thereon, and an additional stamp as a receipt will be placed on it when the tax is paid. Dogs caught promenading in collars not of the prevailing style and stamp will have their serenity officially disturbed.

The Dublin police are in search of three young men who, it is reported, found a bag containing gold to the amount of £1500 in the canal near Portobello barracks while hunting rats with a dog. It is stated that the dog, in hot pursuit of a rat, snapped at the animal, catching the bag instead, tearing it open and exposing the gold to view. The young men have disappeared from the city. The police believe the money to be part of the £5000 stolen six months ago from the Munster bank.

Bears are so plentiful in Bandera county that the people have to kill them to protect their hogs. Mexican lions are also numerous, and much hunted on account of their destruction of young colts. A. J. Crockett, on the head of the Medina river, of that county, had a big fight with a bear recently, in which he lost a fine dog. The bear took the dog's head in his mouth and crushed it with the ease of an egg shell. The bear was killed, and weighed between 500 and 600 pounds. Honey and all kinds of game are found in abundance.

A temperance citizen of Louisville was startled a few mornings since, on looking out from his bath, to behold a white rabbit sitting quietly in an adjoining room. He could not imagine how it could possibly have got there, and he began to think somebody had dropped something into his lemonade. The bath was cut short, and an investigation set on foot. In the course of the day it was found that the rabbit belonged to a neighbor and had strayed into his room. The bather felt greatly relieved. The *Courier-Journal* says it is wrong for people with pets to allow them to run about and get into the apartments of sons of temperance.

W. S. Bender, chief clerk of the Ophir Company, who has just returned from Inyo, says that in some lakes situated well up the summit of Mount Whitney, are found trout that have along their sides a golden stripe. No such trout are found in any other place in the known world. They are from ten to eighteen inches in length, and those who have seen them say they are the most beautiful fish they have ever seen in any part of the world. After the fish have been taken out of the water for some time, and have become dry and shriveled, the brightness fades out of the golden stripe to a considerable extent. These beautiful trout are found in a chain of lakes lying in a deep canyon. A few days ago a party went up from Independence and caught 260 of these trout. Without much trouble they might be planted in many places in the lakes and streams of the Sierras.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

Frank Crandall of Hartford, while out rowing the other day, saw just ahead of him a great bird in the water, furiously lashing the waves with its wings. He pulled rapidly to the spot and found it was an eagle struggling to rise, while some object in the river kept it down. As the place was near the shore and the water shallow, Crandall leaped overboard and attempted to capture the bird. A desperate struggle ensued. The eagle struck at him with his wings and beak, uttering shrill cries, while it vainly endeavored to extricate its talons from the object that held it in the water. At last the lad threw himself on the bird, beating it under water, and then flung it into the boat, clambering in and falling upon it. Still the eagle fought hard, but Crandall threw a piece of sail cloth over it and succeeded in winding his stout anchorage around its legs. Then the lad examined his captive and saw that each of the eagle's talons was deeply imbedded in the back of a large bluefish. In the conflict with the boy the bird had beaten the fish into an almost shapeless pulp, but the sharp claws were still tightly fixed in their backbones. It is supposed that the eagle descended into a large, closely huddled school of bluefish, and, contrary to its intentions, struck two fish instead of a single one.

THE FIRST WHISTLE.

An Amusing Reminiscence of Steamboating on the Missouri River.

Kansas City Times.

The story of the first steam whistle on the Missouri river is amusing. Its introduction dates back to 1844. At that time the settlers on the Missouri river were in the habit of making regular yearly visits to St. Louis to do their trading for themselves and friends. They were not provided with daily intercourse with the outside world, and many who started back from the river seldom, if ever, saw a steamboat more than once a year. It happened that during the fall of 1844 the new steamboat Lexington started up the Missouri river, loaded down to the guards with freight.

The steamer was provided with a steam whistle, the first used on the Missouri river—and as it happened that no one knew about it except Warner, who was a wag and a lover of a joke. The night after leaving St. Louis the passengers were collected together playing cards [for fun] in the cabin, when the talk turned upon steamboat explosions, then very common.

"I feel perfectly safe on this boat," said Warner, as he dealt the cards.

"Why?" inquired Yocum the planter.

"Why?" echoed the rest of the company.

"I will tell you why," said the wag, carefully studying his cards. "This boat is provided with a new patent safety valve, which notifies passengers on board when it is about to blow up. It is a concern which makes a most unearthly noise, and when you hear it, it is time to get back aft or jump overboard."

Notwithstanding the fact that Warner told his story with the most solemn and earnest countenance, some were sceptical. Not so, however, with the planter. Next morning, when the Lexington was steaming up the long, straight stretch of river just below Washington, Mo., the passengers were at breakfast. The meal had been called, and all were busily engaged in doing justice to the kind of meals they were accustomed to serve on steamboats in those days. Suddenly the whistle commenced to blow, the first time on the trip. The passengers looked at each other a moment, and horror and dismay spread over their faces. The first man to realize the situation and act was Yocum, the planter, who, with hair erect and blanched face, jumped up, crying as he pulled over one after another of the passengers.

"Run, run for your lives; the d—d thing is going to bust. Come with me, and let's save ourselves."

Of course there was a stampede for the rear of the boat, and it was only by the exertions of some of the crew that the more excited were restrained from jumping into the river.

The Monkey and the Baby.

Boston Globe.

Some time ago an English lady, who was living at Kingston, Jamaica, took passage on a homeward bound vessel, taking her two-months'-old infant with her. A large, stout, active monkey, which was on board, took a violent fancy for the child. The monkey would sit all day long watching the mother as she rocked and fondled the little one and followed her from place to place. Several times the animal tried unsuccessfully to get possession of the baby. One beautiful afternoon a distant sail attracted the attention of all on board, and the captain politely offered his glass to the lady. She placed her baby on the sofa and had just raised the glass to her eye when a cry was heard. Turning quickly she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm and was nimbly climbing the shrouds. The mother fainted as the animal reached the top of the main mast. The captain was at his wits' end. He feared if he sent a sailor in pursuit the monkey would drop the baby and escape by leaping from mast to mast. The child in the meantime was heard to cry, but the fear that the monkey was hurting it was dispelled by seeing it imitate the motions of the mother, dandling, soothing and endeavoring to hush it to sleep. After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the captain finally ordered the men below and concealed himself on deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck it looked carefully around, advanced to the sofa and placed the baby upon it. The captain restored the frightened infant to its mother, who was soon satisfied that her darling had escaped without injury.

A Dog's Arctic Cruise.

A shaggy coated Newfoundland dog was held by a strong chain on the deck of the United States sloop of war Yantic, in New York bay, Saturday. He was Rover, the dog which was on the Greely relief ship Proteus, when the vessel was crushed in the ice off Cape Sabine, while trying to reach Lady Franklin bay.

When the members of the expedition took to the open boats after the sides of the Proteus were broken in, Rover curled up in the bow of one of them to take his chances of reaching a place of safety with the party. There was another dog called Rover on the Proteus. He was a cross between a setter and a Newfoundland, with a smooth body and long ears, and belonged to Captain Pike, the commander of the Proteus. There were also twenty-one Esquimau dogs on the ship. They could not be taken along, and Captain Pike did not think it worth while to take his Rover. The Esquimau dogs were a cowardly, treacherous set. Lieutenant Garlington's Rover would whip three or four of them at a time, and would not let them come aft. When the timbers of the Proteus yielded they were seized with terror. They ran about, but would not leave the ship. The sailors took them by the tail and back of the neck and threw them, yelping, out upon the ice, where they ran into nooks, and set up a dismal howling. Dr. J. S. Harrison, the surgeon of the expedition, said that when one of Esquimau dogs was down the others would all pounce on him. He supposed they set upon Captain Pike's Rover when the party sailed away and ate him. They then began to devour each other.

A Japanese Joke.

London Graphic.

The Japanese press is somewhat satirical on the position of China, and a comic vernacular journal thus depicts the situation: A Chinese peddler is visiting a zoological garden. A bear has seized him by the tail; a fox nibbles his hand, while a lion holds him by the foot. "Help! help!" shouts the victim, but the only response is a stern voice from the clouds, which tells him: "The weak is rent by the strong; the world is but an assemblage of wild beasts. You must look out for yourself."

The Prohibition Victory in Iowa.

Des Moines Register.

The republican party of Iowa had cause for pride in many things. But nothing in its matchless history, in its battles for humanity will show more to its everlasting credit than this intrepid, heroic, pure and clean-handed contest that it has waged for the rule of the will of the majority and the protection of the home. It is a victory which it took more than its power to win and to which other forces than its own contributed.

Victor Hugo's hours for literary work are now from 6 to 10 in the morning. He has several tables in his study, and on each is unfinished manuscript. He turns from verse to prose as the whim strikes him. To one who asked his opinion of American poets it is said that he pronounced Whittier feminine, Lowell a babbler, Holmes excruciatingly comic and Poe the only American poet.

Mrs. Judge Hoadly, says a Philadelphia reporter is a sprightly little lady whose frank, genial ways win her friends wherever she goes.

Her Ears Had Been Bored.

Texas Siftings.

"Don't you think earrings would become you?" inquired Kosciusko Murphy of Birdie McGee. Kosciusko had been paying Birdie very serious attention of late.

"I don't know," replied Birdie, demurely.

"I suppose the reason you don't wear them is because it will hurt you to have your ears bored?"

"Oh, not in the least," said Birdie, with animation. "I've had that done already, quite often, almost every evening—in fact, for the last three weeks."

Then Kosciusko reached round to the piano, dragged his hat off the cover and commenced to fade gradually from the room. He fairly melted away into obscurity, and now a wide chasm separates the gallant Kosciusko and the charming Birdie.

The Liquor Question in Illinois.

Chicago Tribune.

In every city, town, village, county and cross roads in this state the sale of liquor may be prohibited by law when a majority of the inhabitants desire it; and experience compels the admission that a prohibition law is uniformly a dead letter in every community where it is not sustained by public sentiment and enforced by the co-operation of the people with the authorities. These statements are made up from the statute of Illinois, and they may be verified by the Methodist ministers and other people who insist upon an agitation of the prohibition issue. The conclusion is inevitable that there is now in this state all the opportunities for prohibition which could be made available under any law.

PERSONALITIES.

Something on the Men and Manners of the Hour.

THEIR QUIRKS AND QUAINTNESS.

The Oddities and Eccentricities of the Men Whose Names are Linked with the Nineteenth Century.

The Astors are collecting their pedigree.

Ex-Postmaster General James in London.

Robert Browning is a good story-teller at dinner parties.

Spurgeon is well enough to sit in a chair while preaching.

Harrison, the boy preacher, is dangerously ill at his home in Vermont.

Minister Sargent is said to have learned to speak German fluently at Berlin.

James G. Blaine, it is reported, will go on a lecturing tour on the Pacific coast.

Herr Most has blown out his brains. Still we regret to say that it didn't kill him.

Theodore Thomas, it is estimated finds an income of about $20,000 a year in music.

President Arthur's bedroom in the executive mansion is furnished in pigeon-egg blue.

Lord Coleridge is quoted as saying that "Governor Butler is one of the most charming men I ever met."

General Collis offered Sitting Bull $10 for his chief's pipe, but the speculative savage ran the market up to $20.

Monsignor Capel pronounces the confessional of the Episcopal church to be unauthorized and wholly incompetent.

Young Lytton Sothern, the eldest son of the late E. A. Sothern, has just begun an American tour with his father's famous play.

The fact that Blaine has rented his Washington house is pointed to by some editors as a sure sign that he is after the White house.

Corrodus, the eminent violinist, has become the possessor, at a cost of $3400, of the Stradivarius violin once owned and used by Paganini.

Butler bobs up serenely above the waves of republican abuse after each fresh attack. He has just come out in a caustic letter to Codman.

Thompson, of Dallas, Tex., reminded Cooper that he owed him a board bill. Cooper shot Thompson dead. The board bill is still unsettled.

"Sixty millions of francs, and he did not reign!" exclaimed Henri Rochefort on hearing of the estate bequeathed by the late Comte de Chambord.

Rev. Albert Donnell of Berlin Falls, N. H., has in his possession two seven-leaved clovers, one eight-leaved and one nine-leaved, all picked from the same plant.

It is said Juh, the Chiricahua, pronounces himself "Hoo." When a man gets to be a Chiricahua, it makes no difference Hoo he is, or what he calls himself.

The following very pertinent question is asked by a Boston paper: "What did Fred Douglass ever do for the negro?" He has taken good care of Douglass.

The ancient custom of ringing the curfew bell was resumed at Stratford-on-Avon on the 11th inst., the bell being the same that was tolled for Shakespeare's funeral.

M. Ferry says that the royalist party in France consists of about 3000 nobles, 1000 would-be nobles, thirty bishops and a few thousand priests, monks, snobs and sycophants.

English politicians are beginning to learn something from the presidential speculators on this side of the water. They are already talking about Gladstone's successor to the premiership.

Mr. Tilden eats eight times a day, a little at a time, with a very little whisky and water, and he takes phosphates. He still converses in a low tone of voice, but from habit, and not from necessity.

While the Pennsylvania legislators are borrowing money to pay board bills at the state capital, Governor Pattison is making speeches to country fairs. The governor says he can stand it if they can.

Hatton of the postoffice department wants the scalp of Emory Smith, of the Philadelphia *Press*, and Emory wants to be an officeholder. Another illustration of "harmony" and reform in the grand old party.

Hannibal Hamlin is about to present to his native town a new clock. Mr. Hamlin is enabled to go to this great expense by having on hand a large amount that he had accumulated through never having had his overcoat stolen.

A recent number of the *Graphic* contained a portrait of the Hon. William Steele Holman, the Aurora farmer, in the act of saying, "I object." This picture will undo all the work that Mr. Dana has performed for his candidate this month.

Prince Bismarck was guarded during his stay at Kissingen by six Bavarian gendarmes, six Prussian policemen, one Bavarian commissioner of police, one Prussian police councilor from Berlin, four detectives from Munich and two from Wurzburg.

The first newsboy who ever sold a copy of the New York *Sun* in the streets of New York became famous and rich. He was ten years old and from Cork. His name was Bernard Flaherty, but he was afterwards known as Barney Williams, the comedian.

At the recent marriage of Lord Windsor, a young nobleman who enjoys the comfortable income of £8000 a year, while the bride was attired in satin and resplendent with pearls and diamonds, the groom wore a morning suit of gray and white tweed.

Judge Kelley of Pennsylvania, who is still in Paris, is slowly recovering his health. He is very impatient at the stubbornness of his complaint and longs to get back home and re-enter the political field, from which he seems to think he has been absent too long. The doctors, however, say that exertion or excitement of any kind may prove injurious, and have forbidden his sailing for two or three weeks.

SUNDRY SMALL ITEMS.

The Salvation army is having a hard time in Switzerland. In fact, the Swiss seem to have gone beyond the bounds of law in their endeavors to suppress the nuisance, and may be called to account.

Mr. Tilden's house in Gramercy square will cost when finished $250,000. Other presidential aspirants may be interested in knowing that the old man will not have it finished until a year from next spring.

Miss Ayer, daughter of a deceased American patent medicine man has $5,000,000 in her own right and is strikingly beautiful, of course. She is now in Paris, and has had many offers of marriage from counts, dukes and other beggars.

A Chinaman in Queensland had to give evidence in court, and was asked how he would be sworn. His reply was: "Me no care; crack 'im saucer, kill 'im cock, blow out 'im matches, smell 'im book, alle samee." He was allowed to "smell the book."

Secretary Folger denies indignantly that he has said anything about a 3 per cent. bond to take the place of the 4 per cents., and further that such a scheme would be impracticable. The public marveled that Mr. Folger, who is a man of brains and judgment could have seriously entertained such a proposition.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. found it necessary before publication to make the first edition of their new magazine consist of 150,000 copies, which considerably exceeds, if we remember rightly, that of the first edition of the *Cornhill Magazine* under the editorship of Thackeray.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is paragraphed as devoting his time and energy to a "Life of Emerson," is said to have uttered the following Orphic saying about himself and his works: "I have written much that I would willingly let die. The public has treated me beyond my deserts. It would be better if I should be found out in my lifetime."

How to Explain Some Campaign Stories.

Cincinnati News-Journal.

"Uncle Claib," said Bostick, as he rode up to the old farmer, sitting on his stile, "an unaccountable thing occurred down the road a moment ago. There was not a cloud in the sky, but as I rode along there came a bolt of lightning and knocked all the shoes off my horse without hurting him or me. Can you explain it?" "Oh, yes," responded Uncle Claib. "It's no trouble to explain even so mysterious an occurrence as that." "How?" asked Bostick, eagerly. "Why, it's a d—d lie."

A Chronic Candidate.

Chicago News.

Thomas A. Hendricks will continue a candidate just as long as any other Indiana man remains in the field. He has been the big toad in the puddle too long to calmly give way to any other home candidate. From time immemorial he has been trying to impress his fellow countrymen with the solemn fact that, while they might spell United States with small letters, they should always use a big H when speaking of Hendricks.

Chicago Puffs Itself and Depreciates Oregon.

Chicago Herald.

The Oregonians who are now doing Chicago find it a great relief to lay aside their rubber overcoats and boots. Such weather as we are having they pronounce delightful. In Oregon it rains 300 days out of the 365, and when the sun comes out once or twice a month they give him a public reception. Tradition has it that all the native Oregonians are born with web feet, but that is probably a slander.

No Reference to Mr. Arthur.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"The republicans must go" does not apply to President Arthur. He is gone nearly all the time.

THE LATE C. J. GUITEAU.

His Face in a Jar of Alcohol and His Skeleton in a Case in the Army Medical Museum—What Was Done with the Flesh of Guiteau.

Washington Gazette.

The skeleton of the late Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, having been formally turned over to the surgeon general, is now exhibited in an upright glass case situated in the north end of the Army Medical Museum hall, on Tenth street. The interior of the case is decorated with hangings—four human skeletons suspended by their skulls and glistening in their snowy whiteness. The two largest skeletons, one of which is Guiteau's, bear no labels. The smaller ones are placarded, "Negro Girl" and "Skeleton of a Boy." Of the former, that of the assassin, can be easily distinguished by its height. Guiteau was five feet, nine or ten inches; the skeleton corresponds with those figures. The purpose of putting other skeletons in the case was doubtless to prevent suspicion. A close scrutiny of Guiteau's bones shows that each distinct portion has been marked with a very small letter "G" in indelible ink, by the museum authorities, probably as a means of identification in case they are ever stolen. Another noticeable feature is a slight stoop of the shoulders which those who saw the man will recognize at once. The reporter turned to the gentleman who gave him the information and asked where the head was kept.

"The head was skinned, after the autopsy," he replied. "It was then stuffed, sewed up and pickled in alcohol, and is now in this building. Would you like to see it?"

The reporter answered affirmatively, and was taken to a room in the northern portion of the museum, where he was shown the head that planned the second presidential assassination in the United States. The preservation was remarkable, and showed the perfect expression of Guiteau's face as he was dropped into eternity with the final words of the doggerel hymn on his lips.

"What was done with his flesh?" queried the reporter, "Was it thrown into a sewer, as published?"

"No, it was not," he replied. "Guiteau's flesh was cremated in this building at noon of November 27, 1882, after it had been stripped from the skeleton."

"How?"

"It was shoveled into the furnace below and the ashes of the assassin now grace some ash dump on the suburbs of Washington."

The skull of Guiteau, which was stolen from the Medical museum about one year ago by a negro, has not yet been recovered.

A ROUND MILLION WASTED.

The Career of a Spendthrift Who Dissipated a Million Dollars in Three Years.

Some few months ago, says the Leadville *Democrat*, there arrived in Leadville a young man named Julius Haas, who was only recently from abroad. Neither his actions nor his demeanor denoted that he had any money, present or prospective. He took up his residence at the La Plata mine, with Mr. Otto Andreae. The other day he went to Denver to prepare for his return home, where an inheritance of $17,500,000 marks, or $4,375,000, now awaits his claim. The life of the millionaire contains a wealth of romance and much of the practical adversity which usually befalls the prodigal son. Dissipation at home and in this country, a continual draining from his father's riches, finally left him, to all intents and purposes, a pauper in a strange land. His father was a heavy banker, the partner of the Rothschilds, and a land owner at Carlsruhe, the capital of Baden, one of the German states. In his early college days young Haas began to exhibit a disposition of extravagance and recklessness. There he commenced a gambling career which only ended in his destitution at Leadville. The wine cup, beautiful women, and song had their fascinations for him.

One who knows him says that Haas spent 100,000 francs in Marseilles and 100,000 at Baden, which extravagance induced his father to send him to America. He had a credit of 60,000 marks. He dissipated large sums in New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati, and sunk $30,000 in a Louisville sporting house. His father refused to have anything more to do with him, and lately he has been in prison at St. Louis. Not long ago Mr. Andreae wrote to Haas' father, stating the son's circumstances, and, in response, was instructed to take good care of him, but not to give him any money. A few days ago the Illinois *Staats Zeitung*, containing a notice of the father's death and an estimate of the immense fortune which he left to his children, was received by young Haas. Yesterday Mr. Andreae gave him sufficient money for his entertainment at Denver until such time as he could establish his credit at a bank, or by cablegram advices make a loan to return to Germany. It is estimated that Haas has expended $1,000,000 in three years.

PRESS PITH.

"Where We Will Vote," is a heading in the Indianapolis *Journal*. The Indianapolitan usually votes wherever he can get a new two-dollar bill.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"So your husband is a critic? Now tell me does he always write just what he thinks about a play?" "Oh, dear, no! It wouldn't do. His paper goes into the best families and profanity is out of the question."—*Boston Transcript.*

A scientist says that in the moon a hickory nut falling from a bough would crash through a man like a minie ball. That settles it. We shall never go to the moon to gather hickory nuts.—*Norristown Herald.*

"O, Mildred," said Amy to the high school girl yesterday, "you ought to have seen Adolphe when I told him he couldn't come to see me any more—he was all broke up." "Please don't say 'all broke up,' I beg of you," replied the high school girl; "say, 'He was reduced to molecular fragments.'"—*Oil City Derrick.*

Sergeant Bates, on his coming southern flag-carrying tour, will be accompanied by his son, who will also carry a flag. Insatiate nuisance! would not one suffice? It is no longer a dangerous feat to carry the American flag through the south. If Bates wants to do something brave and heroic, let him call Sullivan a "campaign rumor."—*Norristown Herald.*

Democratic Definitions.

New York Evening Post.

Ex-Speaker Randall has added another to the many democratic definitions of civil service reform. He says: "I believe that an honest democrat is better in office than a dishonest republican," and the whole party is shouting with delight at the declaration, as being by all odds the most luminous exposition of the true democratic civil service attitude which has been made. The list of definitions by the statesmen of the party is both long and striking, and though we have given some of them before, we will repeat them here in order that the full effect of congregation may be secured. Thurman's is, "I am in favor of taking the boys in out of the cold and warming their toes;" Butler's, "The government belongs to its friends;" Leon Abbett's, "The men who work in the campaign will be the men rewarded after election;" the *Sun's*, "There can be no civil service reform until the rascals are turned out." Randall's is on the same line with these, and shows that the party is rapidly becoming a unit in favor of what is best expressed by the old cry for a "clean sweep."

Hoadly and the Presidency.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

The result in Ohio and the election of Mr. Hoadly having been ascertained, the intelligent democrats are beginning to clamor mightily that he be their next year's candidate for the presidency. The reasons which have inspired them to this opening of their partisan hearts for the malarial candidate from Ohio appear, on logical analysis, to be somewhat peculiar. Mr. Hoadly is certainly not well known by the people; he is hardly to be considered a public man and even the wildest enthusiast among the unreasoning democrats would scarcely insist that he is a statesman. In brief, he is known to be Hoadly, just elected governor of Ohio, sometimes called Judge, sometimes George; and he is subject to malaria. At this interesting point general knowledge stops.

The Ohio Election.

New York Times.

With a remarkable demonstration of voting strength on the part of the prohibitionists, their managers have deliberately done their best to elect the democratic candidates who were openly in the interest of free liquor. The logic which led to this popular action is not easily understood.

The Only Thing Butler Ever Missed.

Peck's Sun.

Ben Butler brags that he never had a cold in his life. That is about the only thing Ben has missed that could be had simply by catching.

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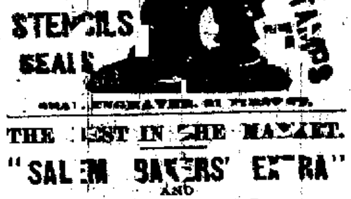

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The Machine Shop, Foundry, Boiler Shop, Blacksmith Shop, Brass Foundry, with all Fixtures, Tools and Machinery.
One of the most extensive and complete establishments on the Pacific coast, now in successful operation and employing about one hundred men, is offered for sale at a bargain. The grounds are ample in extent and the location unsurpassed. Impaired health of the sole owner is the cause for selling. If desired, the tools, machinery, etc., will be sold and the real estate leased. Address LISTER, HOUGHTON & CO., New Tacoma, W. T.

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UNION INSURANCE COMPANY
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Capital .... $750,000.
BRANCH OFFICE FOR OREGON,
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JAMES S. REED, Agent.

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THE OREGON
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Cash Assets, June 30th, 1881 .... [illegible]
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IMPERIAL, LONDON, NORTHERN, and QUEEN
Insurance Companies of London & Liverpool.
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Joint Policy Issued by the Four Companies.
CORBITT & MACLEAY,
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Offices, 14 and 20 Front St., Portland, Or.

South British and National Fire and Marine Insurance Cos.
COMBINED.
CAPITAL .... [illegible]
With unlimited liability of shareholders, and
Deposited in Oregon for security of policy holders 100,000
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Capital - - - - - $5,000,000.
With unlimited liability of stockholders.
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Letter of Credit, Bank of British Columbia, Portland, Or. 25,000
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UNITED CARRIAGE AND BAGGAGE TRANSFER CO
Telephone 222.
E. KNAPP, President. S. M. MEARS, Sec. & Tr. G. W. LEIHY, Sup't.
First-Class Carriages in readiness at all hours.
Baggage Checked at Hotels, Residences and the Company's office.
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FREIGHT FORWARDED & DELIVERED with Dispatch.
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Established 1851.
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Importing
Wholesale Druggists
Agents for Leading Proprietary Medicines, Fluid Extracts, Pills, Etc., Etc.
Nos. 92 and 94 Front Street
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TACOMA PROPERTY.
THE DIRECTORS HAVING AUTHORIZED THE undersigned to place a portion of the
TERMINAL LAND COMPANY'S
Suburban property on the market, at prices within the reach of all, and on the installment plan of payments, I am now prepared to sell lots in
COULTER'S ADDITION
To NEW TACOMA until further notice, at very low figures. Good, reliable agents wanted.
W. H. CREIGHTON,
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P. O. Drawer 22, Portland.
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WILLIAMS & WELCH,
General Machinists and Engine Builders,
Foot of Oak street.
Manufacture Steam Engines of all descriptions, High, Low Pressure and Compound.
ALSO
Mill Machinery of all kinds. Jobbing and Repairing, Blacksmithing, etc.
Having lately moved into our present shop, and added new and large tools, we are prepared to do first-class work at reasonable rates.

ELGIN CREAMERIES
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WHITE CLOVER BUTTER
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
AT SEALY, MASON & CO'S,
167 First st., Portland.

CHEAPEST
Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, Table Cutlery, etc.
AT
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L. FELDMANN & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Wooden and Willow Ware,
And Manufacturers of
Brooms and Brushes,
No. 126 Front street.

SEED!} 30 Tons TIMOTHY. {SEED!
We are prepared to fill all orders.
Liberal discount to the Trade.
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Front and Alder street, Portland.

WALTHAM or ELGIN WATCHES.
4-ounce Silver Case $10 50
3-ounce Silver Case .... [illegible]
Sent to any part of the country on receipt of coin or money order. A written guarantee for two years with every watch.
W. FRIEDLANDER,
85 First, bet. Oak and Pine.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!
SLAB WOOD—$1 [illegible] PER LOAD—FROM WEIDLER'S MILL. Orders left at mill or in the box at [illegible] Saloon will be promptly attended to.

FAYETTEVILLE, Ark., Rev. T. J. Reilly says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for indigestion and chills with entire satisfaction."

[illegible] there was a regular bear panic, and the shorts in their anxiety to cover, rushed prices up on themselves. It was rumored at this time that Union Pacific, Oregon and Transcontinental, and

Kentucky.

—Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured my wife immediately of severe neuralgia." H. M. Conklin, [illegible], Pa. 50c. at druggists.

[illegible] circumstances.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES,
EDENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

No exaggerated or fictitious certificates, but solid facts, testify the marvelous cures of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 21, 1883.

THE "GREAT STAKE" CLASS.

The last presidential election was decided by the "business argument," as it was called, by the prosperity of the country and the unwillingness of the business men to risk a change in the national administration. Capital is proverbially timid. When ex-Governor Sprague of Rhode Island was in the United States senate, he uttered this striking phrase: "Nothing is so cowardly as half a million of dollars, unless it be a million." The poet Wordsworth, in one of his patriotic sonnets, written to arouse his countrymen to resist the threatened invasion of the French army under Napoleon, said substantially the same thing, "Rich men, brave by nature, taint the air with words of apprehension and despair." In the last presidential canvass we heard Vice President Wheeler say that "accumulations of property, however small, steady a man." This is doubtless true. And there are indications that the republican party will rely, in the coming canvass, very largely upon this argument. One prominent member of the party has said, since the recent election in Ohio, that unless hard times should intervene, of which he saw no prospect, the republicans would win in the presidential campaign. There is much to justify this confidence. At the same time there are many indications that the general feeling existing throughout the country against political abuses will be made to tell powerfully against the continuance in power of the republican party. This feeling has already begun to formulate itself in an emphatic condemnation of the principle that public office should be treated as political plunder. A few years ago it split almost in twain the dominant party in Maine. The election of Governor Butler in Massachusetts last year was in part the result of the same causes which led to the election of Governor Gaston ten years ago—because the most obnoxious enemies of civil service reform—Simmons and Worthington—had been, in both instances, appointed collectors of customs in Boston, and many republicans resented the insult by the readiest and most available means, that is, by voting for a democratic governor. The same mutterings of discontent are heard in states where the ruling organization is of the opposite party, as in Texas and Maryland. This is because the people have everywhere seen that the system to which we have alluded, in the hands of both parties, has ended by making the interests of state and country mere counters in the game at which professional politicians play for the stakes of power and place; and also because of the impression that the men thus elected to executive and legislative offices, and to some extent those elected to judicial offices, have used their power and place for the benefit of the propertied classes, under the false idea that those classes have the greatest stake in the country.

The influence of this false idea in the councils of the republican party is honeycombing it with weakness and decay. When that party was organized it was to resist the encroachments of an aristocratic power upon the liberties of the people. The republican party then was the friend of man, the friend of the poor man, of the enslaved and the homeless. It gave liberty to the slaves and opened the public domain to the homeless, and thus grandly justified its right to the control of the government. But during the war period a great many vulgar men became enormously rich, and for selfish purposes attached themselves to the party in power. These men have been more or less openly asserting, and some of the managers of the party, being of the same class, have joined them in asserting, in effect, that the wealthy interests of the country are those which are most in need of privilege conferring legislation. The readiness with which the republican party of late years, under one pretence and another, has legislated in favor of the wealthy interests is the most grave indictment that can be framed against it. The republicans, however, are no worse than democrats in the same positions of power. Samuel J. Randall, as speaker of the house of representatives, was just as much the friend of the rich corporations as was James G. Blaine. When he was speaker no member could get recognition from him when it was supposed that such member desired to make an anti-railroad speech. The republican party has done more of this legislation, because it has had greater opportunities.

We are opposed most strongly to exclusive legislation for one set of men more than another, but if it must incline to one side more than another, let it be in favor of those who are most willing but least able to help themselves, rather than of those who have no wants that they cannot themselves supply. Let the workingman have his full share of legislation. When that is done we shall have the best legislation, because those who have all to gain are more interested in good legislation than those who need anticipate no more than decreased luxury from the worst of measures. The man who has the greatest stake in the establishment of the best or worst form of government, is not the man who has the largest accumulations of capital, but the men to whom bad government brings scanty food and low wages, who have all to gain from good government and whose all to lose is all their livelihood. "It is continually said," says Jeremy Bentham, that "property is the only bond of pledge and attachment to the country. Not it, indeed. Want of property is a much stronger one. He who has property can change the shape of it, and carry it with him to another country, wherever he pleases. He who has no property can do no such thing. In the eyes of those who live by the labor of others, the existence of those by whose labor they live is indeed of no value; not so in the eyes of the laborers themselves. Life is not worth more to yawners than to laborers, and their own country is the only country in which they can hope to live."

If legislation must be preferential let it be for the benefit of the bread winners rather than bread wasters. In no case let it be in the interest of those who make bread dear. The bread winners are entitled to discriminations in their favor if any are to be made, on the ground of their beneficial relations to the state, for they are the class who by their work and prosperity increase its wealth. They add to the resources of the nation by their struggle and toil to avoid starvation. They are the great stake class. Where the reign of the working man is most powerful and undisturbed there is the most general prosperity. There too the privileges of the wealthy class stand on the most secure footing, for the kingship of the working man is representative of those whose interest is the universal interest.

The bill to divide Spokane county, W. T., passed the territorial council on Friday by the following vote: Ayes, Caton, Collins, Kerr, Power, Whitehouse and Mr. President—6. Noes, Burke, Edmiston, Hale, Harker, Houghton—5. Excused, Smith.

The discovery of another big river in Alaska is timely. It suggests a new source of supply for another water company for Portland.

An eastern journal has this comment on the Ohio election: "The proposed amendment to the constitution providing for the prohibition of saloons has received something over 300,000 votes, and is lost by a small margin. The amendment proposing legislative control of the liquor traffic has received something over 100,000. Had the strength of both been united upon one, that one would have been adopted by an overwhelming majority of the popular vote. In every respect it proves to have been a mistake to submit two alternative propositions at the same election. The combined vote for the two proposed amendments fairly represents the strength of what may be called the temperance element of the state, and that element, as we have stated, is thus shown to be very much more than half of the electors. It is fair to assume that had the prohibitory amendment been submitted by itself, at least two-thirds of the 100,000 who voted for legislative control and restraint of saloons would have voted for prohibition outright. As it was, the temperance sentiment of the state was divided between these two suggested lines of policy, and defeat came through the simple failure to unite upon one proposition."

W. D. Howells, one of America's literary stars, does not believe in taking vacations after hard work. He "fails to see that long terms of intellectual inactivity are beneficial." On the contrary, he thinks them injurious. There is a reluctance about turning to work again. Rather than take a long vacation he apportions his work so that it never becomes irksome. For a literary man, Mr. Howells is remarkably sensible. Too much hard work will kill—but work every day and sufficient recreation insure health. The trouble with Americans is that work and play are both carried on at a high pressure rate. Both are hurtful, for both are dissipations. To work till absolute stopping becomes a necessity is almost criminal. It is then too late to enjoy rest. But something should be done every day in a methodist way. Nature works smoothly, silently and persistently, and never gets tired. Men work by fits and starts, and rest by fits and starts. This is destructive. To think intensely for half the year in order to indulge mental quietude for the balance of the year is worse than foolish.

In a book lately published, containing certain reminiscences of the celebrated Thomas Corwin, there is a story of a conversation which Corwin held with Jeff Davis, after the future leader of the confederacy had made his first speech in congress. It was on the slavery question. He dwelt at length on the account of Ham, Hagar and Onesimus, and to his own satisfaction, at least, proved American slavery had divine sanction. "Well, like myself, he liked a glass of wine, and he and I met a few minutes after the debate in a saloon. Said I, 'Davis, do you believe Ham was a nigger?' 'Yes' was the reply. 'And Shem one of those red fellows with long black hair and high cheek bones, like some of the red fellows you find out on the prairie?' Said he, 'Yes I do.' 'And Japhet had regular features and a fair complexion, like the members of congress, for instance, with perhaps some exceptions (pointing to myself)?' The reply being in the affirmative, I remarked: 'You give a poor opinion of Mrs. Noah. Such a lady would lose caste on Turtle creek.'"

And now Colonel Frederick T. Dent, General Grant's brother-in-law, wants to go on the retired list. He has been in the army forty years and is tired. He was in Oregon over thirty years ago. Colonel Dent, however, has not seen very hard service. During most of the war period he served on Grant's staff, and when the latter became president was made *major domo* of the White house. These services covered fully ten years of the colonel's forty. For ten years he has been lieutenant colonel of the Fifth Artillery, with the amount of service that the colonel of a regiment usually sees in time of peace. However, let the hard-worked veteran retire. By the way, news came the other day that an old and faithful clerk in one of the departments, who had been in service for more than forty years, was stricken with paralysis and had to be replaced. Of course, he went out penniless and without means of support. Colonel Dent will do better on the retired list. He will receive a pension of $3300 a year.

"The common council of Portland," says the Hillsboro *Independent*, "has ousted Besser because of his infamous contract with Mayor Chapman, to sell the offices of that city. It is quite a ludicrous as well as crooked state of things that Besser can be ousted and yet Chapman, the chief of the plotters for the corrupt sale of the offices and the bribe taker himself should be unreachable by any authority in the city or state. Thus has it come about in our advanced civilization that the office-holders can commit the most flagrant crimes and yet with brazen faces sit in the high places of the land in supreme contempt of the people. It is about time that the people of Portland appointed a committee to take care of such men as Chapman."

Mr. Spurgeon, "the other English prime minister," is very popular as an author. His "John Ploughman's Talks" has had a sale of 320,000 copies in the British islands. His sermons have a sale of 25,000 copies weekly, and old sermons of his are constantly being reprinted. The greatest sale of a single sermon is of that on "Baptismal Regeneration," first preached in 1864; 190,000 copies of it have been sold. The publishing house of Passmore & Alabaster give their whole attention to the Spurgeon literature.

It takes 187 republican orators on the stump to convince the people of Massachusetts that they should not vote for Governor Ben Butler's re-election. If he is not defeated it will not be for lack of denunciation from the stump.

Ben Butler and the Baby.

Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Going to New York some years since, in company with Colonel John Screven of Savannah, we entered a sleeper at Washington City. Passengers were taking their places, and in a few moments General Butler came in, accompanied by his wife. She was a rather dressy person for her age, and carried in her arms a black-and-tan terrier of rare blood, dressed with gay collar and ribbons. Just after them came a negro girl, just such a one as may be met half a dozen times on any block in a southern city, bearing in her arms a child about eighteen months of age. The little fellow was yelling with all the strength of a healthy pair of lungs, and the nurse, though kind and patient, failed to soothe him with caresses and soft words. General Butler took him, and the youngster screamed louder and kicked more vigorously. The General tried to tell him baby tales. He fondled him, dandled him on his knee, and sung the entire repertoire of "Mother Goose," from "Hi, Diddle Diddle," to "Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross," and still the youngster yelled and would not be comforted. Finally, clasping him closely, the General, with great good-humor, said: "Young man, I have coaxed you and sung to you in vain; now you will have to kick and yell it out." The screams of the little fellow became less piercing, his kicks subsided in vigor, and finally he sobbed himself to sleep. His sorrow had been "washed in transient tears." Upon inquiring, we learned that the child was that of Mrs. Ames, the daughter of General Butler, and had been that night parted from his mother for the first time. The patience, kindness and good humor displayed by General Butler made us think better of him.

A hangman in South Carolina is being chided for using common bar soap to soften up his gallows rope. He says as long as the victims don't complain the newspapers have no business to. Besides, the pay isn't enough to warrant scented soap.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Utah baby was recently stolen by a bear and carried four miles to its den. The child was rescued unhurt, during the absence of the bear, and when the bear returned it concluded that it lived in a blamed dishonest locality.—*Boston Post.*

"Paralyzed persons permanently cured." Guaranteed by the proprietors of *Samaritan Nervine.*

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

UNITARIAN ECLECTICISM.

The *Christian Register* approves as "admirable" the following statement by Dr. Charles F. Beard in the London *Inquirer*: "We Unitarians are eclectics regarding the teachings of scripture. We endeavor to separate the chaff from the wheat, and garner carefully the treasure that remains. We find in the bible sayings of the sublimest wisdom and of the highest and purest truths; and often, in juxtaposition with them, we have the utterances of human passions, hate, vindictiveness, partiality and injustice, which it is impossible to accept as of divine warrant or authority. We find deeds recorded, said to be committed, some at the express command of God, others with his sanction, which no ingenuity of defense can save from utter condemnation. It is preposterous to say that we must accept the whole as of the same character and quality. That would be for our minds to abdicate the functions of rational judgment."

HERETIC METHODISTS.

Heresy, as the religious papers indicate, is spreading rapidly, and one denomination after another is found to contain not only lay members, but clergymen who cannot or will not pronounce the shibboleth of their sect satisfactorily. It is but a few weeks since the Presbyterian papers announced the deposition of two pastors of that denomination, in Pennsylvania, named White and Wilhelm, for alleged doctrinal unsoundness, and now comes the *California Christian Advocate* (Methodist) and makes the painful announcement that Rev. Hardin Wallace and Rev. B. A. Washburn, both of whom have been well-known and highly esteemed in the southern part of the state, have recently been disfellowshipped for their heretical views and their refusal to bow to the authority of the church. The editor dwells particularly upon the case of Mr. Washburn, "to show how things are drifting," as he says and adds: "We have in our mind two other ministers who have gone the same way and are now out of the church." Further apprehended calamity of this kind, it hopes, may be averted.

BEECHER AND SPURGEON.

The *Herald of Truth* (Baptist) expresses the opinion that Mr. Beecher's late unenthusiastic reception in California was "due largely to his loss of grip of the public mind as a teacher both of morals and philosophy. It is a notably sad instance of the falling of a brilliant star from its high firmament of glory in the present century. How different with Spurgeon, waxing fuller and brighter with gospel light as the years roll on; more and more entitled to the unconscious adulation of the child who spoke of him as the prime minister of England." Referring to Mr. Beecher's defense of evolution, the editor quotes a remark of Rev. Dr. Lincoln, of Newton Theological Seminary, that the question of "a divine or a simian origin" is one of evidence, and that at the present time the weight of evidence is "decidedly against physical evolution and in favor of a divine creation."

BAD BOOKS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

Rev. Dr. Strong, writing in the *Pacific*, makes complaint that "many Sunday school libraries are flooded with literary trash," and that "the imprint of the American Sunday School Union, or of the Episcopal, Methodist or Baptist board, is found no sufficient guarantee of the suitableness of the books they publish. Some are too sectarian; others too sensational; others silly; others positively mischievous—nothing more or less than exciting love stories. The books read by our Sunday school scholars mold them, like living associates, more than companions in some respects. A book fit for a Sabbath school library should not be a mere love story, nor a story whose interest depends upon what I may call the 'blood and thunder' element. Nor should it be a ghost story, nor one of some good boy or girl thirty years old at three—dying at five or six, because too good to live in our wicked world. Empty, insipid books, and books positively mischievous, have often got into Sabbath school libraries, because printed and bound handsomely and prettily illustrated. While these or other bad books are being read, the habit of reading is being formed and the kind of one's reading determined. Tastes have been perverted, coarseness and vulgarity, not to add low slang and profane speech, have so often been traced to books read by the scholars. Such are none the less the devil's books, and doing his work, because published by a well-meaning society and bought by a well-meaning committee. They are none the less mischievous because of their beautiful paper, binding and pictures. They are more fitted for the fire than distribution in Sabbath schools."

THE FAULT OF RATIONALISM.

The fault of rationalism, says Rev. Thomas Arnold, appears to me to consist not so much in what it has as in what it has not. The understanding has its proper work to do with respect to the bible, because the bible consists of human writings and contains a human history. Critical and historical inquiries respecting it are, therefore, perfectly legitimate; it contains matter which is within the province of the understanding, and the understanding has God's warrant for doing that work which he appointed it to do; only let us remember that the understanding cannot ascend to divine things; that for these another faculty is necessary—reason or faith. If this faculty be living in us, then there can be no rationalism; and what is called so is then no other than the voice of christian truth. When a man's writings show that he is keenly alive to the divine part of scripture, that he sees God ever in it, and regards it truly as his word; his judgments of the human parts in it are not likely to be rationalistic, and if his understanding decides according to his own laws upon points within his own province, while his faith duly tempers it, and restrains it from entering upon another's dominion, the result will, in all probability, be such as commonly attends the use of God's manifold gifts in their just proportions—it will image, after our imperfect measure, the holiness of God and the truth of God.

FAIRFIELD, Iowa.—Dr. J. L. Myers says, "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron preparation I have ever known in my thirty years of practice."

BORN.

To the wife of M. E. Heblinger, a son.

NEW TO-DAY.

LEMON & FISHER, STEVEDORES, PORTland and Astoria. 20o4

FOR SALE—A FINE HORSE AND BUGGY. APply at 131 Fourth street, up stairs. 19o4

WANTED—A SITUATION AS CLERK BY A young man in wholesale house or office. Can give references if desired. Address L.H., this office. 21o2

FINE CHANCE FOR RESTAURANT; LARGE room, boiler and all parts fitting to restaurant complete. Corner First and Montgomery streets; cheap rent. 17o6*

CLOTHING SALESMAN WANTED—A MAN that thoroughly understands his business, and no one need apply that has not been in the clothing line recently. Call at J. KOHN'S, cor. 1st and Morrison sts.

FOR SALE—A RETAIL GROCERY STORE IN a good locality, including horse, wagon, stock and fixtures, at a bargain. Apply between 8 and 10 A. M., at Nos. 112 and 114 Front st., Portland, Or. 20o1

TO LOAN.

We have money to loan in sums to suit from $100 to $10,000 on good security, long and short terms.
WHITE & RIGGEN.

FOR SALE.

Lots in Wilson's Addition, $750 each. The very choicest lots in the addition.
WHITE & RIGGEN.

FOR SALE.

Lots in Albina, adjoining new school building, $500 each. Very choice corner lots.
WHITE & RIGGEN.

FOR RENT.

2-Story residence, all modern improvements, $50.
WHITE & RIGGEN.

FOR RENT.

2-Story residence, 11 rooms all modern improvements, $60.
WHITE & RIGGEN.

PERSONAL—DR. A. S. NICHOLS, THE WELL-known Homeopathic Physician, started East last week to remain several months, and will be in Philadelphia most of the time during his absence. The public will be pleased to know that especial attention will be given to his practice by his father, Dr. Z. B. Nichols, who has just returned from New York, where he has been engaged in studying chronic diseases in one of the best hospitals in that state.

MISS A. S. JORGENSEN,
MILLINERY EMPORIUM,
103 First Street.

THE FINEST ASSORTMENT OF FALL AND Winter Hats just received. The latest novelties in trimmings and ornaments.
Orders promptly attended to. 21osim

Getting Over the Outing.

New York Letter in the Boston Herald.

The women are coming home with better bodies than they took away, as a rule, but in great disorder as to wardrobes. While physically improved, most of them deem themselves unfit to be seen, and their first necessity is to get clothes with which to replace the past season's bedraggled finery. Tan and freckles make them look more like flesh and blood beings and less like dolls. Here and there a foolish one has kept city hours and revels, but in the main they have had plenty of sleep and the right sort of exercise. It will take them nearly all winter to lose the good results of their summer outing. "And to get ourselves back into desirable shapes," said a girl to whom I made that assertion. "The restraints of civilization are not to be immediately imposed upon a figure that has had two months of wild freedom. Look at my hands. Brown? Yes, but that's not what I mind. They would go into number six gloves in June, and six and a half won't more than hold them in September. Gripping lawn tennis bats and alpenstocks has developed them disgustingly. And there's my feet: they're expanded, too. They did miles on miles in Catskill mountain climbing—spreading themselves out on the flat rocks, and adhering like sponges to the boulders. And, worse than all, two inches are added to my waist measure. Hearty eating? Partly that. But let me whisper. You've probably never seen the girl that laced herself tightly. I'm she—that is in winter. But this summer my waist has had a vacation and grown stout on it."

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN
REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

NEW TO-DAY.

TO LET—FURNISHED FRONT ROOM, WITH stove, 84, North 8th St., bet. E and F. 21o3

WANTED—THREE UNFURNISHED ROOMS in city. Address C. C. R., this office. 21o2

FOUR NEATLY FURNISHED ROOMS FOR housekeeping can be had at 195 Taylor St., bet. 9th and 10th. 21o3

DR. KENNETH MACKENZIE HAS REMOVED over Mortgage Savings Bank, Reid's Block, cor. First and Pine Sts. 21od&w

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEwork, washing and ironing in a private family. Apply at 11 West Park. 21o2

SITUATION WANTED—BY A FIRST-CLASS French woman cook, to work by the day or week. To cook for parties, etc. Address 248 B St. 21o3

WANTED—BY A YOUNG GERMAN PRINTER, who speaks English fluently, a situation in an English printing office to learn. Address Printer, this office. 1t

FOR RENT—COTTAGE ON SOUTH FIRST ST., between Williams and Mead. Key next door. Inquire at 127 A St., or of G. H. Lamberson, Ainsworth dock. 21o2

A NORWEGIAN, 27 YEARS OLD, WHO TALKS the Scandinavian language, German and French, and got several years business experience in the East, wants a situation in a wholesale house. Not afraid of hard work. Please address M. S., this office. 21oeod3

THE PORTLAND DIME PARCEL DELIVERY Co. delivers trunks for 25c each, valises for 15c, parcels 10c to 25c, according to weight. All orders left at their office, No. 15 Stark St., or telephone, No. 100, will meet with immediate attention. 21o71*

MARBLEIZED MANTLES, GRATES, TILE HEARTHS, ETC.
Chandeliers, Brackets, and Pendants for Gas.
JOHN BARRETT,
43 First and 56 Ash street, Portland, Oregon.

MRS. H. H. HILDEBRAND
—AND—
MISS LIZZIE M. ANDERSON,
Importers of
FINE MILLINERY.
Ainsworth Building, 78 Third st., bet. Oak and Pine, Portland, Or.

MUELLER & HANNEMANN,
Manufacturers of all kinds of
Office and Store Furniture, Upholstery and Bedding.
JOBBING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.
21osim — B Street, bet. Fifth and Sixth.

D. W. PRENTICE,
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SOLE AGENT FOR
Chickering and Weber
PIANOS:
Estey and Sterling
ORGANS:
Sheet Music
—AND—
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
Of Every Description.
107 FIRST STREET.
21osis

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW MARKET THEATER.
COMMENCING
Monday Evening, October 22,
Engagement for a short season of the favorites,
MR. JOS. R. GRISMER,
AND
Miss Phœbe Davies,
SUPPORTED BY THE
SUPERB DRAMATIC COMPANY
From the Baldwin Theater,
Who will appear in the idyllic California play, by Green and Thompson, entitled
CHISPA!
Which will be presented with most of the Original Cast, Picturesque Scenery, Quaint Costumes, Stage Appliances, Properties and Effects.
POPULAR PRICES.
Seats now on sale at Cornelius' Drug Store.

NEW TO-DAY.

DON'T CATCH COLD
For the Want of an
OVERCOAT!

Overcoats!
Overcoats!
HANDSOME and STYLISH
Overcoats!
Overcoats!
IN ENDLESS VARIETY.
ALSO
Waterproof, Gossamer and Rubber
OVERCOATS.
A. Roberts,
THE LEADING CLOTHIER
Corner First and Alder Sts.,
PORTLAND — OREGON.

AGENCY OF THE THREE BEST STEAM pumps in the world, viz.:
The HOOKER, the DOW, and the WORTHINGTON DUPLEX
Also a complete line of Steam Fitters' Materials.
JOHN BARRETT,
43 First and 56 Ash street, Portland, Oregon.

WANTS.

WHARF WANTED TO RENT SUITABLE for wood yard. WELCH & CO. Stark st. 20o4

$1000—PARTNER WANTS IN A GOOD business. WELCH & CO., Stark st.

WANTED—A SECOND-HAND BOILER AND engine of about three to four horsepower. P. O. box 822. 20o3

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN WITH $200; PAYing business. Portland Collection and Business Agency, room 12, First National Bank

PARTNERSHIP WANTED—A PARTY HAVING $2000 desires a partnership in an established business. J. FRED. CLARK & CO., Washington street. 20o3

WANTED—BOARD AND ROOM IN A PRIvate family by a young lady; location to be between Columbia and Salmon and First and Fifth. Address "M. F. C.," this office. 20o4t

$20 COMMISSION TO ANY PARTY WHO can obtain a house, from three to six rooms for small family, without children; rent from $20 to $30; on or about November 1; reference given. Address H. C. S., this office. 20o3

WANTED—A PARTNER WITH CAPITAL IN an established paying business. Apply at Portland Collection and Business Agency, room 12, First National Bank building. 18o8

GENTLEMAN AND WIFE DESIRE TO RENT furnished house, centrally located. Address ALBERT, this office. 16o1f

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

A LADY DESIRES A SITUATION AS HOUSEkeeper to a widower with a family. Address "A. F.," care Oregonian. 19o4

MERCHANT TAILORS AND CLOTHIERS take notice. Being well acquainted with the outfit business of either branch, and having been employed for several years in one of the finest houses in the City of Washington as cutter, I desire employment at Portland or any other place in the state of Oregon, as I intend to make it my permanent home. I am a German by birth. Please address B. LANGER, No. 9 Fourth street, N. W., Washington City, D. C. 19o5

A BOOKKEEPER WHOSE EVENINGS ARE unemployed wishes an engagement to take charge of a set of books on reasonable terms; reference. Address "G.," this office. 14o1f

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—LIVE AGENTS IN EVERY COUNty on the coast. To capable agents we will pay good permanent salaries. Apply to Serial Department, second floor, 721 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

EXPERIENCED CANVASSERS WANTED FOR new and good standard books. Send for catalogue and terms to agents. Samuel Carson, Publisher and Wholesale Bookseller, 120 Sutter st., San Francisco.

TO LET—ROOMS.

TO RENT—2 NICELY FURNISHED DOUBLE and single rooms in central location; 89 Salmon st., bet. Fourth & Fifth, convenient to pavilion. 13o1f

TWO ROOMS FOR RENT AND FURNITURE for sale; centrally located. For particulars address EXTRA, this office. 19od3

TO RENT—BED-ROOM NEWLY FURNISHED, with closet and bath; in new house. Southwest corner D and Northwest Park. 18o5

TO RENT—THREE SPLENDID ROOMS; ELEgantly furnished, good location, suitable for small family. Apply to WITHERELL & CO., 31 First street. 18o78

HANDSOMELY FURNISHED FRONT ROOM for rent at southeast corner Tenth and E streets; bath box and cold water. 15o4

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED FRONT ROOM, with bay window. Can have use of bath. 21 Taylor street. 17o4

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS. Apply at 394 Fourth st., cor. Harrison. 11o1f

FOR RENT—FOUR NICELY FURNISHED SINgle rooms, or en suites; southwest corner Third and Clay. 9o1f

ROOMS AND BOARD.

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS TO RENT; gas, bath, etc.; with or without board; convenient to street cars. Inquire at 334 Morrison, cor. Pacific st.

TO LET—ELEGANTLY FURNISHED ROOMS en suite or single; bath included; with or without board. Inquire at 87 Seventh street, bet. Stark and Oak. 14oimBed

TO LET—HOUSES AND STORES.

FOR RENT—NEW STORES, NE. SIXTH AND Stark; roomy and cheap. Apply to HORTHWICK & MONNASTES, 137½ First st. 20o1f

FOR RENT—A LARGE FIRST STREET STORE; good location. Portland Collection and Business Agency, room 12, First National Bank building.

TO LET—A NEW COTTAGE WITH BATH, hot and cold water, etc.; Seventh and Grant sts. Apply to H. M. HATHAWAY, N. W. cor. First and Yamhill. 20o8

FOR RENT—SIX NEW HOUSES, HARD FINished; 5 rooms, 3 closets; good well, school and church near; 4 minutes from ferry, East Portland. Apply to owner, WALTER KEYS, 78 First street. 11

TO RENT—A STORE ON THE CORNER OF Clay and First streets. Inquire at 16 Clay street.

ELEGANT MODERN HOUSE FOR RENT—IN a first-class locality; rent $65 per month; furniture for sale—whole or part, or carpets only. WELCH & CO., Stark street. 18o4

FOR RENT—HALF OF A LARGE FIRST-st. store; best location in the city. Portland Collection and Business Agency, room 12, First National Bank building. 18o4

FOR RENT—ELEGANTLY FURNISHED RESIdence in excellent locality, desirable, furniture may be bought. Apply to OTIS, ENDICOTT, HARVEY & CO., 10 Washington street, First National Bank building. 18o4

FURNISHED HOUSE FOR RENT—MODERN improvements. Apply at room 12, First National Bank building. 18o4

TO RENT.

Two-story residence on Main street; all modern improvements. Apply to White & Riggen, 20 Stark street, Portland. 18o1

IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SELL THAT YOU HAVE TRIED TO SELL AND failed, employ WELCH & CO., Stark st.

CLOAKS CLO

Having purchased $3,500 wor

Ladies & Children's

DOLMANS and ULS

At 33⅓ cts. on the

We will sell the same at LOWER price
have ever been sold in this ci

Children's Cloaks, for children from 3 to
for $2, $3, $4, $5, $6, $7, $8, $9,

Children's Ulsters, for children from 3
at very low prices.

Ladies' Cloaks for : : : : $6, $7,

Ladies' Dolmans, beautifully trimmed, fo
$12, $18,

Ladies' Silk Dolmans, handsomely tri
for $15; a great bargain.

One of the greatest bargains we have
Circular, beautifully trimmed with

Also, Fine Silk Garments from : :

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT: CALL AND

The One-Price Cash Dry Go

CHARLES S.

33 Yamhill st. bet. First and

[illegible]

126 FIRST ST.,

Call your attention to the numerous bargains
No Fancy Prices on any goods, wh

Dress Goods, Clothing,
MILLINERY, CLOAKS, SILKS, BOOTS

We have inaugurated THE LOW-PRICE SYSTEM

Boys' Oregon Gray Cassimere Suits........
Ladies' Silk Fur-Trimmed Circulars........
10-4 White Blankets........
10-4 Sheeting, per yard........
Rubber Gossamers........
5-Button Kid Gloves, Black or Colored, every pair........
Brocaded Plush, all colors........

WINEBURGH'S MAMMOTH DRY GOODS,
NERY AND BOOT AND SHOE

First st., near Washington st. (formerly

SOL. GUMP }
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S. & G. GUMP &

We have Just Received the Largest

Engravings and Wa

On the coast. We invite the public to
S. & G. GUMP & CO.

THE BEST
IN THE MARKET!
Salem Bakers' Extra
—AND—
FAMILY FLOUR,
MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR family, bakers and export trade by Salem Flouring Mills Co., Salem, Or. Portland agency, GIBSON, CHURCH & CO., N. E. cor. Front and Ash sts. 16o1

MRS. R. BECKER,
French Milliner
And Manufacturer and Importer of HAIR GOODS.
Large assortment of
Millinery Goods, and Ostrich Feathers in all shades. Latest Fashions received daily from the East.
HAIR WORK of every description made to order. Ostrich Feathers cleaned, dyed and curled. Kid Gloves cleaned.
Prices reasonable. — 208 First St.

LOUISVILLE RESTAURANT.
JOHN SLAVICH,
THE POPULAR RESTAURATEUR,
Informs his friends and the public generally that he has just opened his large, elegant and well-appointed RESTAURANT, on the east side of First street, between Morrison and Yamhill.
A Meals can be obtained at all hours, day or night.
A number of fine rooms have been fitted up for ladies. GIVE JOHN A CALL.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—A GIRL FOR LIGHT HOUSEwork. Apply 91 E. Park st. 20o1f

WANTED—NURSE GIRL IN A SMALL FAMily; good wages. Cor. E. Park and Market sts.

HELP SUPPLIED AT 131 FIFTH STREET, COR. Morrison. 18o8

BUSINESS SPECIALS.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES AT PORTLAND Collection and Business Agency, room 12, First National Bank building. 18o8

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE—J. D. MORTIMER IS NO LONGER IN my employ and is not authorized to collect any money due me, or to make any contracts for work. A. G. WALLING, Printer, Bookbinder and Lithographer.

$10,000
WELCH & CO.

$1000

LEVY, The T

Pants to Order, from
Business Suits to Order
Dress Suits to Order
Overcoats to Order
Double-Breasted Reefers to Order
Samples Sent on Application.
No. 214 First street, Por

Oregonian.

DAY, OCT. 21, 1883.

at Portland, Or., as second matter.

IPTION RATES

IN ADVANCE.

$1 50 · 1 20 · 10 00 · 12 00 · 2 50 · 4 00 · 3 00

excepted 25c

included 7c

REPORT.

PORTLAND, Oct. 20, 7:51 P. M.

Wind Direction	Rain fall of inches	State of weath.
N W	.00	Clear
Calm	.00	Clear
Calm	.00	Clear
N	.00	Clear
S W	.00	Clear
N	.00	Clear

OREGONIAN.

following places:

Fifth and Morrison.

Morrison.

Morrison.

146 First street.

Washington.

and Ash.

and C.

First and Salmon.

bet. B and F.

building, East Portland.

First street.

Morrison.

corner of First and Alder.

First street.

Third street.

ing room of THE OREGONIAN, cor.

POSTOFFICE TO-DAY.

P. M. for delivery of mails.

mails arrive at 8 P. M.

ABOUT PORTLAND

arrived here at 9:30 last night.

the longshoremen has all work was resumed all along morning.

and her son, Frederick left for San Francisco by last a brief visit.

concert of the Unitarian Sun- evening, there will be a collec- for the library fund of the school.

returned from his trip to and will open the circuit and call the docket of the circuit

and his niece, Miss Haw- Columbia last night. They part of the winter in southern then go to Florida.

of Mrs. W. Lang Chap- law of Mayor Chapman, the investigation appointed by the announced for last evening, until some evening next week.

steps have been taken for of a new military company in composed principally of young employ of the N. P. and O. R. & N. have signed the roll, and it is company will number eighty.

club gave the first of a series evening at Good Templars' assemblage of members and in- Recitations and patriotic songs rendered. The entertainment con- dance, and was in every manner

of the Unitarian church will give festival in aid of the church funds 23 proximo, on which occasion entertainment will be given entitled All Nations,' which will be gotten like the "Author's Carnivals," San Francisco and elsewhere. Many fashionables are now getting ready for the event.

BILLIARDS EXTRAORDINARY.

H. Morris, a well known billiard arrived here last night on the Ore- will play any billiard player in Oregon discount his game, 500 points up, to be from $250 to $1000 at the ac- Man and money ready at the hall, corner of First and Alder

A HEAVY FORECLOSURE.

Clerk Sewall has issued to the sheriff of sale in the case of George B. Scoffin Leahy, wherein Judge Stott ren- for Scoffin in the sum of $22,- attorneys' fees. The real estate comprises 111 acres in the David lying back of Albina. The fore- the largest on record for many years.

ASTORIA SHIPPING NEWS.

following shipping news was received yesterday:

Oregon, from San Francisco, arrived and left up 1:30 P. M. Steamer from Seattle, arrived 12:30 P. M. 1:30 P. M. Bark Coloma arrived A. M. British bark Dovenby 10:30 A. M. Ocklahoma left up ship Gleason 11:30 A. M.

ATTEMPTED HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

after dark John Mair of Iron Works stepped from the corner of Eleventh and Jefferson started for his home, two blocks near the corner of Tenth he was men, who threw him to the began to go through his pockets. violently and at last freed him- the robbers making their way lumber piles around the planing neighborhood.

PROVED TOO MUCH.

White's court yesterday the case Bros. & Watson vs. L. Rach- up for trial. It seems that the furnished Rachenberger some iron his house, for which he refused to proved that the iron was not what being a ton and a half too heavy, it would break down the building. The plaintiff, however, the iron furnished only weighed pounds, so the court rendered judg- of the plaintiff.

ADDITIONAL LINE OF STEAMERS.

of a prominent wholesale house on yesterday to an OREGONIAN re- had heard reliably from a San with whom he was connected, Pacific Railroad Company arrangements to put on a line of San Francisco and Portland. railroad office did not add to this official said: "It would not sur- Central Pacific took this step. it has been expected for some

LOSES THE FOOT RACE.

runner, who will measure at City View park this $200 a side, lost his race at A telegram to THE ORE-

The foot race at the state fair between C. Ryan of this city and Yamhill county, for $250, distance ten feet start, was won by seconds, winning the race The starter was Perry Mannery; Evans and Kindle. Ryan expresses run Martin an even race for from

BEEF FROM AFAR.

incidental advantages our city de- completion of the Northern Pa- fields from which our butch- to gather their supplies. A cattle for A. H. Johnson and arrived here a day or two grassy slopes of the Coeur They were remarkably Before the railroad was completed possible to bring cattle so far, as worn out by the drive of 500 need be no fear of a dearth of but one can never feel sure as in ante-railroad days.

AMONG THE COUNTRY.

one of the most successful and pop- managers in the country arrived last night on the Northern from Butte, Montana. He has a fine dramatic company who are now making the Northern Pacific tour, having played the principal cities between St. Paul and Missoula. They played last week in Butte. Mr. Bial reports business along the line as entirely satisfactory and thinks that all first class attractions will either come to the coast via the Northern, or return by it. The railroad people, he says, treated him royally and the company met with flattering receptions at the hands of the press and public. It is likely that the company will open here Monday, November 5. Mr. Bial's is the first dramatic company that ever came across by the Northern.

"FRENCHY'S" GAME RAIDED.

At 3 o'clock last evening Captain Turner and Policeman Flynn raided the gambling rooms of Isaac Gratton, better known as "Frenchy," situated on First street, next door to the First National bank. There were forty-one gamblers in the rooms, and before the officers had fairly succeeded in gaining admittance "Frenchy" surrendered at discretion, and marching to the city jail put up $10 bail for each of the forty-one, and $100 for himself. The names of the parties bailed were not taken, but they were set down as John Does and Richard Roes. There has been some dissatisfaction expressed because Fuhr's gambling rooms have been raided several times lately, while "Frenchy's" game has been slighted, but now that the police have found out the place they will, probably make up for their lack of attention. Fuhr refused to put up bail for his patrons, but "Frenchy" appears to be more liberal.

HE ATE AND RAN AWAY.

Shortly after noon yesterday Front street, from Morrison to B, was the scene of great excitement. Such racing and chasing and blowing of police whistles has not been heard since young Lochinvar ran away with his sweetheart. Citizens flocked to the scene from all directions and joined in the pursuit of a fleet runner, who was seen making good time down the street. He turned up B and, at the corner of Second, was captured by a policeman who, forgetting to blow his whistle, had time to attend to business. It appears that the fugitive's name is Joe Devine and that a friend asked him into dinner at the Occidental restaurant. At the conclusion of the meal the friend paid two bits for his own dinner, leaving Devine to do the same. He had no money, and consequently became involved in a dispute with the proprietor, Pat Kelliher. Some loud talk was indulged in and Devine, thinking that Kelliher was going for a stomach pump, ran off down the street. The manner in which he was pursued, and the crowd that gathered, and the way they whooped up the chase, and the great amount of excitement displayed, makes Devine think that the people of Portland attach a great deal of importance to two-bits' worth of grub. The charge booked against him was using abusive language.

CALVARY'S BIG ORGAN.

The magnificent new organ of the Calvary Presbyterian church is being put together in the loft for which it was built. A reporter who on account of his connection with THE OREGONIAN has but little opportunity to understand the internal economy of "organs" called at the church yesterday to satisfy his curiosity in regard to this matter. His only previous knowledge of musical machines of this kind was acquired many years ago by paying an Italian organ grinder sixpence to be allowed a view of the inside of his melody mill. The information acquired by that outlay of coin proved of little value in giving him an understanding of the mighty and complicated instrument he was desirous of inspecting. But he was taken in hand by Mr. Bartsch, who is putting together the complicated affair, and literally "shown through" it. By ascending a few steps, clambering over a lot of pipes and air chambers, and corkscrewing his fragile form through a maze of tubes, he stood right in the heart of the instrument and over the mighty bellows which form its lungs. He came out wondering how any human being could ever put the machine together. There are in it about 1150 pipes, ranging from the size of a pipe stem up to a case large enough for a man to crawl into. To manipulate the valves to these pipes two key boards and a pedal board are necessary, beside a great number of stops and levers of various kinds. To an outsider it would appear as if a man would need a dozen feet and two dozen hands to play this organ, beside a sliding seat run by an electrical apparatus. The large pipes which appear on the front of the organ instead of being gilded as usual are painted according to modern æsthetic taste. When the organ is completed it will pour forth a flood of melody which will make the whole building vibrate.

HALSEY VS. HOLLADAY.

Suit was commenced in the United States circuit court yesterday by William Halsey of Rochester, New York, formerly vice-president of the O. & C. R. R. against the Portland Street Railway Company. The complaint filed is a formidable document of twenty-two pages: From a hasty glance through it one is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Halsey thinks he has been swindled by Joe Holladay. He alleges that for several months Joseph Holladay was credited a salary of $500 per month, but that by a resolution of the board of directors this salary was reduced to $250, also that he collected ground rent for the stable of the company.

He further alleges that the stockholders of the road are as follows and they hold the number of shares set opposite their names: Geo. V. James, 1196 shares; Joseph Holladay, 1; Thos. N. Strong, 1; F. R. Strong, 1; Chas. Ohls, 1; Lawrence Higgins, 671, Wm. L. Halsey, 735.

Complainant is informed that the stocks held by Messrs. James, Strong and Ohle are held in trust for said Holladay for the purpose of qualifying themselves for directors of said company, and that they never paid any consideration for said stock; and he further avers that Joseph Holladay, contriving and intending to cheat him and get possession of the road, endeavored to render its stock valueless, and caused it to become incumbered, so that it would be sold and could be bought in by Holladay; and further, that Messrs. Strong and Ohle are the pliant tools of said Holladay and ready to do his bidding.

After going on to make many more charges, it is alleged that Joe Holladay is wholly incompetent to manage or control the affairs of said company; that he has no business or other capacity, and through his mismanagement the business of the road has been injured and the earnings greatly diminished.

Many other charges are specified, and the remainder of the document is taken up with prayers for relief from the injustice suffered by Mr. Halsey.

REAL ESTATE MARKET.

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished the SUNDAY OREGONIAN by J. Fred. Clark & Co., real estate agents:

The market remains comparatively speaking quiet. The primary cause undoubtedly is the withdrawal of large sums of money to keep good margins on railroad stocks. The speculative fever in this direction is something new for Portland, which has hitherto been characterized by cautious, conservative prudence. It would appear at a time like the present, when the general prosperity of business is causing a demand for stores and residences entirely beyond the supply, and the rapid filling up of the country, pointing to and ensuring the vigorous growth of the city, that the conservative people of Portland would see an infinitely more certain profit in real estate than in stocks, since the former always has some stability, whilst the value of the latter is an unknown quantity manipulated by designing and too often unprincipled men, and in any case utterly beyond the control of investors so far removed from the base of operations as we in Oregon. Immigrants, with money in hand, seeking homes, are daily arriving. Indications point to an extraordinary influx in the coming spring. For the most part present arrivals are in search of land to own and cultivate. The growth and development of the country means increased tribute to the business of the city. Meantime, while coin is being daily sent to the sharks of Wall street in a visionary pursuit of wealth, the certainties offered by the city and country lands of Oregon appear likely to be gathered in by the new comers, for whom Portland at present is failing to supply anything like adequate business or residence accommodations, despite the indisputedly handsome returns from such investments.

The following is the exhibit of the county records of the business of the week:

Country and suburban	17 deeds,	$15,691 00
Couch & Northward	8 "	15,005 00
City	3 "	13,801 00
Albina	4 "	7,735 40
East Portland	7 "	5,651 00
Caruthers	2 "	204 34
Cemetery	1 "	1 00
B. for D. Couch	1 "	4,000 00
Total	43 deeds,	$62,289 74

Hands who applied at Litt's for cloaks to take home will please call again.

THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.

Holland came to town with his troupe last Tuesday and opened the New Market with what must be the Dundreary of the future. For while the part of the asinine peer was clearly the creation of Sothern, yet Holland, who played Binnie with him for several years and could imitate him closely if he so desired, has modeled his conception of the part widely different in more ways than one. There is less of the namby-pamby about him and more of a disposition to regard his own existence as a practical joke played by nature upon society. Of course there are minute details in acting in which no man could approximate Sothern and nobody is better aware of that fact than the younger Holland.

The elder Holland, the first actor buried from the "little church around the corner," was a landmark in the comedy annals of the American stage. Whatever dispute there might be as to the comparative merits of himself and Burton, there certainly was no room for consideration of the claims of any third party. Holland differed from Burton in several essential details. He never played anything but the text of the piece and relied upon his cheery manner and jolly phiz to carry him through, while Burton would perpetrate some of the most outrageous gags for the sake of getting a laugh. Holland always held himself above vulgarisms of manner, while Burton, to please the gallery, would go up the stage exposing the least honored portion of his physique to the tutelar divinities of the cheap seats. Mitchell, of the old Olympic, was hardly of the same stripe as Holland and Burton, but was more of an eccentric comedian. The dual farce of "A Curtain Lecture," with Holland as Caudle and Mitchell as Mrs Caudle, was the most outrageously funny thing we ever saw or heard. Years afterward, when we came to see Jo Jefferson and Fanny Morant in the "Conjugal Lesson," even Simon Lullaby seemed tame by comparison.

There is one branch of acting in which the mantle of the elder Holland has fallen upon his son. We allude to the parts of butlers and servants. For a man who knew Billy Chapman intimately and was the close friend of poor John Wood in the declining years of that gifted man's pathetic life it is a good deal to say that no man who has visited the Pacific coast surpasses the younger Holland in this line of low comedy. Strip John Owens (great actor that he unquestionably is) of his cant words and set phrases, and his Higgins, in "Doctor Clyde," would have none the advantage over Holland's Blenkinsop in an "Unequal Match." We saw the latter piece played here last Wednesday night, and never saw it better played, when we consider that the company, outside of Mr. Holland and Miss Murielle, is composed of novices, not to say amateurs. We subjoin two casts played in San Francisco, in former years:

	Maguire's Opera House, 1858.	Metropolitan Theater, 1862.
H. Grazebrook	Mrs. J. Wood	Joey Gougenheim
Sir H. Arncliffe	J. B. Booth	J. B. Howe
Dr. Botcherly	H. Courtaine	George Ryer
B. Hibblethwaite	Emma Gratten	Miss Cogswell
Blenkinsop	Mr. John Wood	Mr. Wm. Barry
Mr. Grazebrook	D. C. Anderson	W. M. Leman
Trifts	George Sims	Fred Franks
Mrs. Montressor	Miss E. Gordon	Mrs. H. A. Perry

It is pretty hard to bring out a much stronger cast than either of the above, especially the first one. Mrs. Wood was then in her prime and John Wood was the jolliest man between the two oceans, while Harriet Gordon was one of the most beautiful women and sweetest singers that ever left London. Such a cast was not seen twice in a decade. But the piece was well presented here. Miss Murielle played the first two acts neatly, the third one superbly. Her transition from a country girl to the supercilious devotee of fashion, was a capital bit of acting as well as a thoroughly original conception. Holland's Blinkinsop was a chromo, or rather, an intaglio. Fawning and supercilious to his betters, he was equally pompous and overbearing to those of his own station; and as such, he fully realizes our ideal of the typical English servant. Mr. Buckingham deserves something more than passing mention in this connection, for his rendition of Sir Harry Arncliff was nicely done. He is a young actor of exceedingly limited experience, but he has plenty of will power and professional pride, so that we are safe in setting him down as a young man with a future.

Thursday and Friday nights the laughable iniquity known as "Pink Dominoes" was produced, with Holland as the cotton-spinner and Miss Murielle as Lady Maggie. Considerable fault is found with the questionable morality of this piece, but we fail to see that its worst feature is its fidelity to the every-day life of the fashionable world. It is too truthful a picture to be always a pleasant one. Evidently Crane & Robson's comedy of "Forbidden Fruit" is an adaptation from the same French play as this, and equally laughable in all its situations. There was no end of merriment over the ridiculous contretemps with which the play abounds, but the cap sheaf fell on the stack when Calhoun, who played the old woman very well in spite of his heavy baritone voice, owned up to the telltale bracelet. The company had a good matinee yesterday afternoon and played "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" or some other sanctified swill, last night. They leave for the east this morning, playing all the Northern Pacific towns as they go and taking with them the good wishes of our people.

Next Monday evening Joseph R. Grismer and wife open in the romantic drama of "Chispa," in which Miss Davies sustains the title role and genial Jo appears as a logger, Zeke Stevens. This is strictly a California drama and yet it is not a picture of California life to-day. It carries the beholder back into the dear old days when men wore gray shirts and red hats, and called each other by such euphonious titles as "Pike" and "Boston." The story is a pretty one, gracefully told and the play abounds in pleasing situations. At the east it did not take because neither Annie Pixley nor Margaret Mather were suited to it; but Miss Phoebe Davies has made the part her own and those who see her in it will indorse it as an isolated personation. The play will be presented with all its original properties, costumes and scenic effects and nearly its entire original cast; which includes George Osborne as "Indian Jack," for want of whom, in our belief, the play failed at the east. Those who enjoy a pretty little idyl should secure seats at once.

VANCOUVER NOTES.

Miss Laura Brown, of Portland, is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Cochran, of Vancouver.

Mrs. Captain H. H. Pierce departs with her family east the coming week. She will ever be remembered kindly by all.

Lieutenant John Pope, who, on last Sunday, was reported seriously injured, is fully recovered and again on duty with his company—company E, light battery.

J. Q. Adams, first lieutenant First cavalry, for a long time depot quartermaster at Vancouver, just arrived by the Oregon to take command of his company at Fort Walla Walla.

First Lieutenant R. H. Patterson, who has been stationed with battery first artillery, goes to San Francisco by the Columbia, to take command of a company of artillery whose commander is on General Hancock's staff. He regrets the change, and his friends regret his departure. He has been lately superintending the building of new artillery stables for his battery and just had them placed therein and away he goes. He takes his family with him.

NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have just been received and added to the Portland Library:

Peck's Bad Boy, No. 2. The Groceryman and Peck's Bad Boy being a continuation of Peck's Boy and His Pa; by Geo. W. Peck.

Round Robin series—His Second Campaign.

The English Bodley Family, with illustrations; by Horace E. Scudder.

Boy Pioneer series—Nail in the Blockhouse; a tale of early days in the west; by Edward S. Ellis.

His Sombre Rivals; by Edward P. Roe.

Leisure Hour series—No. 154; The Invisible Lodge, from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, translated by Charles T. Brooks.

A Woman's Reason, a novel; by William D. Howells.

Walt Whitman; by Richard Maurice Bucke, M. D.

Presented to the Library association of Portland, by H. L. Pittock: Vol. 22 of THE MORNING OREGONIAN—from February 1, 1883 to August 3, 1883.

"*Samaritan Nervine* cured our child's fits. The doctors failed." Henry Knee, Verrilla, Tenn.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Wm. Smith, One of the Gang Who Broke Out of the Penitentiary, to Hang December 14.

SALEM, Oct. 20.

Wm. Smith, who was on the 18th instant found guilty of an assault with a dangerous weapon upon George Collins, warden of the penitentiary, during the outbreak in July last, was sentenced this morning at 9 o'clock to be hanged on the 14th day of December, 1883. The trial has been one of unusual interest, the penalty of death fixed by law for an assault on a prison official being deemed by many too severe. The prisoner during the earlier stages of the trial exhibited a stoicism exciting general comment. As the net of circumstances weaved about him, pointed stronger toward his guilt at each succeeding step, this indifference gradually faded out and gave place to a seriousness by no means tainted with weakness. When the sentence of the court was about to be passed upon him he only shook his head in response to the question as to whether he had anything to say. While receiving his sentence a thoughtfulness, such as is not born of crime, tempered the hard outlines of a felon's face, and marked him a man whom the law had justly branded as a felon, yet possessing, still, some of the outlines of an earlier manhood.

The state has been ably represented by District Attorney W. H. Holmes, assisted by Colonel N. B. Knight, while Hon. W. G. Piper, with a commendable fidelity to his unfortunate client, has conducted the defense. During the entire trial the prisoner was kept heavily ironed, which fact, your correspondent understands, forms one of the grounds for exception which the case will be carried on appeal before the supreme court.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Unitarian church—T. L. Eliot, minister. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. The evening service is the annual Harvest concert of the Sunday school.

Scandinavian M. E. church, corner of Twelfth and D streets, Rev. C. J. Larsen, pastor—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

Services at the M. E. church—Corner Hall and Sixth, at 11 A. M. by the pastor, Rev. T. L. Sails, and at 7:30 P. M. by the Rev. A. J. Hanson. Sunday school at 12:30. Seats free. A cordial welcome to all.

First Baptist Church—Preaching to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock and at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, by the pastor, Rev. L. W. Hayhurst. Sabbath school at 12:30 o'clock, at the close of the morning service.

First German Evangelical Church, corner Eighth and Clay streets—Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P M.; Sunday school 9:30 A. M. Services by the pastor, Rev. A. Schlenk; residence, 119 Clay street. All understanding German are cordially invited to attend these services.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Washington and Third streets—Services morning and evening conducted by the pastor, A. L. Lindsley. Sabbath school and bible class at 12:30. Thursday evening, lecture at 7:30. Strangers welcomed to all meetings, and seats provided for all comers.

First Congregational church—Corner of Second and Jefferson streets; service to-morrow at 11 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.; preaching by the pastor, Dr. Frederick R. Marvin. Morning subject, "Autumn Lessons." Evening subject, "Is it Honest?" Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. Young people's meeting at 6:45 P. M.

Calvary Presbyterian Church, corner Ninth and Clay streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30 o'clock. Services by the pastor, Rev. E. T. Lee; residence Ninth and Columbia streets. With all pews free, and congregational singing, a special effort is made to welcome visitors and strangers.

The Christadelphians—Meeting at 10½ First street (upstairs, Room No. 6, over Prentice's music store) between Washington and Stark streets. Mr. H. O Bingley will deliver a lecture on Sunday 11 A. M. Subject, "The Crushing of the Seed of the Serpent in the near Future." Please bring your bibles. Seats free; no collection.

Taylor-street M. E. church—Rev. Geo W. Izer, pastor. Morning discourse at 11 A. M. Subject, "A Buried Talent" At 7:30 P. M. the Sunday school will give a missionary concert service. Subject, "The World for Christ." Praise meeting in the lecture-room at 6:30 P. M. The public is cordially invited to all the services.

The Church of Sea and Land, corner Third and D streets—Chaplain Stubbs, pastor. Regular Sunday lesson study at 9:30 A. M. for one hour. Preaching in Bethel hall by the chaplain. Week-day services Monday; Bethel Home Lodge No. 1, I. O. G. T., of the World, at 8 P. M.; Tuesday, prophetic study and prayer; Thursday, regular prayer meeting; Friday, Woman's Christian Temperance Union services. All these meetings at 7:30 P. M.

EAST PORTLAND PULPITS.

M. E. church, Rev. S. P. Wilson, pastor.—Services at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M. Sabbath school at 2:30 P. M.

Congregational Church—Holladay's Addition.—Rev. A. W. Bower, pastor.—Services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:20.

United Brethren church, Rev. G. Sickafoose, pastor.—Regular service at Ross & Story's hall to-morrow at 11 A. M. No evening service.

St. David's (Episcopal) church, Rev. John W. Sellwood, rector.—Services to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 9:45.

First Baptist church, Rev. G. J. Burchett, pastor.—Service at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Subject of morning discourse, "The Final Argument;" for evening, "Prayer." All are cordially invited.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Sixth and J streets, Rev. D. O. Ghormley, pastor.—Services to-morrow as follows: At 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. by the pastor; Sabbath school at 12:30. You are cordially invited to be present.

THE COURTS.

SATURDAY, Oct. 20.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT—STOTT, J.

Sealerhoff vs. Jas. Hells—Ordered that plaintiff file substituted reply.

Yarnberg vs. Huntington—Five days in which to file motion for new trial.

Todd vs. Huntington—Same order.

State vs. Samuel Hayward and James Hayden—Burglary; pleaded not guilty.

Ferdinand Goetsch vs. Antonia Goetsch—Decree of divorce.

Leander Gray vs. Frank Gray, Elizabeth Corbett, Wm. Frazier and C. M. Wiberg; suit in partition; partition ordered and referees appointed.

POLICE COURT—MORELAND J.

H. L. Yates, Robert Linden, Thomas Johnson, Nick Negud, Sam Smith, James Wilson, M. Moore, drunk and disorderly, fined or forfeited $10 each.

George Foster, alias Snorkey—Smoking opium and using profane language; fined $40.

Sam Wiancs and M. M. McGann—Roaming the streets; fined $10 each.

Four Chinamen—Roaming the streets; dismissed. Four other Chinamen, same charge, continued.

George Mitchell—Fighting.

Ah Gum—Cruelty to animals; forfeited $10.

J. Destacee and T. Mit[illegible] resisting an officer; under advisement.

James Derme—Using [illegible] language; pending.

E. Quackenbusch—Refusing to repair sidewalk; pending.

EPPINGER'S DINNER MENU TO-DAY.

SOUP.

Chicken and Consomme.

RELISHES.

Anchovies, Pickles, Olives, Beets, Celery, Shrimp Salad.

FISH.

Trout au Gratin.

COLD DISHES.

Boned Turkey, Ham, Smoked Tongue, Chicken Salad.

ENTREES.

Tame Duck with Olives, Broiled Chicken on Toast, Lamb's Tongue Pickle Sauce, Fricandeau of Veal Tomato Sauce, Vol au Vent a la Financiere.

VEGETABLES.

Spinach, Corn, Stewed Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes.

ROAST.

Beef, Veal, Lamb, Chicken, Stuffed Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.

GAME.

Mallard Ducks, Pheasants, Grouse, Snipes.

LETTUCE SALAD.

DESSERT.

Vanilla Ice Cream, Apple Tartelette, Assorted Cakes, Nuts, Fruits of the Season, French Coffee, Cognac, Chartreuse.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

DEEDS.

Albert L. Snell and his wife to Isabella Bottler, lot 10, blk 21, Amos King tract, October 19—$1000.

H. C. Breeden and wife to W. H. Williams, lots 10 and 11, double block 300, Couch's addition, October 18—$2800.

W. E. Harris and wife to P. L. Sigar and wife, lot 1, block 5, Cole's addition to East Portland, October 18—$1000.

H. Howard and Catherine Howard to H. Hiesing, five acres between Milwaukie and East Portland—$1800.

Edward A. Ladd to Benj. Snover, S. E. ¼ S. 31, T. 1 N., R. 4 E., 40 acres—$800.

A. B. Miller to John M. Beck, lot 6 blk 34, Sellwood—$140.

Sellwood Real Estate Company to A. B. Miller, lot 5, blk 34, Sellwood—$100.

Edward A. Ladd to Benj. Snover, 14 acres of land in S. 35, T. 1. N, R. 5.—$200.

LOOK IN LITT'S

Windows and you will conclude that he will, with the change in the work rooms be able to display not less than $50,000 worth of silks and other goods. Regarding cloaks, he intends making it a strong point to still lead in this particular. With five years hard work to establish a reputation for ready made dresses, he will continue his labors to encourage the jobbing trade. Enjoying the confidence of Fleischner, Mayer & Co., the manager of Murphy, Grant & Co., and others, has much to do with the continued success of Mr. Litt.

A NEEDED CHANGE.

For the past 90 days vast improvements have been in progress in the well-known building at 5 Washington street. Taking advantage of the opportunity offered, Himes, the Printer of Oregon, has had his quarters thoroughly renovated, and in a few days will be in a better condition than ever to turn out first-class printing in all branches.

The stranger in the city, or even those who reside here, are often at a loss to find where they can enjoy a nice French dinner. The place to go to is at Madame Drouelhats, 65 and 67 Morrison street, up stairs, where you will be sure to find all the delicacies the market affords, and served by polite and attentive waiters. Be sure and go early, as they are always crowded on Sundays.

For choice hams, butter, fruits, coffee, tea, etc., go to Meacham & Crocker's Third and Jefferson.

THE FAIR.

The attendance at the Mechanic's fair last night was the largest of the season. Fully four thousand people were present, and for two hours the corridors were crowded. The music was fine, as usual. The fair will close next Saturday night.

FOSTER & ROBERTSON.

One of the houses that has had very little in the shape of a boom is the above named firm, successors to John B. Foster, who still heads the firm, and goes along at just about the same even gait as when he landed in Portland some twenty-five years ago. For a long time Mr. Foster, who has followed nothing else but hardware for the past thirty years, stuck to the strict and orthodox creed of shelf goods, and declined to participate in innovations of any sort; but of late years the necessities of a growing trade in a growing city have demanded expansion of business into channels unknown in the days of such old hardware kings as Anson G. Phelps or Erastus Corning. Foster & Robertson have taken the agency of Marvin's safes, which have already become popular with all the hardware trade, and have also become agents for a new style of gas fittings and chandeliers, as well as sconce mirrors, all executed in the highest style of bronze work. Some of these designs are newer than anything yet exhibited in San Francisco, having been shipped direct to Portland by the new road. They have also a splendid assortment of iron mantels and grates done in the choicest imitations of California onyx and Tennessee agate. Conspicuous in their exhibit is a beautiful statuette fountain in bronze, representing a little boy holding an umbrella over a little girl who is walking by his side. This fountain has been very much admired by all the visitors to the fair, and is only one of several beautiful designs for which this firm are agents. Indeed, their exhibition at the fair consists less in the quantity than in the quality of goods shown, and the excellent taste in which the goods are grouped shows the presence of at least one artistic member of this firm.

Their store stands in the handsome three-story block covering the ground once occupied by the Cosmopolitan hotel, probably the most central location in Portland. Probably no store in this state is better arranged for the convenience of employes, for Mr. Foster served a long apprenticeship in the hardware traffic, and has fitted up this store so as to display the greatest amount of goods with the least amount of handling. When it comes to filling large orders with rapidity none can surpass this firm. In displaying goods their store is so admirably lighted that all their shelves, counters and showcases appear to the best advantage. Those who see their display at the fair will, if they take the trouble to call at the store, see the same neatness and good order manifested in all departments of their capacious establishment. Their traffic extends not only over the entire area of Oregon and Washington territory, but their field is being gradually enlarged by the addition of new customers from Idaho and Montana, who begin to find that Portland is a cheap place in which to trade and that orders can be filled here just as cheaply as in San Francisco and a great deal quicker. In the olden days it did not take much brains to run a hardware store. All a man wanted was a hundred kegs of Parker Mills nails, a box of Oakes Ames shovels, a dozen paddy barrows and a case of Hunt's handled axes, and he was fixed. But all these things are changed now. The profits on all classes of goods are figured down to bedrock margins, and the man who would sell hardware at figures that will enable him to compete with the festive Chicago hardware drummer. To do this a concern must carry a large stock, sell at light profits and fill orders by letter with as great care as if the purchaser were personally present to watch every article packed and shipped to his order. All this is done at the well-known establishment of Foster & Robertson, whose fidelity to their customers is best proven by their own personal success.

THE RUSH PARLOR FOLDING BED

Which the enterprising firm of F. S. Chadbourne & Co. exhibit at their elegantly fitted booth on the north side of the main gallery, can claim more points of merit than any other article on exhibition. It is manufactured in twenty different styles, like handsome cabinets book cases, etc., and is highly ornamental in any room. After use, if desired, the bed which is as wide and as long as any modern full sized bed, is folded and closed so easily that a child can do it. They are open in the rear, which admits of perfect ventilation, while the front presents a writing desk, cabinet or some other handsome article of furniture. The advantageous points presented for the public are these: all the good features of the bed are unmolested in folding. The mattress, which is a spiral spring, with the pillows and bedclothes, is folded out of sight. These beds are less trouble, easier kept clean, take far less room when not in use, look as well when open and better when closed, than any ordinary bed, though they can be kept open and closed when necessary. They have been adopted everywhere in the eastern cities. Families in all grades of society use them, and hotels keep large numbers on hand for any emergency. They are always compact, handsome and comfortable and are bound to become remarkably popular wherever introduced. They are made of all qualities and styles and are remarkably cheap. Visitors to the pavilion will find them at Chadbourne's booth, where a competent attendant will open and close them, and explain their working to all.

J. W. MARSHALL,

The engraver with J. H. Robbins & Son, has on exhibition at their booth in the gallery some of the finest work we have seen in that line. He shows great artistic skill, and his designs are beautiful and new. The work on exhibition has received much attention and many complimentary remarks from all who have examined it. Mr. Marshall also does all the frame gilding for Robbins & Son, at which work he is also an expert.

CLAY A. WASS,

The artistic wig-maker of 64 Morrison street, has added many new articles to his exhibit the past few days, which makes his display more attractive than ever. In the line of hair goods he is the leading dealer here, being his only one who has a complete stock. His new style waves and his fine assortment of scalpets, frizes, curls, wigs, etc., comprise one of the most elegant stocks ever seen in this part of the country.

RUSSELL'S & CO.'S

New Massillon thresher on exhibition in machinery hall has many improvements over the old style. There has been for several years considerable study on the part of many individuals to devise a stacker that should do away with much of the hard labor necessary to dispose of the straw as it leaves the thresher. Every year brought to Russell & Co.'s notice a number of plans for accomplishing this. All have had features which compelled their rejection, though nearly all promised some good points. Finally they invented what they call their patent swinging stacker, which is admitted by all to be just the thing. The device is simple, easily handled, available either as a simple fixed stacker or for carrying the straw to the right or left as may be desired. The cost also places it within reach of every thresherman.

WM. PFUNDER'S

Oregon remedies, on exhibition near the entrance to the floral garden, still attract much attention. The God of Nature has so arranged the herbs and minerals that there can be found a remedy in every part of the world for the particular disease of each locality. Wm. Pfunder has experimented with the herbs of the northwest, and has made wonderful discoveries in medical science, which has placed his in almost every household in the land. The Oregon Blood Purifier is a most wonderful remedy fails of a cure.

GARDNER BROS.

The Knabe piano, which attracts great attention by its rich tone, elegant finish and its reputation for durability.

S. & G. GUMP

have the finest picture frames in gilt and all other styles ever displayed at the pavilion. They have shown the people of Oregon and the northwest that they excel in that line.

H. SINSHEIMER

Makes a most beautiful display of pianos and organs on the south side of the gallery. He is sole agent for the renowned Decker & Sons' piano, which is said to be one of the best instruments made.

G. SHINDLER & CO.,

Who lead in everything in the furniture line, make a most elegant showing at the fair this year.

GARRISON'S SEWING MACHINES

Attracted an immense crowd last evening. The famous Household sewing machine, for which he is sole agent, is the general favorite.

THE POSTOFFICE CANDY STORE'S

Candies, which are sold at the fair, are delicious. Durner manufactures the best.

A. ROBERTS,

Portland's popular clothier, has surprised everybody. His display at the fair indicates what a magnificent stock he has at his elegant store, corner of First and Alder streets.

THE MITCHELL WAGON

Was examined by hundreds of farmers, teamsters and merchants last evening. All acknowledge that it is a perfect wagon.

J. C. CARSON'S

Exhibit of sash, doors, blinds, window glass, etc., represents the most complete stock in the northwest.

OREGON'S PRIDE.

The Oregon Milling Company eclipses all in the display of flour. Please notice the bread made from it, which can be found at their booth fresh every evening.

Mr. C. A. Alisky, of the well known confection establishment of Alisky, Hamm & Co., has just returned from an extended trip through the Eastern States, where he found many novelties in sugar not heretofore introduced in this market, and with creditable business tact, secured the services of an efficient candy maker from the celebrated house of Millard & Co., New York City, and is now able to place before his already numerous patrons the most delicious and toothsome candies ever brought to this city, which for delicacy and flavor are unsurpassed in any city in the United States. Among the many favorite delicacies are the following: Fruits, Glaces, Fourres, Langtry Nougatine, Pine Apple Chocolate, Pistache Chocolate, Jumbos, French Nougat, Fancy Almond Paste, Pralines, Strawberry Chocolate, Nouveaute, Bon Bons, and many others which this artist in sweets from time to time conjures up from his repertoire of Sugar and Honey. The manufactory is located on E street, and owes many of its innovations to the able management of Mr. C. A. Alisky, who has this department under his personal supervision. The retail department is at No. 145 First street, and is a model in its perfection of detail, being connected with an Ice Cream Parlor, where Ladies can quietly sit and sip the cool and delicious Ices, or having a desire for more substantial refreshments, can here enjoy their Oysters in every conceivable style.

BROWN'S.

Be it known to lovers of what is good for the inner man that Brown, the caterer, is about to resume business, and in much better shape than heretofore. The west rooms in the elegant bank building First and Pine, have been fitted up in superb style, and on Tuesday next Mr. Brown will begin to entertain his customers as of yore. Those who have sat at his ever welcome board will be pleased to resume acquaintance with the people's caterer, who won for himself a wide reputation while in the Central Market.

Franked envelopes, bearing the company's name handsomely lithographed thereon, can now be found at all offices of the Northern Pacific Express Company. We are glad to note the steady increase of business since the company started.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

A FAST-GOING STEAMER.

Remarkable Results Attending the Trial of the Oregon of the Guion Line.

The new Guion liner Oregon was tried on the Clyde on Friday, the 21st ultimo, and according to the London *Times*, developed remarkable results. She had been designed to excel in speed all other vessels at present running on the Atlantic, and her trials give promise of the realization of the design. The steaming on that and on the two days preceding gave results never before attained in ocean going vessels. On Wednesday she steamed for seven hours continuously, and in a run from Ailsa Craig to the Cumbrae heads, a distance of 25½ knots, with a remnant of the tide against her, she steamed the distance in one hour and twenty-seven minutes. This gives a speed of over 20 knots, or more than 23 ordinary miles per hour. The indicated horse power was upwards of 12,000. Friday she cruised in the same water with similar results.

The Oregon has been built by Messrs. John Elder & Co. of Fairfield works, Govan. She has been constructed on lines similar to those of the Arizona built in 1879, and the Alaska, in 1881, but with modifications suggested by experience, and designed to secure greater speed and stability. Her length is 520 feet, her breadth 54 feet, and her depth 40 feet 9 inches. Her gross tonnage is about 7500, and she is fitted to accommodate 340 first-class, 92 second-class and 110 third class passengers, or, if need be, 1000 in place of cargo. The most striking feature of the vessel is its immense steaming power. The engines represent a capacity greater than any yet put on board a vessel, and the boiler power is correspondingly large. The engines are exceedingly simple in construction. The two low-pressure cylinders stand one on each side of the high pressure, and the connecting rods are in each case geared into cranks that balance each other and produce a smooth and equal motion. The high-pressure cylinder is 70 inches in diameter, and the two low-pressure 104 inches. The stroke is 6 feet. The shaft is made of crucible steel, and is "built"—that is to say, the two arms of each of the cranks are formed separately, and, being heated, are shrunk on to straight shaft in the same way as the casings of big guns are placed in position. Until the introduction of this method the shafts were forged in bulk, and the crank was cut out. Shafts so made were found to be unequal to the strain of the work to be done. Flaws originating in the forging and concealed within the body of the metal developed themselves in mid-ocean in the form of a complete fracture. By this process, however, each of the fifteen parts of which the shaft is formed are made separately, and conjoined by methods calculated to insure the perfection of strength and solidity. Any part found on testing to be defective may be rejected without sacrificing the whole structure; and as the grain of the metal runs with the strain the chances of fracture are reduced to the lowest point. The boilers are nine in number, and made entirely of steel. They are sixteen feet nine inches long, and sixteen feet six inches in diameter. Each boiler has within it eight furnaces, four at each end. The furnaces are corrugated, a recent invention of Mr. Fox of Leeds, permitting the use of comparatively thin metal between the flame and the water in the boiler. The corrugation of this metal practically reduces the furnace to the condition of a seamless cylinder of varying diameters and of great strength. Besides the advantage of greater strength, these furnaces permit the transmission of heat more readily through the thinness of the metal and the impinging of the flame upon the corrugated surface. They also present a greater area of heating surface than furnaces of the old type. These boilers are tested to the extent of 220 lbs. pressure on the square inch, though they are not intended to bear more than 110 lbs., a condition of things that leaves a large margin of safety. It is the custom to test boilers always to the extent of double the pressure they are intended to bear, so that, contrary to the popular presumption a high pressure boiler has a greater margin of safety than one of low pressure. The character of the boilers is an important factor in the realization of high speed. The form of the boilers of the Oregon is the result of the accumulated experience of the Fairfield yard, especially during the last half dozen years. The consumption of coal for the high speed intended amounts to 240 tons per day of twenty-four hours, a large quantity if the steamer occupied the ordinary time for making the journey across the Atlantic, but the time being much shortened the earning power of the vessel is greatly increased.

Mr. Pearce who since he became proprietor of the firm of John Elder & Co. has devoted his energies to the realization of an express Atlantic service, stated in the course of the proceedings on board the Oregon the distinction between a fast service and a slow one as regards earning powers. At present American liners, spend as much time in port as on the Atlantic. Steamers devoted to the rapid carrying of passengers would need to spend only one fourth of their time in port and would make double the number of journeys made by steamers having to load and unload cargo. The cost of the extra coal used for the high speed becomes a comparatively small item when placed against the larger passenger freights, and the fact that the fast vessels are always full. The entire staff working the vessel are a charge upon her, no matter whether she is in port taking in and discharging her cargo, or making her journey. It is the same with the victualling of the ship. The passengers, however, consume less in fast vessels because the provision made for two journeys by a slow vessel would suffice for three in a fast, and this is a clear set off against the extra coal. Experience, indeed, conclusively proves that, notwithstanding the startling fact that ten tons of coal will be consumed during every hour occupied by the Oregon on her passage, the compensating advantages more than obliterate the extra cost.

The fittings of the Oregon are unusually elegant. The grand saloon, capable of dining the whole of the first class passengers, is placed in the fore part of the vessel, and is laid with a parquetrie floor. The ceiling decorations are almost exclusively confined to white and gold. The panels are of polished satin wood, the pilasters of walnut, with gilt capitals. The saloon measures 65.54 feet, and is 8 feet in height in the lowest part. A central cupola of elegant design, 25 feet long by 15 feet, rises to a height of 20 feet, and gives abundant light and ventilation. Arrangements are made permitting the large skylight at the top of this cupola to be open during the stormiest weather. The state-rooms are almost all fitted for only two passengers, a most desirable arrangement that cannot fail to be appreciated. The ladies' drawing-room is on the promenade deck, which extends throughout the whole length and breadth of the vessel with the exception of the two ends. It is a sumptuous apartment, furnished with a rich pile carpet and upholstered in peacock-blue velvet. The woodwork of this chamber, as well as that of the captain's room and the principal entrance to the saloon, was grown in the state of Oregon, and consists of cedar, ash, oak and maple. The smoking room is placed on the upper deck immediately before the entrance to the grand saloon. The panelling of this room is Spanish mahogany, and the floor mosaic. The ship is lighted by the incandescent electric lamp supplied by the Edison company, a separate switch being supplied for each stateroom.

PASSENGERS FOR THE NORTH

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 20.—The steamer Mexico sailed to-day for Victoria and Puget Sound ports, with the following passengers:

Victoria—S. Hollingsworth, Mrs. D. Cushman, W. O Brown, C. Stovey, W. M. Ross, Maggie Lemming and sister, J. W. Ross, D. McArthur, S. Ross, C. M. Gray, John Blain and wife, J. S. Becker and wife, Mrs. McKeon and daughter, S. Todd, Miss Robbins, Mrs. S. G. Chapman, T. Seabecker.

Port Townsend—Mrs. Smith and two children.

Seattle—A. M. Sawtelle, G. Ludlow, E. O. Whitney, P. Hochburn, J. A. Whalley, Charles Doss, Mrs. C. Egstert, M. Stephens, S. Jones, daughter and two children; W. J. Baler and wife, Mrs. E. M. Watson and six children, W. Fitzgerald, T. K. Vaal, E. P. Hersey, Mrs. C. W. Hamm, Master Hamm, F. M. Jesson, E. J. Hastings, J. Tesan, A. Brackett, C. L. Mizner, W. J. Thompson, Mrs. S. A. Sandbrow and child, Mrs. McCoy, Mrs. R. W. Little, R. J. Goodwin.

Tacoma—Miss P. A. Berry, Mrs. C. H. Brewster, W. E. White and wife, Captain Fletcher.

Olympia—William Jenkins.

There is nothing that gives a man better satisfaction than to know that his clothes fit him. To have this happy frame of mind one must know where to purchase the article desired. Every man not being made alike, the clothes must be made to fit him. Beck & Waldman, dealers in Gents', Youths', Boys' and Children's clothing, being aware of this fact, keep nothing but the best fitting goods to be found in this city, and take pleasure in seeing their customers suited. They also have the finest assortment of Gents' furnishing goods, of the latest styles and pattern. If you want to be in the style, call on Beck & Waldman, 147 First street, next to Odd Fellows' Temple, opposite Holton House.

BEECHER'S THEOLOGY.

He Expounds it All to a Texas Inquirer.

Correspondence of the Galveston News.

WACO, Texas, Oct. 1.—The *News* representative was to-day accorded an interview with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at his hotel. With a cordial greeting at the door of his private apartment, the reporter was introduced to Mrs. Beecher, a dignified gray-haired matron of benignant and motherly appearance, and was invited to a seat. At once proceeding to the object of his visit, the reporter said:

"Mr. Beecher, will you favor me with your views on the new theology? What is to be the outcome of all of this new theological upheaval which is now agitating the great thinking masses?"

"You mean the advanced theology?"

"Yes, that is the phrase by which it is now known—advanced theology."

"I believe it is so styled in a late volume of Mr. Munger's sermons—a book I could wish every thinking man, at least, would read. I think the new or advanced theology is to supersede the old. It has already penetrated more or less all of the churches."

"But, Mr. Beecher, how is this to be accomplished? You know that it is said that the history of all religious reformations shows that there has never been a reformation in the church. While the movements have usually been originated by men in the church, yet no good has ever come of them except through new organic forms."

"That is true, and doubtless the advanced theology is destined in the near future to assume definite shape and organic form. It will revolutionize the old and reverse ends. The old theory is based upon a supposed knowledge of God, his nature and attributes, his decease, and the supposed divine procedure in the government and administration of the universe. This is the mistake of the Calvinistic school, and the Arminian theory, while professing to avoid the errors of Calvinism, yet virtually builds its theology upon the same false premises. Their theology is false, because it builds upon assumption and the unknowable. Canst though by searching find out God? said Job. Men know only so much of God as there is divinity within them, just as the lower animals can only comprehend so much of man as there is animal in man. For instance, you tell your dog to lie down, get up, go out, come here and the like, and he understands you perfectly. But if you talk ethics, science and philosophy to him he does not comprehend a word you say. He can only know as much of the outward man as there is dog in the man. The advanced theology reverses ends. It builds on what we know of man, and repudiates that based on what we may never know of God. It assumes nothing beyond the facts of human nature—the capabilities and possibilities of man."

"What relation will the advanced theology sustain to the bible?"

"It cannot afford to dispense with it, but it will find new modes of interpretation in the light of modern science and progressive intelligence. It can discard the errors which it contains and retain the good without the charge of sacrilege."

"All great movements, Mr. Beecher, can but be subverted through organic forms. How is the advanced theology to obtain the supremacy?"

"In many ways. It has, as I have said, permeated, more or less, all of the churches. The new ideas are studied and examined, and compared with the old by all thinking people. It is no longer a sin to try to know the truth. I had hoped that the large liberal element which has of late years dominated the Congregational church—my own denomination—would, before a great while, bring about such a revision of its creed as to make it the medium for the diffusion of new truths; but, any way, I feel sure that at no distant day it will find ample means for expression and diffusion. But every advocate of free thought and religious liberty is in danger of making the same mistake as did the Unitarians. They built a splendid system of ethics, beautiful to behold, but it is lacking in vitality, life and soul, and aggressiveness. The new religion has not to be eminently aggressive. It must cultivate largely the emotional and devotional part of man. It must appeal to the judgment with a fire and an energy which will lift men right out of their boots."

"But Mr. Beecher, when the dogma of a hell is knocked in the head, how are you to appeal to men in such a way as to lift them out of their boots?"

"Present retribution," answered the great thinker in a very emphatic way. "No intelligent person believes in a literal burning hell; but when men come to learn that their sins will find them out, and that there is no chance of escaping the punishment for wrongdoing, you have got a moral lever that will control the violence of human nature, and send it on through the ages of eternity in the right direction."

LITTLE FREAKS OF FASHION.

Some Women Who Crop Their Curls and Some Who Carry Gold-Tipped Canes.

New York Evening Post.

The English fashion of cropping the hair short all over the head and forming it into little loose rings has again reached America, and many ladies are sacrificing their luxuriant tresses to the Moloch of the present mode. During an afternoon drive through a prominent city in Canada, the writer lately noticed no less than a score of ladies, both English and American thus shorn. With this style of coiffure the jockey hat is usually worn, excepting where the fashion is followed by middle-aged women. In this case the toque or English walking hat is worn, as no larger or broader hat can very well be kept secure without braid or puff to which it may be fastened. These short rippling locks are to a great degree charming on some heads—mostly with the round, rosy-faced girls in their teens or not far out of them.

A party of English young ladies, well chaperoned, recently sojourning at Montreal, Canada, carried slender switch-canes of ebony, with small gold bands, richly chased, and wore jockey caps of plain black velvet, which were most becoming and natty-looking. Both cane and cap are said to be very fashionable abroad, both in England and France.

Wide bracelets, heavily chased, and bangles, lace-pins and dog-collars of various patterns, all of solid silver, are again the height of fashion.

Trimmings of silk or satin upon traveling dresses are now considered wholly "bad form."

Painted lace capotes will be the leading opera bonnets this year.

A CURIOUS LETTER.

Letter of Irish Informer Carey to the Parents of His Victims.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Mrs. Brady has just procured a prayer book sent to her by the late James Carey, with the following letter, which she received out of Kilmainham from Carey two days before he sailed from Dartmouth for the Cape:

To Mr. and Mrs. Brady: No one regrets poor Joe more than I do. His sad and untimely fate would have been carried out without me. The week before I said one word in the chapel before mass, Kelly, Joseph and I were together. Kelly said, "Marwood will have a terrible job on me; the weight of my body will never break my neck. You are all right, Joe." So you see they knew what that had to suffer. Every one here except Joseph Brady told all they knew. The wretches who were sent to Mountjoy sold us all before we were arrested. God will have mercy on Joe's soul. I send you the prayer book he held in his hand on the fatal day with the prayers. When a prisoner I had the book. Joe got it and wrote in it also the names of the wretches who told all before I said one word. * * Every one told all on poor Joe and James Carey. Wishing that God may give you strength to bear your great affliction is the earnest wish of James Carey. Keep this private.

OUTGOING PASSENGERS.

The Columbia sailed at midnight with the following passengers:

R A Fwalick
John Herman
W Pollock
J I Ayers
D Robins
Edward Kuhne
S L Stone
A P Botsling
Col Smith & wf
B Lowenberg & wf
C Burmster
Mrs J F Tobias
Geo Warner
F L Hace
Dan'l Shea
A W Thompson
Simon Sweet
E Glass
F Schlater
O B Whitmore
J T Rotewald
Mrs J D Holman
Mrs S A Moreland & dau
Dr H McKinnell
Mrs B Neal
Mrs Young
Thos McConnell
Mrs Jessie Leo
Mrs J W Fell & dau
Tim Norton
A W D Mansfield
W C Parsley & wf
C Gordon
D H Parker
I W Hendricks
John Ellis
H A Snively
T M Jeffreys
J D Bentley
Chas Swope
Emma Carney
O W Wilson
M West
W A Bennison
James Hayes
H Schrauer
C L Horsey
M A Mayer
Capt J C Saughstatter, wf & ch
Lieut Patterson, wf & dau
Fred'k V Holman
Mrs H Crabie
J W G Coffran & wf
R Heineman
N K Pearson
Ben Hams
C Harison
E P Petty
A Rothschild
M L Tichner
Jas Smith
J M Dudley
Mrs H W Thielsen
Miss Hawkins
Miss Stevens
Miss Durkheimer
Mrs L Vinegarhols
Miss A L McConnell
Geo Cransham
A Manheim & wf
D F McNeal
John Wilson & wf
G R Sacry & wf
R R Carson
R Schwartz
Mrs Jas Palmer
W A Adams
A L Harkins
Mrs Fell & ch
Nathan Rockwell & wf
Ben Harris
60 in steerage.

George W. Walling, Esq., Supt. New York police, indorses the action of St. Jacobs Oil.

Perfect Made.

BAKING POWDER.

None so pure

Contains no Alum or

homes.

the cheapest.

healthiest. In the

Prove it by the

THE OVEN.

& PRICE,

and St. Louis, Mo.

IS THE LIFE!

These Belts cure diseases that medicine aggravates and makes worse. It fills the blood with Electricity. Its power strengthens the entire body.

ELECTRIC BELT CO., Portland, Or.—P. O. Box

INFALLIBLE IN CURING Epileptic Fits, Spasm, Falling Sickness, Convulsions, Dance, Alcoholism, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, and all Blood Diseases.

Lawyers, Literary Men, Ladies and all whose causes Nervous Prostration of the blood, stomach,

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

NERVE FOOD.

PHOSPHITES.

Wm. H. Dunn.

SILVER

FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.—Rev. T. J. Reilly says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for indigestion and chills with entire satisfaction."

—*Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured my wife immediately of severe neuralgia.*" M. M. Cocklin, Shepherdstown, Pa. 50c, at druggists.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES, EDENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

No exaggerated or fictitious certificates but solid facts, testify the marvelous success of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

there was a regular fear; panic, and the shorts, in their anxiety to cover, rushed prices up on themselves. It was rumored at this time that Union Pacific, Oregon and Transcontinental, and

NewspaperARCHIVE®

THE BABY OF BATTERY B

By the mountain toward one night
 Far [illegible] the river at
And over on yon wooded height
 We held their lines at bay

At last the muttering guns were stilled
 The day died slow and wan
At last the gunners' pipes were filled
 The sergeant's yarn began

When as the wind a moment blew
 Aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised within our view
 A little maiden stood

A tiny tot of six or seven
 From fireside fresh she seemed
(Of such a little one in heaven
 One soldier often dreams)

And as we stared, her dimpled hand
 Went to her curly head
In grave salute "And who are you?"
 At length the sergeant said

"And where's your home?" he growled again
 She lisped out "Who is me?
Why don't you know—I'm little Jane
 The pride of Battery B

My home? Why that was burned away
 And pa and ma are dead
And so I ride the guns all day
 Along with corporal Ned

And I've a drum that's not a toy
 A cap with feathers too
And I march beside the drummer boy
 On Sundays at review

But now our baccas all give out
 Our men can't have their smoke
And so they're cross—why even Ned
 Won't play with me and joke

And the big colonel said to-day
 (I hate to hear him swear)
He'd give a leg for a good pipe
 Like the Yankee lads over there

And so I thought when night had come
 And the big guns were still
I'd creep beneath the tent and come
 Out here across the hill

And beg good Mister Yankee men
 You'd give me some tobac
Please do—when we get some again
 I'll surely bring it back

Indeed I will—for Ned—says he—
 If I do what I say
I'll be a general yet maybe
 And ride a prancing bay"

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er
 You should have heard her laugh
As each man from his scanty store
 Shook out a generous half

To kiss the little mouth stooped down
 A score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice
 Said "'Tention squad" and then

We gave her escort, till good night
 The pretty waif we bid
And watched her toddle out of sight
 Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her tiny form—nor turned about
 A man—nor spoke a word
Till after while a far, hoarse shout
 Upon the wind was heard

* * * * *

That all save when the dawn awoke
 Once more the work of hell
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
 The screaming missiles fell

Our gen'ral often rubbed his glass
 And marveled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell
 In the lines of Battery B

—*Frank H Gassaway*

AN ARTISTIC EPISODE.

Written for the Wisconsin

It had rained during the night and a fine, feathery mist hung upon every leaf and every blade of grass The landscape assumed an air of expectancy, a calm awaiting for the sunshine to burst asunder the heavy clouds and dispel the moisture of mead and hedge

Dorcas raised her window and looked far into the leaden distance where the haze melted and dissolved into ocean There is a certain fascination about the faint rim of a vast body of water stretching miles away too far to see with the naked eye the coaster's speed upon its surface, yet near enough to picture, with a finer fancy the ship ply up and down In the silence of early morning the clear shrill whistle of an engine echoed from hill to hill then came the rattle of the wheels on the narrow bridge and the slacking of the brakes the fierce ringing of the bell and finally the train stopped a quarter of a mile away full in sight of Dorcas at the little wooden station the engine steaming and puffing as though out of breath with the hard tug up hill It was the down train to New York and Dorcas leaned forward intently gazing at the apparition with parted lips

Why is it that under the pressure of some recent grief the mind refuses to recognize the compensation hidden like the kernel in a sheaf of wheat To Dorcas there came a revelation borne in the vans of the puffing engine a revelation of the easy effort necessary to the fulfillment of a hope long cherished She drew her tidy inside the window and mechanically lowering the sash seated herself lost in a new thought

Dorcas family had come down in the world with her father's demise Their beautiful home had fallen under the auctioneer's hammer and the proceeds went to creditors There had been nothing left them but a little farm house in New Jersey which had been bought as a whim to please her mother and deeded in her name Here they had come Dorcas her mother wrapt in her recent woe and the two younger children—a boy and a girl Upon Dorcas alone had fallen the realization of the necessity of facing the ugly fact that she must do something to help the fortunes of the family before their small capital was expended

Looking forth from her window this foggy morning she had clutched mentally for some clue by which she could ascertain the way to turn in her perplexity The shrill whistle of the locomotive turned her thought She recalled an evening in her old home when surrounded by her friends, a young artist from New York had said to her when seeing her portfolio of sketches 'Believe me, Miss Dorcas you have great talent If ever you come to my city I trust you will take a few lessons from my friend Barry Seymour which he would be proud to give you for my sake In recalling his words she also recognized a compensation for the loss of her beautiful home How near she was in this old farm house to that great city where Barry Seymour lived! To him she resolved to go for lessons and in the cultivation of her brush there loomed great possibilities of untold wealth to be gained by the use of her skill She rose to find her mother and unfold her plans

Thus it came about that one September morning Dorcas boarded the train for New York, her raglan buttoned over a stout heart She reached Jersey City all too soon and crossing the ferry took a car for Broadway In one corner of her purse was Barry Seymour's address as his friend in the kindness of his heart had given it to her little thinking, perhaps the use to which it would be put Dorcas changed at the corner of Fifth avenue to a Broadway 'bus and while waiting stepped in Carlton's to make sure, with the aid of a directory that the address was still the same It was and she continued her route She had but a few steps to walk, once she was out of the 'bus, to the imposing building known as the Benedick Stepping into the elevator the colored boy directed her to Barry Seymour's studio Dorcas pulled the bell and almost simultaneously the door swung open No one was visible but as she entered the exquisitely furnished reception room, a pleasant bass voice issued from behind the plush portiere, greeting her in a fashion which brought the blood to her white cheeks "Hello Guy! Come in come in, come in! I'm in working gear or I'd come out Been expecting you and a devil of a time too Eh, not you, some other beggar? Well, I'll come forth'

Tableau when with palette on his thumb brush between his teeth and mahl stick in his hand Mr Barry Seymour appeared in the curtained doorway and met a vision such as never before visited his hallowed bachelor precincts

'I beg your pardon,' was the mutual exclamation, as Barry withdrew to lay aside his implements of art. He had seen in his quick glance a fair flower like face framed in a velvet poke and black hearted daisies, two blue eyes and soft fair hair Dorcas on her side saw a pair of square shoulders encased in brown velvet, a couple of honest blue eyes and a crop of reddish hair, a fierce moustache and a palette extended toward her with all the pigments of the rainbow laid on *en masse*

'I beg your pardon for disturbing you,' Dorcas began again 'I came to see about taking lessons I was advised to do so by Mr Guy Williams. I think I have a little talent, and I hoped you would be kind enough to direct me how to do some sketches which would sell.'

'Guy sent you here? Well, take a seat I'm not in the habit—I mean I've not been doing anything of the sort or rather I mean I might give you a few lessons, but I've no classes should be glad to give you any advice but beginners find it rather tedious waiting for fame, by that I mean lucrative fame. I've a friend, a lady friend to whom you might go She will assist you'

'I do not live in New York Mr Seymour I came down on the cars from O— I could come each day for a lesson I do not wish Mr Williams to know I am here I have lost my father since I last saw him and—'

'Oh I understand! I will give you a note to this lady—she will lend you the use of the studio I do not give lessons here I will write the letter'

Here a violent pull at the bell interrupted him Mr Seymour's face became scarlet and taking Dorcas by the shoulder he shoved her gently into an anteroom 'Step inside my good girl you had better not be seen I will attend the bell'

Rather confused Dorcas complied and Barry pulling the cord admitted the claimant for admission but before he could rush forward and prevent an entrance Mr Guy Williams stood between the hangings as he had been invited to do so cordially but ten minutes before

Barry dragged him out, but not before he had caught a glimpse of Dorcas

'I've business on hand,' said Barry, 'I'm sorry I've not time for a chat But you'll excuse me old fellow won't you?'

'Oh certainly but I say Barry who have you there?'

Barry was staggered but gathering all his most wicked proclivities he said hurriedly

'Only a new model'

'Hum! Well all right see you at the club ta ta'

The door shut on his retreating form and Mr Seymour reappeared looking rather warm

'Very sorry to be so unceremonious He did not recognize you so it is all right I'll crop off the letter'

Seating himself before his desk Mr Seymour proceeded to indite quite a voluminous sheet only pausing to ask Dorcas her name

'You will readily find the place' he said as he handed Dorcas the note 'About the terms she will tell you I'm sorry you had the trouble of hunting me up a note in future will always find me'

Then Dorcas rose and bowed herself out wondering not a little at his strange behavior but in the innocence of her heart attributing it solely to his vocation and a natural eccentricity of disposition

She wended her way up town, and with no difficulty found the place on Broadway near Twenty eighth street The sign in black letters read 'Ella Danforth studio'

To her ring a tall handsome woman responded, in a most aesthetic gown covered with a long big bibbed apron upon which were spots of chrome yellow celestial blue and vermilion impartially distributed

'Well' said the lady 'if you are a model you're too pretty to be in the business! Oh a letter from Barry why didn't he send Venus with it? I never knew he owned to the existence of a pen'

She tore the letter open and after a swift reading of the contents held out her hands

'I am glad to meet you come in and have lunch You shall tell me your plans Of course you can use my studio'

Dorcas was more than pleased and with the candor of her 20 years told her hopes to her new acquaintance They got on capitally together, and Dorcas was reluctant to go Her kind hearted hostess going with her to the car

'To-morrow then,' said Dorcas 'I shall begin How can I ever thank you for your interest and goodness to me?'

'By just simply remaining the same dear unsophisticated girl you are now I'll take good care of you tell your mother and together we'll do something famous! Good bye'

Miss Ella Danforth was not surprised upon this same afternoon to receive a call from her friend Barry Seymour He came in cautiously, looking very handsome and *debonnair*

Miss Ella being in possession of more facts spun them forth with great unction

'You see Barry she made a natural mistake and I hadn't the heart to correct her She saw no impropriety in invading your sanctum she supposed you taught all New York within its sacred walls She is so fresh and pretty I suppose Guy Williams has her heart he colored when I mentioned him'

'How strange to say Barry [illegible] also the very hues of an autumnal [illegible] being visible upon his face

'I see no reason to jump at that conclusion woman fashion Imagine will you my horror at seeing a lady in my studio As you say the place [illegible] I myself feel sort of sulked! By the way, Guy called while she was there but I got her out of the way I do not wish him to know that she is here He goes hunting to-morrow so it's all right He has gotten me in a [illegible] too free with my name If he liked the girl why didn't he give her lessons'

'Because he can't paint a washtub properly Now Barry it is a real work of charity to aid this lovely girl She thinks you perfection abroad I [illegible] wonder if she proved to have talent Just look at this little sketch she made of you as you first appeared upon her startled vision' and Miss Danforth held out a scrap of paper upon which was depicted Barry to the life His hair standing on end his moustache bristling with lively concern The very surroundings faithfully drawn out

Barry was at first a little angry but upon second thought when his own artistic perception was recalled and to his mind rose a mental image of Dorcas he laughed in the style that it was a game at which they both could play He begged the sketch and placed it in his pocket and on his way later to his club in Madison square having regarded it for the seventeenth time a genial glow of appreciation lit his features and he consigned it for the last time to his pocket case with a frank laugh at the humor and skill with which it was drawn

Barry Seymour was a young man of high aims and ability, but his social position being necessary among the upper ten he was careless and indolent alternating with hard work and perseverance That his social duties interfered in a measure with his vocation did not prevent him from acquiring fame in his artistic pursuits. Art did not mean bread to him it was the accomplishment of a mind unwilling to live wholly in the luxury of ease He had genius and his country acknowledged it Whatever he painted he sold and his own natural indolence alone saved him from being a martyr to his tastes He was a bachelor and meant to remain so For the reason most common in America he had bound himself to one woman who by her cool appropriation prevented him from forming any new attachment in her world and relying upon his own good breeding and refinement to prevent his asking her to choose another in a lower world That he did not love her was a fact patent even to the lady herself That he wore her chains at all was because he had not yet seen sufficient motive to cast them from his life

In the month of October Dorcas improved much and it is not drawing it strong to say that Barry was delighted with his pupil A warm attachment had grown between Miss Danforth and Dorcas in the six or seven weeks of their acquaintance

Miss Danforth's story was a sad one her life had been bitter and hard She had been married to a scamp who deserted her and she was granted a divorce taking again her maiden name Her one friend when she began her career in New York had been Barry who procured her pupils and finally by dint of her own womanly heart she made herself a coveted place Many were the women she cheered by her own hopefulness many the talents she encouraged and corrected There was indeed small wonder that Dorcas loved her for her manifold gifts

Everything was going smoothly but everything will not go smoothly in this world for any length of time So it happened the first week in November that Mr Guy Williams felt inclined to terminate his hunting expedition and return to civilization In his off hand way he had carried in his memory the image of a young girl he thought it might be easy to love A young girl he had met one summer and this young girl being none other than Dorcas he contrived to stop over in the small city where he first had met her

Foolish, indeed, is he who hopes after lapse of time to renew amid old scenes the same associations Change is the law and change can not endure the taking up of old threads Guy found the bird flown none knew whither So considerably disheartened he returned to New York and one of the first places he visited was Barry's studio Barry was in and hard at work Upon an easel was his last painting and Barry was giving it the last lingering love pats the true artist loves to bestow It was a landscape, mellow and subdued in tone Guy took a chair and his favorite chair before he began the history of his wanderings Barry listened an odd feeling at his heart when Guy spoke of Dorcas and his visit to her old home Finally when he openly avowed his attachment Barry with a stroke of his brush wiped out a small hut in his middle distance and let in more sky in the rift he had made With this stroke he imagined he had wiped out some futile hopes that had crept into his breast the last eight weeks

His cigar out, Guy began to walk restlessly about the room, while Barry pretended to mix his colors assiduously Presently there was a genuine cry of amazement from Guy

'Hello Barry! Where did you get this? It is the best picture of you I ever saw'

It was the sketch Dorcas had made and Barry had pinned it to the wall He rose to take it from the other but he was not quick enough

'Dorcas!' cried Guy 'This is signed Dorcas' and a terrible jealous look came in his face

'Yes' said Barry lamely 'I was waiting a chance to tell you about it Dorcas She is not far from here If you hasten you may see her'

A strange expression flitted through Guy's eyes and he examined the sketch oddly

'I do not know as I care to see her If she has come here among artists and Bohemians she is no longer the same girl On your honor Barry was it not Dorcas I saw in this very room? Why in heaven's name man did you spoil that sweet girl? She was as sweet and as pure as an angel'

'Hold on Guy don't say too much It was your own fault her coming here You sent her to me and in all good faith she came She saw no harm in calling at what she supposed was a public studio, she did not know this was my private rooms On my honor I am speaking the truth Not wishing you to know she had come down to earning her living I tried to prevent your seeing her you know with what result She is now with Ella Danforth and I have given her instruction She has already sold three pictures and is none the worse for it, that I know of'

'Pardon me Barry for my unkind thought I will go and see her some time but it is no use my going in the character of a lover for I've not the least doubt but that she loves you'

Barry made no reply, he was thinking of how he might best deny the imputation when he heard the door close Guy had gone

Once the inevitable [illegible] we are apt to know what [illegible] regard to a different issue

It had taken Barry some time to frame in his heart the wish to marry Dorcas He had at first felt it impossible to change his mode of living, but upon knowing Dorcas better he discovered her tastes did not incline toward a traditional domestic hearth She was too much in love with her painting to court social cares No other barrier presented itself he felt he could care for Dorcas and her family besides

He spent a dreary hour in his studio after Guy left Palette and brushes remained uncleaned while he gazed at his cherished painting minus the cot

However the next morning being lesson day he went to Miss Danforth's studio It was raining and while placing his umbrella in the hallway the door of the studio opened and Dorcas blonde head appeared

'Oh I'm glad you've come [illegible] Ella is out Why how solemn you look! anybody dead?'

'No have you seen Guy? Did he call?'

'Why if he did I haven't seen him What of it?'

'Nothing He's back that's all'

They walked into the small studio together and Dorcas stepped to the window She seemed a little saddened at the mention of Guy's name Barry followed her and stood by her side

'Do you care for him Dorcas?' he whispered and when he saw a faint flush rise in her cheek he quickly added 'Do you care for me?'

'Which question shall I answer first?' said Dorcas as she drew a head with her finger tip on the moisture of the glass

'Ah need you ask Dorcas darling? You do love me I see it in your eyes'

THE ALTA CALIFORNIA

Condensed History of the Oldest Daily Newspaper on the Coast

San Luis Obispo Tribune

Rumors of the sale of the *Alta California* newspaper have been about for some time and the issue of Saturday September 23 comes with the change announced The *Alta* as the paper is commonly called is the historic paper of California dating its existence from August 15 1846 when the first number was issued by Rev Walter Colton and Dr Robert Semple at Monterey then the capital of California Colton was chaplain in the navy which had recently taken possession of the country and Semple had come in with Fremont The first had been an editor and the latter was a practical printer Finding about the government house a lot of type mostly pi and an old wooden press worked [illegible] Semple picked, scoured and whittled until he made such an affair as could print a paper which appeared August 15 1846 printed on cigarette paper and bore the name of *Californian* In May 1847 the *Californian* was removed to San Francisco which then began to appear in the lead of Pacific towns Samuel Brannan had brought out in 1846 a complete printing office on which he printed the *Prophet* a Mormon paper in Brooklyn New York With this he established the *Star* in January 1847 in San Francisco In 1848 these papers combined and in January 1849 took the name of *Alta California* The old wooden press was taken to Sonora Tuolumne county to establish the Sonora *Herald* and a few remains of it are now the property of Mr [illegible] of the *Independent* The pioneer iron press first went to Marysville thence to Auburn in 1852 and is still in the office of the Placer *Herald* Both these should be in the care of the California pioneer society Some years ago Brannan offered $5000 for the press if it could be found but before the history could be traced and the true press found the fortune of Brannan had fled and the old press still remains at Auburn

During the first fifteen years of the state's existence the *Alta* was almost the only paper met with in southern California and it took more pains to give southern California news than the other city papers Of late years it has been the merchants' paper of San Francisco The new proprietors are James A. Johnson and Walter Turnbull who it is reported paid $65,000 for the establishment Johnson has been a member of congress from the third district and was lieutenant governor in Governor Irwin's administration Turnbull for a long time had a job printing office in San Francisco and left that business to engage in stock dealing having a seat in the San Francisco board of brokers The paper in future is to be democratic and it is asserted will advocate Justice Field for the presidency

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In this latitude the blue jays are never gregarious but are found in their winter retreats in pairs—male and female usually together Mating does not take place however until the beginning of May but never later than the 15th Ushered in with but few ceremonies there is none of that ostentatious show which characterizes the woodpecker for these birds are matter of fact in their notions As a consequence nesting is entered into with promptitude and zeal A forest or orchard tree or even a low bush is made the depository of a home This structure is well built and is composed of sticks externally Within there is a rather neat lining of dark fibrous roots It is the result of the joint labor of both birds The work of hatching the five or six olive drab eggs with their dark olive-brown spots, is the task of the female While she is thus occupied the male is seldom absent unless in quest of food, but is generally present to encourage her by his love He is a very jealous husband and during the seventeen days she is in the nest maintains a thorough guard over her person, permitting no intrusion by man or bird without resenting it in the most summary manner The young are tenderly cared for by the parents who often imperil their own lives in their behalf When three weeks old they are able to leave the nest, and in a fortnight more under proper feeding and training go out into the world to seek their fortunes, as others have done before —*Philadelphia Ledger*

Assemblyman Stevens was in Stockton yesterday exhibiting the lower jaw bones of some ruminating animal which have a very strange history On Saturday last while cutting up a large white oak tree four feet in diameter the bones were discovered in the center of the tree, surrounded with perfectly sound wood which showed no sign of a blemish They were about four feet from the ground, and so tightly imbedded in the wood as to seem almost a part of it Mr Stevens showed the bones to some of Stockton's amateur naturalists, who decided from the peculiarity of the formation of the jaws and teeth that they had belonged to a cud chewing animal about the size of an elk or moose Others pronounced them the jaws of a hart but as that animal is not native to this continent, it is probably a wrong guess Considering the condition of the tree no one could offer an explanation of how the bones came in their strange prison —*Stockton Independent Oct 9*

Jim Kerwin just after sentence in Albany to four years imprisonment for grand larceny turned and shouted at the judge 'I would like to murder you I hope you will rot in your grave!' The judge gave him another year Very few men can carry on a conversation with a judge when he isn't off the bench

WOMEN WHO BET ON RACES

Winning and Losing in Mutuals and With Bookmakers.

SOME KNOWING TURF GIRLS.

Hired Escorts and the Boys Who Attend Them A Society Lady's Repartee.

New York Sun

As a *Sun* reporter stood on the platform of a Sixth avenue elevated station the other day waiting for a train which would get him down in time to the special for the Monmouth park race track rather a pretty young woman of about 23 dropped her ticket into the box She took the same train and entered the same car taking a seat next to the reporter A pair of small high heeled Newport ties protruded from beneath a brown foulard skirt with polka dots A low waist of the same material was gathered across the front and hung in the late Greenaway style with white open work yoke and sleeves—a quiet and cool costume Her bonnet was of black straw with trimmings of the same material as her dress When she had settled herself comfortably in her seat she opened a small black almoner and took out a morning paper For some time she appeared to be studying the announcement of the day's races Then she folded the paper and put it back in the almoner taking out before she closed it again the latest edition of Kirks She consulted the index and then turned to several pages in the body of the guide as if she was looking for the record of a particular horse After she had thought a moment she wrote on a slip of paper 'Battledore' Then she consulted the guide again thought again and wrote 'Greenbush' By the time the train reached 14th place 'Carnation' 'Drake Carter' and 'Volusia' were on the slip She was deep in the guide when the brakeman called out 'Cortlandt street'

She closed the book hastily put it back into the almoner and left the car The reporter saw her again at the races at Monmouth park She took a seat right back of the reporter's stand She got up soon and looked around until her eyes rested on a boy who was seated on the rail some distance off and talking to

A GROUP OF WOMEN

She caught his eye and beckoned to him He nodded as much as to say 'in a moment' and after one of the women to whom he had been talking had handed him a roll of money he came over

'Who's the favorite?' she asked

'Battledore'

'So much of a favorite that he won't pay much in the mutuals?'

'No There's pretty lively betting on Freeland I guess mutuals on Battledore might fetch between $15 and $16'

'Well I guess you can get me two tickets on Battledore'

'Do you want to bet in the pools or on the books?'

'What are you offering?'

'Eight to five against Freeland two to one against Battledore'

'I think I'll just take the two mutuals this time Whom are they betting on over there where you've just come from?'

'Freeland'

'Heavily?'

'No, fifty tickets between them' He caught the eye of an old lady in black and hurried toward her She handed him some money and he went in the direction of the betting stands

It was a three quarters of a mile race and the young woman held her field glasses in the direction of the quarter post as the horses gathered there As the horses got off with Hickory Jim first Freeland second Battledore third Vibrator fourth and went down the back stretch in that order she clutched the rail nervously with her left hand When Battledore at the half mile post fell behind Vibrator she bit her lip but when he began pushing ahead on the turn she sprang to her feet and as he took the lead on the home stretch and won it seemed all she could do to refrain from clapping As it was

SHE BREATHED QUICKLY

with excitement when she sat down The boy returned from the betting stands handed the old woman in black some money and then came to her

'How much?' she asked

'Sixteen seven on each ticket' he replied 'How are you going to bet this time?'

'I was going to bet on Greenbush but I guess I'll take a couple on Thackeray'

He started off for the group of women from whom he had bought a ticket on the first race but another boy was already receiving money from the head of the party a middle aged woman dressed in pale pink cashmere with white lace yoke and sleeves pink buttons and ribbons and crowned by a large white mull hat with puffed crown and pink ribbons to match The reporter glanced over the stand and saw several groups of women on whom boys and young men in their shirt sleeves were in attendance He noticed also several women who handed their money to well dressed men One of these women was seated near the reporters' stand She bet on Aella in the fourth race As Aella fell back at the turn and Drake Carter came to the front the reporter turned around That woman's face was distorted with rage

After one of the races the reporter walked in front of the grand stand and observed the various groups of

WOMEN WHO HAD BEEN BETTING

Some were [illegible] and glum others wore a nervous worried expression while some were jubilant One [illegible] just ordered up a bottle of champagne and a woman with bleached blonde hair a big club hat with ostrich plumes and a bright peacock blue satin brocaded dress stranded with buff flowers, white lace mitts showing fingers covered with rings was offering the young man who had attended to the buying of mutuals a glass of the sparkling wine

Further on he noticed a woman who moves in the best New York society Her husband is a close business man and she usually goes to the races accompanied by one or another of the family friends She was talking rapidly to her companion and handing him money As she did not take it from a pocket book it seemed as though she had won it on the last race A pious friend once remonstrated with her for betting, and she returned a reply which has become quite famous in a small circle of gentlemen sportsmen

'What were you doing while I was at the races yesterday?' she asked

'I went to town and bought a diamond ring at Tiffany's'

'How much did it cost?'

'Two hundred and fifty dollars'

'Well' and she laughed 'if you had come to the races with me you would have saved your husband $250 and made $250 besides'

Another time when some one remonstrated with her she said 'Here are my views If a person's enjoyment of the races is doubled by betting and he or she can afford to lose money there is no harm in betting It is simply a way of

PAYING FOR ONE'S ENJOYMENT

A poor person has no business to risk his or her money on a turn of chance Now my husband is rich and can afford to have me lose as much money as I risk I don't risk more than what he can afford to have me lose I don't see any thing in that You can get a committee of Fifth avenue clergymen to remonstrate with me, but I'll keep on betting just the same'

After the races when the reporter took his seat in the special, he found sitting next to him the boy who had bought the tickets for the young woman

'How have you made out to-day?' he asked

'Pretty well I got about $5 from all the women You see it wasn't a very great day for them No big scoops on the mutuals'

'Did the young woman right back of the reporters' stand do well?'

'First race for to-day She cleared $60 and that's doing well a day like this, when favorites are winning and mutuals not paying high But in a couple of races she dropped favorites and took other horses who won Oh she's a knowing one for a two year old She'll go home in a cab to-night'

'Why do you call her a two-year-old?'

'Because that's what we call the young ones who're only at it for the second summer and still get a sick headache when they lose $5'

'Doesn't she always take a cab home?'

'No, sir! I've seen her take a horse-car on a losing day—wouldn't even pay 10 cents for the elevated'

'How do you know she's only been in it for two summers?'

'Cause I'm in the business and spot people who may become customers I remember her from the first time she ever came to the races She was with a friend She took a liking to George Lorillard's blue and orange and bet on the colors without knowing about the horse Her friend bought the tickets and

SHE WON

I knew she'd be down the next time because betting on races is just like opium smoking Once begun and you can't stop Well down she come next time alone I knew what she came for, and hung around till I got a nod from her She's steady since now'

'What do you make out of it?'

'Depend on the woman's luck Good days all the way from $5 to $15 bad days $2 But wait till I've saved up enough for a nobby suit and I'll make more'

'How will that help you?'

'Didn't you see them four fellows waiting on women? They began as I did only [illegible] ago Well those women who be most haven't got any male relatives—least I never saw any—so they pay those fellows to bring 'em down here buy tickets run to the betting stand and take 'em home They're on regular salaries and don't care if a day's good or bad'

'Did you ever wait on an old lady in black?'

'She's a widow—the nicest of all She knows the record of every horse that runs But I tell you the women [illegible] some day I want [illegible] for her [illegible] better waiting on [illegible] Where there's a party of five [illegible] oldest [illegible] they spend too much time talking By the way there's [illegible] woman owns horses that run down at Brighton'

'How many women bettors do you suppose?'

'There are about fifty regulars now and more coming all the time'

When the ferry boat reached New York the reporter saw the young woman again She hailed the first cab The party of women who had [illegible] took the elevated

ROUGE ET NOIR.

An American Girl's Successful Gambling at Monaco

The Lounger of the Washington *Sunday Herald* relates the following story There is a trite but true saying, that truth is stranger than fiction In all the range of romance I have never read of a more wonderful story than that I shall try to tell as it was told me by one of the greatest singers the world has ever known 'Four years ago' said the lady relating the story 'there was a young American girl in an Italian city who was studying music She came from a quiet New England village and with her mother located in a place celebrated for its masters to undergo a complete musical training Her master was a thoroughly conscientious Italian whose voice had broken down just as he began to be famous as a tenor and so he had to give up his lifelong aspirations and train others to gather in the golden fortune that by his art he himself had hoped to win The girl who had been given the sweet old Puritan name of Faith studied diligently and was in her second year's course when an illness attacked her mother The small sum set aside for Faith's musical studies was well nigh spent in the mother's sickness What to do the daughter did not know They were without friends, and the future was without hope One night before retiring the girl knelt by her bedside and fervently prayed to God to help her She arose from her prayer comforted, for in her simple way she believed in God and that he always heard the prayers of his children who prayed believing in him That night she dreamed a curious dream She saw her dead father as he had appeared in life He said to her 'Beloved [illegible] He will help you' [illegible] the dream was repeated The third time she dreamed she was at Monaco that she had gone into the great Kursaal where they were playing She sat down at a table and put a sum of money on the red square and let it stay until the red had won thirteen times Her father stood behind her chair as she sat, and when she finished he put his hands on her head and gave her a blessing and then she awoke The dream puzzled her She had never been at Monaco She had never seen the gambling hall and yet the whole place had appeared so vivid in her dream When her teacher came that day she told him of her dream and those that had preceded it He listened attentively like all Italians he was superstitious He thought of it all day When he saw her again he said 'Why not try it? God helps us all in his own mysterious way' That night her father came again and said 'Go' That decided her She told her mother that she thought a little rest and recreation would help her and said her teacher and his daughter who were taking a little excursion had asked her to join them Might she go? The mother thought a few moments and could see no harm in it for her child She would only be away one night and she had her favorite servant to keep her company during her daughter's absence The next morning they (the teacher his daughter and Faith) took their departure They looked about the beautiful grounds of Monaco as lovely as was the Garden of Eden before the fall At 4 the evening the three entered the great Kursaal It was just as the girl had seen it all in her dream The place was full of well dressed people ladies and gentlemen and a band was playing beautiful music In a corner the girl recognized the table she had seen in her dreams With a swelling heart and emotions that cannot be described she sat down and the Italian stood up behind her During her dream she had determined what to do

She drew from her portemonnaie two notes each for one English pound and the Italian showed her how to put them on a red spot She sat trembling as the playing was to begin What if it were all a superstitious folly? What if she was simply wasting in a wicked gambling house the little money they had between them and starvation? She dared not think She must do what her father had bidden her in her dream 'Ma'amselle has won,' she heard the *croupier* say 'Let it stay' she replied 'What is the limit?' asked the Italian 'We have no limit,' the well dressed cold blooded man with the suave voice said She won again and again The red had come up three times in succession She had won £16 or $80 of our money 'Will not the lady take up her money?' said the croupier 'No' she answered, 'let it alone I am going to play the red to win thirteen times' He shrugged his shoulders imperceptibly The game went on At the sixth play her winnings were $640, She sat like a woman in a trance When the red had won for the eighth time she had $2560 Oh, what should she do? Before her there was a small fortune Ought she not take it and go? By this time a crowd had gathered Something new was going on A woman with a face like the dead had won eight times in succession on the red A few old gamblers began to back the red to lose It was impossible that it should come up again The game continued Nothing was heard but the click of the ivory and the voice of the *croupier* saying The red wins again At the tenth play she had $10 240 Her excitement was uncontrollable Here before her was more money than she ever had seen in all her life before It was hers! Should she take it and go? No she managed to whisper, 'I will play it all lose or win till I have played the red thirteen times' The red came up again at the eleventh play She had $20 480 For a moment she hesitated She would take God's gift—for it was His, she said—and go Something said to her 'Play the thirteen times' She did At the twelfth turn she had $40 960 She gasped like one fainting 'Give her air' some one just behind her Once more once more she whispered Thirteen came, and the red won She had $81 920 There was a soft sigh 'Give her air, she has fainted,' said the croupier The excitement had communicated itself to the crowd who had gathered and watched 'No more' she managed to utter It was over The croupier gave her her money in English bills, £100 each and calling a carriage she and her friend left with an enormous fortune made in half an hour At the next turn the red lost

Newport.

Life

Newport is a central spot on which no two authorities agree It is claimed by one American writer that it is the center of refinement, fashion, intelligence and wealth Another, equally eminent, declares it to be 'shoddy, [illegible] and greasy with newly-acquired and vulgarly used wealth' One noted English critic who visited here last year says that it is the heaven of the toady and the snob while a Frenchman who had a similar experience declares it to be 'the Mecca of the rich who can be worshipped for nothing but their wealth' A correspondent of the London *Globe* says 'It is the paradise of two sets of ones—the gilded clique who spend tens of thousands in the effort to outshine their neighbors, and the obsequious clique that beggars itself for the privilege of witnessing the pitiful contest'

"It is said that John L Sullivan has been spoken of in Boston as the proper man to be appointed to the position of street commissioner and a correspondent having heard the report writes to say that he thinks the redoubtable John would make a better pound master.

OUR SUPERIOR FRACTIONS.

All About "Our Sisters, Our Cousins, and Our Aunts."

THE FAIR DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

A Chapter Devoted to the Worshipers of [illegible] and the Adorers of Fashion—Our Little Darlings.

President Tyler's widow will winter in Washington

Mrs Bright a sister in law of John Bright, is doing missionary work in Honolulu

Miss [illegible] has brought over the first Burmese woman who ever landed on our shores

Thomas Hughes' mother likes Rugby Tennessee so well that she has made it her home

Miss Victorine Bennett an American young lady has just won a medical diploma in Paris

Mrs A T Stewart will probably not return to her Fifth avenue residence for some time to come

Prince Battenberg's marriage to the Princess Victoria of Hesse takes place in February at Darmstadt

The Indianapolis News hails with joy the coming opening in Louisville of a school of pharmacy for women

Miss Leslie Ayer is the latest American furor in Paris She is a daughter of James Ayer the patent medicine celebrity

Matrimony is said to be a lottery but up to the hour of going to press no law has been enacted prohibiting the use of the males

The present czarina of Russia was betrothed to her husband's brother who on his death begged her to marry her final choice

Dr Holmes says there is no such thing as a female punster Though he adds 'I have often heard women make a single detached pun'

The contestants in Buffalo of the will of Mrs Caroline Fillmore widow of the late President Fillmore claim that he was not of sound mind when the will was made

Dr Anna S Kugler will sail in the British Prince en route for India where she will remain five years as a medical missionary of the Evangelical Lutheran church

'Save one Little Kiss for Papa' is the title of the latest song If this remark is aimed at a Chicago girl with four steady beaux, the old man's chances are pretty slim

'Poor creatures!' exclaimed Mrs Grosgrain looking at the pictures of nude savage women, 'no clothing of any kind! I wonder what the poor things have to talk about?'

Miss Winifred Kavanagh a daughter of ex Governor Kavanagh of Maine and one of the most prominent ladies in Roman Catholic circles has been stricken with paralysis

Grace Courtland writes of the 'cold deception of a Wall street point' Nevertheless those persons who have escaped the fool killer are still looking for Wall street points

'There are plenty of people in Colorado who would like to be president,' says ex Senator Tabor Mrs Tabor No 2 should shoo that buzzing bee away from her husband's head

The Count de Chambord's widow has decided to take the veil and will spend the remainder of her days in a convent Her immense estates are to be given to the church

Feminine compliments 'Just think! Pamelia has married a chiropodist!' 'I am not astonished She is sentimental and wants to have a man who will always be at her feet!'

It is not generally known that the duke of Connaught, Queen Victoria's third son, was refused by Princess Thyra of Denmark who married the son of a German nobleman instead

A sixteen year-old Brooklyn wife wants a divorce from her seventeen year-old husband, and the latter has no objection because every time he gets a cent's worth of molasses candy she begs him for half

London is flooded with Mary Anderson's portraits the London Stereoscopic Company having run out thousands of them It is understood that Dr Griffin, her stately step-father, has a percentage

Mrs Nancy Ide now in her 92d year was able to come to the East Providence Conn town clerk's office on Thursday to have her pension papers made out her late husband having been a soldier in the war of 1812

The Boston *Globe* cynically predicts that young ladies who were too modest to put on bathing suits at the seaside will this winter appear at parties in evening dresses displaying half their backs and most of their chests

If any woman wants a divorce from her husband without the trouble of collecting or manufacturing the evidence of his guilt let her persuade him to be a candidate for office is the advice of the editor of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*

A woman in Illinois sued a man for slander for saying that she wore No 5 shoes He defended the case and in court she just managed to squeeze her foot into a No 6 The last anger of that woman was worse than the first

'Dear me,' sighed Mrs Blossom, as she laid down the paper 'it does seem to me as if those state militia fellows are always in trouble Here's an account of a recent inspection where the company turned out fifty three men Too bad ain't it?'

He slipped quietly in at the door but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair rail said 'Sorry so late, my dear but couldn't get a car before' 'So the cars were full too' said the lady, and further remarks were unnecessary

At an entertainment held recently in London it is said that the Princess of Wales wore the plainest dress of any of the ladies present She displayed excellent good sense It doesn't look well for a wife to be sloshing around in fine clothes with her husband $3 000 000 in debt *Rochester Post Express*

Uncle George— How do Belle? Got back again? Had a good time in the country? Belle— Splendid Uncle George I never had such a nice time in all my life Uncle George— What did you say his name was Wonder what Uncle George means and wonder, also why Belle blushes?—*Boston Transcript*

'I trust your daughter is not one of those tame spiritless sort of girls that sometimes apply to us for situations and are too bashful to fill them,' said a Boston shopkeeper to a father who was seeking employment for one of his children 'No sir' he replied indignantly 'my daughter [illegible]' *Brooklyn Eagle*

It is a cheerful reminiscence to bring to mind just now that the Czar [illegible] after his coronation, which took place under the most happy auspices as the late Czar Alexander II asked one of the maids of honor in attendance how she enjoyed the ceremonies 'Oh so much your majesty' she replied 'I hope we shall have another soon'

A few evenings since a Main street couple after the usual moonlight promenade, seated themselves upon a sofa, when the lady in the case was overheard by a timid bachelor to remark 'Young man if you mean business come right to the point and quit fooling about it, if not leave' This puts Winston girls ahead on courting by a large majority —*Winston, N C, Pilot*

'I have got two invitations for to-morrow,' said Clara. 'Charley wants me to go with him and Fred has also sent me an invitation I hate Fred, and the place he is going to I don't like one bit' 'Then you will go with Charley,' suggested her friend 'No, I shall go with Fred The tickets to his excursion are a dollar apiece, while the tickets to Charley's are only seventy five cents'

In the Freethinkers' convention at Rochester on Thursday, Mrs Susan H Wixon discussed the question 'Will the Coming Women Attend Church?' and she argued that she would not From which it may be inferred that the unfortunate lady referred to is going to be refused by the coming man the price of new dresses and such If we were the 'coming woman' we wouldn't come —*Norristown Herald*

'I've admired an unknown woman all winter' remarked a man the other day, 'she was stylish well dressed, carried herself well, but I heard her speak to-day, and the charm vanished' 'What did she say?' some one asked. 'Only two words A companion in a store asked her a question, to which she replied in the affirmative, You bet! 'Twas enough I'll never make waste admiration again before I hear a woman speak'

I have encountered one person who has no doubt of the utter rottenness of all public offices and officials She was old I deferentially made way for her at the postoffice window and so witnessed her errand She presented a postal card written over so closely that it proved the remarkable preservation of her vision and nerves She may not have done the writing herself She said so 'And I couldn't get on all I wanted to,' she added 'but I think I could by writing a little finer I'd like to have you exchange this card for a fresh one'

When the clerk refused to do it she gave him her opinion of him and the postal service—*New York Letter*

London banks, sixty days, [illegible]
Treasurer's [illegible] premium
Bank of England rate of interest—3 per cent.
New York Oct 19—Silver bullion, 1000 fine, per fine ounce, $1 [illegible]
Sterling exchange, [illegible] banks, long, $4 8[illegible]

O R & N stock [illegible] 2 P. M.
Transcontinental ... 26½ | O R & N, stock, 105-106
Or Imp stock ... 26 | Western Union ... 76

[illegible] hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against said estate to present the same with proper vouchers attached within six months from this date, or else they will be barred forever and all parties owing said estate are requested to make immediate payment to me. WILLIAM [illegible], Administrator of estate of [illegible], deceased. Portland, September 28, 1883.

[illegible] headache, [illegible] pains in back, breast and side, liver pains, giddiness, bad color to skin and urine, hot and cold sensations, yellow skin. "SWAYNE'S PILLS" cure by gently removing all corrupt matter, regulating and nourishing the system. Twenty-five cents (in stamps), box of 30 pills, 5 boxes, $1, at Druggists or by mail. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

MANHOOD RESTORED.
A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.

seen her as she, leaning far out of a window, weeped bitterly, he would have forgiven the bitter words. As it was they parted in anger.

Left alone, Frederick paced up and down the room. In his despair he murmured aloud: "I have been a driveling fool—a madman! For three years I have devoted my time, heart and fortune to the service of this heartless woman. One day rewarded with smiles, the next with frowns. To-morrow, when the bills are paid for debts incurred this night, I shall be absolutely penniless—all my fortune spent upon this vain flirt, who is undeserving the name of woman. Yes, to-morrow my furniture, horses and plate will be sold, my servants discharged, and all that will remain to me is this old castle and my faithful nurse, Margaret, who will not leave me, and my falcon. This building, now ringing with the sounds of music, dancing and merry laughter, will be closed, to become the sanctuary of rats and owls. For myself, I shall withdraw from society and in this small, gloomy town support my poverty and despair as best I may. I have been worse than foolish—I have been wicked. But this unmanly repining will not do. I must rejoin my guests.

So saying, Frederick replaced the falcon on its perch near the window, and, forcing a gay smile and careless air, sauntered into the ball room, and from that time till the company left he was seemingly the gayest of the gay.

* * * *

"Quick, Susan, fasten this bodice and bring me my hood and mantle and the thick shoes," exclaimed Lady Lena; then added, impatiently, "You'll have to pin this handkerchief and apron string, for my hands tremble so I cannot do anything." The maid obeyed, and soon her young mistress stood before the elegant mirror, laughing to see herself in complete peasant's attire.

"Will anybody know me, Susan?" she asked, laughingly, as she drew the hood over her face.

"No, indeed, Lady Lena," replied the maid; "if I hadn't seen you dress I should not know you myself."

"Then I am off!"

And, suiting the action to the word, the graceful Lady Lena ran out of the room and down stairs in a very undignified way. In the garden she was met by a lover of Susan's, who exclaimed:

"'Pears to me we are in a monstrous hurry, Mistress Susan. Can't you stop to give a fellow a noontide kiss?"

"Away with you!" she exclaimed. "You shall have two kisses when I come back, if you won't stop me now."

"Good bargain, Susan," said he. "I have not much to do, and will wait by the gate till you come back."

Away speed Lena. After a pretty long, rapid walk she reached Castle Alberghi, and, entering by a low postern door which she found open, made her way to the tower, where she saw old Margaret seated.

"Good noon, Dame Margaret," said Lena. The old woman raised her head and, recognizing Susan, Lady Lena's favorite waiting maid, she returned a very sulky greeting.

"Don't be cross, Margaret," she continued. "I've got a beautiful note for your young master from my lady."

"You needn't come here with it, then," said Dame Margaret. "Your lady's notes have brought sorrow enough to this house."

"But, Margaret, I was sent to deliver it and receive an answer, and I dare not go back without it; it would cost me my place, and you wouldn't be as cruel as that to a poor girl who has never done you any harm." Here Lena began to sob, and Margaret rose saying:

"You have never done me any harm, so give me the note and let me take it up stairs quickly." The note was produced and Margaret grumblingly took it up stairs, muttering as she did so, "much good, much good it will do my poor master. It isn't sealed very closely, and if I could read it, and then if there was anything in it to wrong him, I'd sooner put my hand in the fire than give it to him." By this time she had reached the second story and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Frederick, who was sitting by the window reading. He looked up as the old woman entered, and asked what she wanted.

"A note for you, sir," she replied. The young man's face turned a shade paler, and his hand slightly trembled as he took the delicate perfumed note. A moment he paused, overcome by his feelings, then impetuously tore it open and read the following words:

"Lady Lena Erfurt, being about to visit England for several years, desires to have the pleasure of meeting once more her friend, Count Frederick Alberghi, who has so mysteriously withdrawn himself from society. She will do herself the honor of dining with him this day at 5 o'clock." A spasm passed over the young man's face and he murmured, "Once more." Then, turning to Margaret, he said: "What is there in the house to eat?"

"As good as nothing, sir," replied the faithful woman, "for there is only the scraps left from your breakfast."

"That's bad, Margaret," said he; "for I have no money; not a kreutzer; and here is a note from Lady Lena informing me that she will dine with me to-day."

"She mustn't come, dear sir! There is nothing to give her."

Frederick seemed lost in thought. Suddenly he raised his head.

"I have it now," said he. "You must serve up my poor Jeannette here. It is all I can do."

"Oh, master! What, roast this poor bird you have loved so long, and which belonged to——"

"Hush, Margaret—not another word; only do as I bid you. Serve the bird up as best you can. Have the table laid for two in the old dining-room; have it ready precisely at 5. When the lady arrives summon me, and serve dinner immediately. I shall be in my chamber, to which I shall now retire."

Margaret dared not remonstrate, but, sobbing and wringing her hands, she went down stairs. Lena had waited her coming with intense anxiety, and when Margaret entered in such distress of mind she sprang up.

"What is the matter, Margaret? Has anything happened to your master?"

"'Deed there has!" woefully answered Margaret.

"What?" said Lena. "Speak, woman!"

"Oh, only he's gone clean demented. You bring a note from your haughty mistress, who ought to be drowned in the Elbe, for she always makes trouble for my dear young master, one of whose fingers is worth more than all her body; made him waste all his fortune, so that now he is as poor as Job, and now makes him kill his beautiful falcon." A triumphant smile now flashed into the eyes of the false waiting-maid, and she asked, "How so?"

"Why, you see, Mistress Susan, your lady is coming to dine with him, and there is nothing in the house, neither victuals nor even a kreutzer, so he has ordered the falcon to be roasted for your wicked lady's dinner."

"I have no doubt it will make capital eating," laughed the girl.

"Out upon you!" said Margaret. "You are as heartless as your mistress. Go back to her and tell her that she is welcome. I hope the bird may stick in her throat and choke her, unfeeling woman that she is!"

"Oh, don't take on so, Margaret? I am sorry your master is so poor, but he will offer my lady a dish valuable for its rarity, for I warrant me she has never tasted roasted falcon before."

Margaret's only answer was to throw herself into her chair and sob. The disguised Lena approached her.

"Don't feel so sad, but tell me why should Count Frederick care so much for the poor bird?"

"Don't you know that? Why, it belonged to his blessed mother who is now an angel in heaven."

Tears filled Lena's eyes, and she said:

"Well, I didn't know that, and it is a real shame to roast the bird, and if you will keep it a secret I'll help you. Give me the bird and I'll take it home and send you another in return. Your masters will be none the wiser." Margaret's face lighted up and earnestly thanking the girl, she left the room and soon returned with the falcon, closely hooded, who gave it to the false Susan, who went off with it.

Punctually to the minute came Lady Lena, and never had she looked more lovely, or been dressed with more elegance and taste. Margaret, with a sullen air, ushered her into the dinning room, where Frederick came forward to meet her. He was struck with her fresh, winning appearance—a bitter change to be wrought in so few weeks. His greeting was frigidly polite, and her's particularly genial and kind.

The dinner was soon served and Lena shuddered as she glanced around the long, dark, unfurnished room, seen last brilliantly lighted and decorated and filled with sprightly guests, and before whom groaned a table loaded with every luxury the season could afford and that money could buy! Now all the gorgeous hangings, furniture, pictures, silver, glass and lights were gone, and in their place stood in the empty room a small deal table bearing two covers and one dish of meat. With all his grace of manner Frederick led Lena to the table and took his place opposite her. The meal was a silent one, for Frederick was abstracted and Lena nearly overcome by everything around her that she could scarcely repress her tears. As they rose from the table the count said:

"I am sorry, madame to offer you so poor a repast, but——"

"Don't speak of it, count," hastily interrupted Lena, affecting a gayety she was far from feeling. "It was charming—so new; and I never tasted a more delicious chicken."

"I am happy to find that I have pleased you," said Frederick; "but allow me in deference to your taste, to correct one mistake—the bird you have partaken of was not a chicken, but my falcon."

"Your pet falcon!" said Lena in affected astonishment.

"The same, madame" he replied

"Frederick!" she exclaimed, and the tone in which his name was uttered caused Frederick to start. He was dumb with surprise when he saw the haughty Lena burst into tears, but before he could recover his self-possession Lena stood before him erect and pale.

"Frederick, to-day we part forever," said she, "and before we do so I must obtain your forgiveness. You have always treated me with respect and love, and I—I have repaid your devotion with coldness and scorn. Will you forgive me?"

"Most certainly," coldly answered Frederick, making a great effort to subdue the passion her unwonted gentleness had roused. "I loved you, and probably by unceasing devotion, wearied you. I needed a lesson, and I have earned it. I could not expect one who did not love me to—"

"Stop there and listen to me," said Lena, "and if my confession, made in this hour, seems unmaidenly, let my excuse be that it was the only reparation in my power. I am wealthy—the wealthiest woman in all Germany—as it is said. From my childhood I have feared to be loved for my wealth, and, with my earnest nature, I know that a marriage without love would be death. People whom I counted my warm, sincere friends told me that my riches were all you cared for—that you lavished your comparative little wealth upon me only the more surely to gain possession of my princely fortune. I did not believe them, but I wished to try you. In my cautiousness I went too far, too far; for I have lost what I valued more than life—your love!"

"Lena, Lena, be careful!" said the young man.

"I am past care for anything now," she replied. "To-morrow I leave for England, never to return. I could not go without asking you to forgive me; without telling you, at the only balm I can offer, that if I made you suffer I suffered also, and perhaps more acutely, for I was called heartless, cold, unprincipled, by the only being I ever loved in the world, that I—" She could say no more, for she was clasped in eager arms and covered with impassionate kisses. A few minutes she lay there, then freed herself, all blushing and tearful, from her lover's embrace. A moment she left the room, and then returned, bearing a basket, which she gave to Frederick. On opening it his falcon flew out. Resting her beautiful head on Frederick's shoulder, she said, "Take me, dear Frederick. I yield myself to you, overcome by your love and unselfish devotion—actually brought to hand by your falcon."

A Chapter on Pickles.

A surfeit of sweets will cloy any taste, and something sharp, sour and spicy will be gladly welcomed. Hence the demand for pickles.

There are pickles and pickles. The only way to have good ones, about which you need have no fear that their present state was brought about by doubtful means, is to oversee the operation of making them yourself. Some way the "home-made pickles" bought at the store have an unpleasant uncertainty about them, and too often lack the crisp spiciness possessed by those which undergo the transformation in our own kitchens, and home-made in fact as well as in brand and imagination.

If pickles are made rightly, and good materials used, they will keep without any trouble, and will be in as good condition at the end of two years as they are a month after they are put up.

Cider or white wine vinegar should be used, for if the vinegar is not good the pickles will not keep. It is important also that whatever kind of vegetables are used should be fresh.

The common way of putting down cucumbers for pickles is to place them in brine as they are cut from the vines, adding more cucumbers from time to time until the barrel is full. The cucumbers must be very strong and the pickles held under it by a heavy weight. Cauliflower may be put down in the same way. To make either into pickles they must be soaked in water for several days, during which time the water must be changed twice a day. They usually keep well in brine, but we think it less trouble to make them into pickles at once, and have them ready for use at any time.

An excellent way to make cucumber pickles, when a large quantity is to be taken care of, is to put them down with sugar. Cut the cucumbers from the vines while quite small. For pickles cucumbers should never exceed three inches in length, and two inches and two and a half inches are long enough. Rinse them by placing them in a colander and dashing cold water over them; cover the bottom of the barrel with a layer of sugar half an inch deep, then put in a layer of cucumbers, and cover with sugar, and add alternate layers of cucumbers and of sugar until the barrel is full. Put a thick layer of sugar over the top. The sugar and juice from the cucumbers will make a vinegar which makes an excellent pickle. A weight must be put on top to keep the pickles down, and the barrel provided with a tight wooden lid. In a short time the pickles will be very sour. When put down in this way they keep their fresh green color. They are ready for table use at any time, and need only to be rinsed off and have fresh vinegar poured over them; but we think them best with spice added. Take out two quarts of pickles, rinse, and place in a jar. Take enough fresh vinegar to cover them; add to it two table-spoonfuls of salt, one tea spoonful of pepper, one ounce of ginger root, one ounce of mustard, and half an ounce of mace; boil together ten minutes; then pour over the pickles in a jar. They will be ready for use in ten or twelve hours. The same vinegar may be used for more pickles.

To put up cucumbers in bottles, put them first in a strong brine for two days; remove from the brine and let them stay in cold water two hours; then put them over the fire with enough weak vinegar and water to cover them. Do not let them boil. As soon as they are tender remove from the vinegar and put in bottles. Pour over them strong spiced vinegar which has been prepared while the cucumbers were heating. To each quart of vinegar add one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, one of mustard seed, and a quarter of an ounce of ginger root. Pour over the pickles in the bottle boiling hot, and seal up immediately. Green tomatoes, cauliflower, beans, martinoes, green peppers, and nasturtiums are put up in exactly the same manner. Onion pickles are made the same way, except that they do not need to be put in brine.

Chowchow pickles call for all kinds of vegetables and seed pods the garden will furnish—small green tomatoes, cucumbers, beans, peppers, raddish pods, onions, cauliflower, cabbage, etc. There should not be enough onions to favor the pickles strongly. Cut the larger vegetables into small pieces, and put all in a jar; pour over them boiling salt and water; let them stand until cold; then put in a bag, and hang up to drain over night. After draining pour over them boiling vinegar; let them stand until cold; then pour off the vinegar; pour in on the stove; add one teaspoonful of salt and one of pepper to each quart of vinegar. For the same quantity of vinegar take one-quarter of a pound of mustard, one-half a cupful of sugar, and one-quarter of a cupful of flour. Mix the mustard, flour, and sugar well together dry; then mix smooth with a little cold vinegar; pour into the boiling vinegar and cook five minutes. Pack the pickles in bottles, but not too tightly, and pour the vinegar over them hot. Cork, and seal up. Pickles put up in this manner will keep for years.

A good mixed pickle is made by chopping green tomatoes, ripe cucumbers from which the seeds have been removed, and green peppers. They should be chopped until no piece is larger than a pea, and but a small quantity at a time or part will be reduced to a pulp before all is fine enough. Add one cupful of salt to each gallon of pickle, mix well, then put in a bag and drain over night, or six or eight hours. To enough vinegar to cover a gallon of pickle add one ounce of cloves, one ounce of mace, and boil twenty minutes; strain out the spice, add two teaspoonfuls of ground pepper, and four of ground mustard, stir well, then pour while hot over the pickle.

Green tomatoes make a good sweet pickle. Take one peck of green tomatoes, slice them, place them in an earthen vessel, sprinkle a handful of salt over them, and cover with boiling water. Let them stand four hours, drain off the salt water, put them on in clear water, let them boil five minutes, then drain until all the water is removed. Put on the stove again with enough good vinegar to cover them. Add three pounds of sugar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, and one-half ounce of cloves tied up in a thin muslin bag; boil until the tomatoes are tender, then put in bottle, place a piece of stick cinnamon and of ginger root in each bottle, and seal up. Made in this way they are not too sweet to be a good relish.

Citron, cling peaches, plums, pears, and cantaloups make good pickles by using the latter part of the recipe only. Peaches and plums are pickled whole without peeling. The citron and cantaloup should be cut into long slices an inch wide after peeling and taking out the seeds. They are put into the vinegar without putting them first in salt water, and should not boil a minute after they are tender enough to let a straw go through them easily.

Care should be taken not to make sweet pickles too sweet, and not to spice them too highly. An overabundance of cloves and allspice is sure to give a bitter taste. Nutmeg and ginger go well together, and cinnamon can be used both with them and with cloves and allspice. It is a good plan not to put every kind of spice in each pickle.

A gardener of Strasburg-Neudorf possesses a large vine, from which the wasps in one week removed 300 pounds to 400 pounds of grapes. After trying in vain to get rid of the insect pest by attaching to the vine bottles with honey water, which attracts and drowns the wasps, he took a bucket half full of boiling water, placed it under the grapes and by beating the attacked vines he brushed the wasps off into the boiling water. In two hours he killed nearly two quarts of wasps. The early morning, when the wasps are stiffened with the cool air, at noon, when they are giddy from the juice which they have absorbed, and the evening are the best times for this operation.

Jacob Hess, aged 80, of Cannonsville, Del. and Mrs. Smith, aged 70, living near Harvard, were married a few evenings ago. The aged couple were very much excited on the afternoon of the marriage, fearing that the minister would not appear at the appointed time, half-past 7 o'clock. The marriage is said to be a love match, and there are many romantic incidents connected with it.

A bride complained to her husband that she had been too busy all day to get off her feet once, and the unhappy man who had already discovered several make-ups in her construction, exclaimed in amazement, "Good heavens, do they come off, too."

Mrs. Van Cott has begun a series of revival meetings in Lawrence, Mass.

PORTLAND'S WATER SUPPLY.

Full Report and Analysis made by Dr. J. H. Bill, under Authority of the City Council, June, 1872.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Inasmuch as garbled and partial extracts have recently been published from the report and analyses made by Dr. J. H. Bill of the water from various sources available for the use of the city, viz: the Willamette river, Stephen's Spring, Balch Creek and others, to ascertain their purity and general quality, we request you to publish in your columns, for the information of the citizens of Portland, the full report of Dr. Bill, which is embodied in the report as per printed copy herewith of Engineer Wm. E. Morris, "To the Joint Committee of Citizens and Councilmen, upon the different modes and sources "for supplying the city of Portland with water," presented to the Common Council and and adopted Sept. 11, 1873.

THE PORTLAND WATER CO.

September 21, 1883.

Report of the examination of five samples of water, designed for the supply of the city of Portland, from No. "2" to No. "6" inclusive, made in June, 1872, by J. H. Bill, M. D., Surgeon U. S. A., Fort Vancouver, W. T.

[NOTE BY THE COMMITTEE.—Sample No. 1, examined by Dr. Bill in September, 1871, was from a large spring on the farm of C. Wills, in Washington County, but as it was decided by Mr. Morris to be wholly impracticable, as a source of supply, the analysis is omitted. All the samples submitted to Dr. Bill were designated by numbers only, and he was left to make the analysis without any knowledge of the sources of any of them. The localities are named in the publication of his report by the committee.]

EXAMINATION IN DETAIL.

SAMPLE NO. 2—KELLY'S SPRING.

Slight sediment. Water clear, odorless and tasteless.

One imperial gall. contains 8.18 grains solids.
Chief base, lime; soda also present.
Chief acid, chlorine; also carbolic acid.
No magnesia, iron, nor any deleterious mineral ingredient.
No sulphates, phosphates nor nitrates.
Hardness....................8 deg. Clark's scale.
" after boiling.......7 " " "

Removable hardness...........1 deg. " "
This water has no action on lead pipe.
Very little organic matter present.

SAMPLE NO. 3—STEPHENS' SPRINGS.

Slight sediment. Water clear, tasteless and odorless.

One imperial gall. contains 8.92 grains solids.
Lime, the chief base; soda also present.
Chlorine, the chief acid; carbonic acid also present.
No magnesia, iron, nor deleterious mineral.
No sulphates, phosphates nor nitrates.
Hardness.......................8 deg. Clark's scale.
" after boiling........7 " " "

Removable hardness.......1 " " "
No action on lead pipe.
No organic matter at all.

SAMPLE NO. 4—BALCH'S CREEK.

Moderate sediment. Very clear, odorless and tasteless.

One imperial gall. contains 7.44 grains solids.
Chief bases, lime and soda.
Chief acid, carbonic, with a little chlorine.
No magnesia, no iron, no noxious mineral.
No sulphates, phosphates nor nitrates.
Hardness.......................7 deg. Clark's scale.
" after boiling.......3 " " "

Removable hardness.......4 " " "
No action on lead pipe.
Organic matter present in considerable quantity.

SAMPLE NO. 5—CARUTHERS' CREEK

Heavy sediment. Water clear, tasteless and odorless.

One imperial gall. contains 8.55 grains solids.
Much lime (.68 grains per gall.) and little soda present.
Chief acid, chlorine.
No magnesia, iron nor noxious mineral present.
No sulphates, carbonates, phosphates nor nitrites.
Hardness.......................8 deg. Clark's scale.
" after boiling.......7 " " "

Removable hardness.......1 " " "
No action on lead pipe, after forty-eight hours; after one week, marked action.

SAMPLE NO. 6.—WILLAMETTE RIVER.

Organic matter in large amount.
Small sediment. Clear, tasteless and odorless.
One imperial gall. contains 2.48 grains solids.
Amount of bases (lime, soda, etc.) inappreciable.
No sulphates, carbonates, phosphates nor nitrates.
Hardness.......................4 deg. Clark's scale.
" after boiling..........4 " " "

Removable hardness.......0 " " "
No action on lead pipe.
Organic matter present in small amount.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Comparing results, it was found that the samples were contaminated in the following order with—

LIME.	ORGANIC MATTER.
Most.........No. 5.	Most.........No. 5.
2nd...........No. 3.	2nd...........No. 4.
3rd...........No. 2.	3rd...........No. 6.
4th...........No. 4.	4th...........No. 2.
Least........No. 6.	Least........No. 3.

Arranged according to total solids, we have—

No. 3.......................8.92 grs. per gall.
No. 5.......................8.55 grs. per gall.
No. 2.......................8.18 grs. per gall.
No. 4.......................7.44 grs. per gall.
No. 6.......................2.48 grs. per gall.

These are all very small amounts, and No. 6 remarkably so. It is about as pure as rain water.

Nos. 5, 2 and 3 are the ordinary chloride of calcium waters of this region. No. 4 is remarkable as being the only bi-carbonated water.

In point of softness it may be remarked that all are unusually soft waters. The water supplied to London, Eng., ranges from 15 deg. to 20 deg. Clarke's scale; that to New York, from 4 deg. to 10 deg. The water of the Columbia marks about 13 deg. Clark's scale; that of Cold Water Spring Company, Vancouver, 10 deg.

No. 6 is the softest, No. 4 next, Nos. 2, 3 and 5 about equal.

None of these waters will incrust boilers save No. 4, and here to an inappreciable extent. None will act on lead, even after a week's standing, save No. 5.

In conclusion, I may remark, that any of the samples would furnish an exceptionally good water for supplying the City of Portland, whether introduced singly or mixed in reservoirs prior to introduction. No. 6 is the purest and perhaps the best. Nos. 3 and 2 come next, and recommend themselves on account of their small organic contamination. No. 4 comes next, and No. 5 last.

These waters are all admirably adapted for manufacturing purposes:—Nos. 6 and 4 best, No. 5 next, and Nos. 3 and 2 next. No. 3 would be particularly well adapted for dyeing, and in general chemical works.

Of all the waters examined the case reduces itself to a choice between No. 6 and Nos. 2 and 3. There is hardly any choice between them, determinable by chemical examination. Whichever source will furnish most readily the most water ought to be selected.

J. H. BILL, M D.

1857. 1883.

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GERMAN DYSPEPSIA CURE.

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Is a certain cure for Constipation.

Is a certain cure for Indigestion.

Is a never-failing Appetizer.

It induces a Clear Brain and an Active Liver

It makes the Eyes Bright and the Complexion Clear.

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU

Of its merits. It is not a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, but it will afford prompt relief in all the forms of DYSPEPSIA, and its use effects a

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FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.—Rev. T. J. Reilly says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for indigestion and chills with entire satisfaction."

Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured my wife immediately of severe neuralgia." H. M. Cocklin, Shepherdstown, Pa. 50c. at druggists.

No exaggerated or fictitious certificates, but solid facts, testify the marvelous cures of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 21 1883

GENERAL NEWS.

Consecration of Dr. Potter.

NEW YORK Oct 20 —The consecration of Dr Henry Potter as assistant bishop of the diocese of New York took place to-day at Grace church The ceremonial was probably the most imposing that has ever taken place at the consecration of a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in this country Forty bishops and over 400 clergymen took part in the services. Admission to the church was by ticket, and there was scarcely an inch of standing room in the building. Visiting and resident ministers formed a procession in front of the building on Broadway, and shortly before 11 entered the church preceded by ushers dressed in white, and followed by the faculty and students of the church seminary After these came the visiting clergy several hundred in number in their robes and next walked the resident clergy

Will Establish an Immigrants' Mission

CHICAGO Oct 20 —A New York correspondent telegraphs Rev John J Riordan, the newly appointed chaplain to immigrants landing in this city will leave Monday for Chicago to meet Bishop Riordan of San Francisco He will then meet Bishop Ireland of St Paul and Bishop Spalding of Peoria to consult them in regard to the settlement of immigrants in the west and northwest. He will establish an immigrants mission in the vicinity of Castle Garden

The Coleridge Party Stuck on Mud Shoals

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20 —The United States steamer Dispatch left the Washington navy yard this morning for Mt Vernon, with Lord Coleridge and a large party of distinguished gentlemen on board When about half a mile from the navy yard the steamer ran aground on mud shoals and at last accounts had not succeeded in getting afloat

San Francisco Land Decision

WASHINGTON Oct. 20.—The secretary to-day declined to reopen the public lands granted to San Francisco and revoked the suspension decision of July 12 last which included Mission creek in the grant to the city That decision however has been modified in the findings of special facts so as to allow the parties who appealed to maintain their claims in court.

CALIFORNIA

Two Little Girls Outraged and Killed

SAN FRANCISCO Oct. 20 —The Examiner this morning publishes the result of an investigation which will probably bring to light one of the most villainous of a long list of outrages lately committed in this city on helpless women and children the victim being a 4-year-old daughter of John Kehoe Particulars were published in the newspapers at the time A young man named John Flood was arrested charged with the crime The villainous outrage was rendered still more horrible through the alleged facts of a knife having been used on the child This most brutal butchery was committed while the parents of the child were absent at the funeral of Delia Pidetey, an 8-year-old daughter of Joseph P Pidetey The death of this young girl was shrouded with suspicious circumstances, she having complained of pains in her back and hips Although treated for typhoid fever, after burial stories began to circulate, and now two neighbors, Mrs Barry and Mrs. Kehoe, who arranged the body after death, came forward and state that they saw marks which led them to believe an outrage or crime had been committed and which was probably the cause of the child's death They had said nothing of it to the parents wishing to spare them additional pain but when Mrs Kehoe on her return from the funeral learned of the assault upon her own 4-year-old daughter she disclosed her suspicions to the parents of the dead child, who were filled with horror. Pidetey wished to report the matter to the chief of police, and ask that the body be exhumed, but whether or not from feelings of respect to his dead child's remains he concluded to let the matter rest. Hopes are entertained that the police will follow it up, for these numerous outrages have produced feelings of dread among the mothers of children throughout the entire city

San Francisco's Limited Coal Supply.

The great yard of the Wellington coal depot on East street, is empty, and has been so for two months The cause is the strike of miners at Nanaimo B C of which intimation has already been furnished from time to time, in the telegraph columns. The receipt of a couple of dispatches from the scene of the difficulty within the past two days has rather seemed to indicate that the trouble might have taken a more serious aspect One dispatch stated that the engineers and machinists had struck against the employment of Chinamen and was signed G C Lock, secretary of the Miners' Protective Association Another said that there was considerable excitement at the mines over the Chinese question and was signed, "R C Randall The prices of coal this year as compared to last year show a marked increase That this advance is caused less much by the anticipation of a short supply as by higher freights is shown by the receipts the past nine months which aggregated 605 300 tons for the current year, against 613 000 for 1882

Production of Quicksilver Decreasing.

President Rande of the Quicksilver Mining Company stated to-day that the production of quicksilver was rapidly decreasing and that it would soon become unprofitable to work the mines in this country California's production in 1882 was over 7000 flasks less than in 1881 This year's production will he estimates show a still further decrease. Quicksilver men will, he says, move congress for better protection as foreign importation is steadily increasing Randal says there are $50,000 000 invested in quicksilver mines on this coast employing 9000 men and that the duty will have to be placed at 8 cents per pound on the foreign article if the mines here are to be worked at a profit

Death of a Sculptor

News has been received of the death of Pietro Mezzara a well known sculptor, for many years a resident of this city He died in Paris on the 5th of September Among his works in this state are the Lincoln statue, on the Lincoln grammar school, and the statuary on the state hospital at Sacramento

Perhaps.

The Alta pointedly remarks that before the Northern Pacific was opened all immigrants arriving were bound for Oregon and Washington territory, whereas now that it is opened many of the immigrants arriving at Portland are bound for San Francisco

END OF THE SHARON-HILL TRIAL.

The Prosecution Learn that They Have No Case, and the Suit is Dismissed.

SAN FRANCISCO Oct 20 —The charges of adultery against Senator Sharon, preferred by Miss Aggie Hill, claiming to be his wife came up for hearing before Judge Lawler this morning An immense crowd had assembled at the doors of the police court, and long before the proceedings began the room was crowded to its utmost capacity Senator Sharon, accompanied by his counsel, General Barnes was present W M Neilson, the complaining witness, on behalf of Miss Hill, was assisted by George W Tyler Miss Hill was not present The examination occupied the entire morning.

Prior to consideration of the case at issue Neilson made a statement that his witnesses had been intimidated, that the police authorities had failed to serve subpoenas, and that consequently he was unable to produce them

General Barnes objected to such assertions, saying it would be sufficient for Neilson to cite the instances referred to, and enter complaints and the law would know how to deal with them

By permission of the court Neilson was allowed to continue his statements, which were partly of his own knowledge, and partly from information He then proceeded to say he had been offered money to stay the proceedings, and that when he refused he was intimidated, that Miss Dietz with whom the alleged adultery took place, could not be found, and that the father of Miss Brackett, confidential companion of Miss Hill, had suddenly acquired wealth

Witnesses called by the defense denied Neilson's statements, after which the case was called, charging Sharon with felony.

The prosecuting attorney immediately rose and stated that it was impossible to continue the prosecution, as the statute governing the case had been repealed, and no longer existed

Barnes agreed to set aside all technicalities, and allow the case to go on, as he wanted an opportunity of obliging the prosecution to produce the alleged marriage contract, under which complaint had been sworn out. The document was not produced, nor was the existence of it admitted. Barnes strongly denounced the whole business as a villainous scheme, the contract as a fraud, lie and forgery from top to bottom, and the complaint an outrage on the public, and chiefly so on the defendant who was dragged into court on a sworn charge of felony and when the case was called the prosecution abandoned it.

Tyler said he was not aware when the complaint was made out that the statute had been repealed

The judge said such was so and ordered the case dismissed.

The fact that the prosecution were unable or unwilling to produce the alleged marriage contract seems to confirm, in the public mind, the original suspicion that the matter was started to extort money from Sharon

ACCIDENTS.

A PLATFORM BREAKS DOWN

BOSTON Oct. 20 —A platform crowded with spectators watching the races at Harvard, on the Charles river, broke down and several were injured having legs and arms broken Most of the injured are Harvard men A student named Mead, of South Boston, class of 1887, had his skull fractured and both legs broken, and will probably die Nine others were injured, principally fractures of limbs

CRIMINAL.

ROBBERY AND MURDER

CORPUS CHRISTI, Texas, Oct. 20 —At Tenablaco, fifty miles south of San Diego, in Duval county, a store was robbed last night. The proprietor and another man were killed The murderers escaped to Mexico

AFRICA.

THE ORIENTAL STYLE.

ALGIERS Oct. 20 —The Algerian insurgent chief, Si Sliman was invited to a feast by two other chiefs who slew him and sent his head to the sultan of Morocco

CANADA

FAREWELL BALL TO LORNE AND LOUISE

QUEBEC Oct. 20 —A farewell ball given by the citizens to Lorne and Louise last night was a brilliant affair

AUSTRIA

CELEBRATED CHATEAU BURNED

LEMBERG Oct. 20 —The celebrated chateau of Prince Czartoryski at Sieniawa Austrian Galicia burned yesterday Loss $500 000

IN WALL STREET.

An Intensely Exciting Day in the Stock Exchange

A BAD CHANCE FOR DEALERS IN "SHORTS."

Wall Street Goes Wild Over Northern Pacific Preferred, and that Stock Goes Up with a Rush.

NEW YORK Oct 20 —The general stock market was dull Northern Pacific preferred absorbing speculative interest Great crowds surround the rostrum, watching the proceedings Transactions in other stocks were very light

2 40 P M —Northern Pacific preferred has just been bought in, under rule, at from 66¾@73, cash Stock jumped from 60 to 64 regular, on large transactions There is considerable excitement Transactions under rule are being made at from 70@72 cash The general market is more active now, and prices have jumped about 1 per cent

3 P M —Near the close Northern Pacific preferred rose to 78¾ cash and 64 regular The difference between cash and regular at one time was 15⅞ Stock receded to 60 regular and closed at 64¾@64⅜

DEALERS IN "SHORTS" BADLY CINCHED

NEW YORK Oct 20 —Governments strong Speculation centers in Northern Pacific which stock was in brisk demand throughout In early dealings the bears raided the stock down from 60 to 58 regular In the meantime cash sales had been made at 63½@65 As the day advanced the demand increased, and just before the delivery hour a difference of nearly 10 per cent existed After delivery hour it became known that many firms had failed to deliver stocks they had sold, and in consequence delinquents were bought in "under the rule" Sales are reported at 78¾ cash and 64 regular Toward the close the price fell off to 59⅝@62⅝ regular and 75¾ cash The excitement which attended the buying in of stock under rule has rarely been paralleled The general market for the time has been almost neglected

ANOTHER SQUEEZE CONTEMPLATED

The enormous difference between cash and regular only partly represented the losses of the shorts inasmuch as those for whose account stock had been bought in under the rule made additional as on in the regular way This will help the movement which is said to be contemplated to make another squeeze Monday It is stated that the theory that those who purchased preferred stock for voting purposes in connection with the proposed issue of second mortgage bonds would sell some immediately before closing the transfer books, is entirely at fault The Villard party, which includes several prominent banking houses it is said, has determined to put a stop to the bear raids upon their specialties and to-day's movement in Northern Pacific preferred is advanced as conclusive evidence thereof

THE GENERAL MARKET

Owing to the great excitement attending the Northern Pacific rise other movements were lost sight of The general market was irregular throughout the day The pressure was not severe but the market lacked support in the early hours Opening figures were about ¼ to ¾ per cent below last night's closing From the first sales prices yielded until a decline of ¼ to 1¾ per cent was recorded The weak spots were Western Union, St Paul Northern Pacific Denver, and New York Central were rather firm Late in the day the market improved, in sympathy with the rise in Northern Pacific preferred Many shorts covered in other stocks fearing a "squeeze The advance ranged from ⅛ to 1¾ per cent In final dealings the market was again on the advance Northern Pacific preferred closed 17¾ per cent higher, at 75¾ cash, as compared with yesterday's closing Oregon Railway and Navigation is down a point and Central Pacific 1¾

FROM THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

During the last hour the most intense excitement prevailed on the stock exchange in consequence of transactions in Northern Pacific preferred Thousands of shares that had been sold could not be delivered and the brokers were compelled to have them bought in at the board Naturally the highest sort of premium was demanded The loss falls upon the customers Of course if they can't stand it the brokers will The highest price for stock was 77¾ cash, against 64 regular, or a premium of 13¾ per cent It was expected that many of the houses could not bear the twisting but up to the last moment no failure had been reported To-day capped the climax When stock loaned at 5¾ per cent considerable surprise was expressed The short interest was known to be very heavy and stock necessarily was scarce What added to its particular value to-day was that the transfer books were to close this afternoon

A BRILLIANT STROKE

The scarcity of stock in this market and the ease with which it loaned in Philadelphia created in the fertile mind of General Collis of Collis & Levy a brilliant and daring scheme to improve the shining hour He borrowed 1500 shares flat in Philadelphia and began dealing it out on the floor of the New York exchange at 10.30 this morning at rates ranging anywhere from 5 to 9¾ per cent In order to make his deliveries good he directed Arnold of the Philadelphia house, to charter a special train and reach New York before 2.15 o'clock P M The business was very risky A failure to make his deliveries good meant ruin and disaster, or detention on the road was equally to be feared However Arnold, with his valuable cargo, hurried to the Pennsylvania Railroad office at Fifteenth and Market streets, and applied to General Manager Thompson for a special train and a clear track An engine and baggage car were placed at his disposal, and shortly before 11 o'clock the special train rushed from the station, and was thundering on its way to this city, at a rate of seventy miles an hour and before 1 o'clock the stock was in Messrs Collis & Levy's office ready for delivery

ENGLAND.

TWELVE OF THE BODIES RECOVERED

LONDON, Oct 20.—Twelve bodies have been recovered from the Wharncliffe Carlton colliery in Yorkshire The fallen roof prevents quick work &c.

FRANCE.

WILL DEMAND THE EXPULSION OF THE ORLEANS PRINCES

PARIS Oct 20—There is a report that seven of the extreme left will, in the chamber of deputies offer a motion demanding the expulsion of the Orleans princes from France

GERMANY.

SPREAD OF TRICHINOSIS.

BERLIN, Oct 20 —Trichinosis is spreading in the vicinity of Ermsleben Prussian Saxony The doctors fear that 20 per cent. of the cases will be fatal

SPAIN.

EARTHQUAKE AT GIBRALTAR

LONDON Oct 20 —Three shocks of earthquake in quick succession were felt at Gibraltar shortly after midnight and another at 2 this morning The direction was from north to south

GREECE.

THE CHIOS EARTHQUAKE

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct 19 —Slight shocks of earthquake continue at Anatolico The deaths there in the recent convulsions are said to be greatly magnified

Perpetual Motion.

At the late provincial exhibition held at Toronto, a perpetual motion machine was advertised to be seen in a tent The inventor is Mr Forster of Guelph Like many of the greatest discoveries this is a very simple one The motive power is simply air contracted and expanded by the natural variations of temperature A large cylinder of sheet-iron is connected by a tube with a small cylinder with sides of oiled silk, so as to swell or stretch like the side of a pair of bellows The double air chamber is hermetically sealed To the upper part of the smaller chamber are attached chains, revolving over pulleys, and winding up a spring which furnishes the power for work Whether the air expands or contracts the winding continues It is claimed that a daily range of 10 degrees will furnish enough power to keep a pendulum going A greater range will allow of power being retained for use in steady weather The usual range of temperature in Ontario is about 20 degrees daily There are sometimes days together in which the range is only a few degrees, but it is thought that the usual range will furnish power to tide over the very steady intervals, and that for ordinary climates at least perpetual motion has been secured

JOPLIN Mo —Dr J B Morgan says 'I find that Brown's Iron Bitters gives entire satisfaction to all who use it

MINING STOCKS REPORT.

SAN FRANCISCO Oct 20

Belcher	1 25	Hale & Norcross	2 45
Best & Belcher	3 75	Mexican	3 30
Bodie Con	65	Northern Belle	4 00
Bullion	90	Ophir	5 62
California	20	Overman	40
Eureka Con	4 55	Potosi	90
Choller	2 50	Savage	1 15
Con Virginia	50	Silver King	1 60
Crown Point	1 30	Sierra Nevada	3 95
Exchequer	65	Union	7 70
Gould & Curry	2 15	Utah	1 00
Grand Prize	55	Yellow Jacket	3 15

LITERARY NOTES

An English translation of the "Life of Martin Luther by Julius Kostlin of which Mr Froude recently wrote At last we have a life of Martin Luther which deserves the name," has been made Its publication in this country has been undertaken by the Lutheran Publication Society of Philadelphia The work contains analysis of his important writings and is especially interesting in its treatment of the inner life of the man and his great ideas

The *Electra* is a new magazine from the south Its publication office is at Louisville and its date of issue the first of each month Possessing no especial characteristics to distinguish it from the average literary magazine it will hardly attempt to fill more than a local field The number before us is the sixth and presents a neat, well arranged appearance

Jules Verne's latest stretch of imagination is called Godfrey Morgan, a California mystery It is a clever imitation of Robinson Crusoe, with a Chinaman and other improbable features inserted While Defoe's charming story remains in print boys with healthy minds will prefer it to any of the improbable and startling narratives of the French writer

A new edition of Thackeray's complete works in twenty six octavo volumes is in course of preparation by Messrs Smith & Elder, the original publishers of the author's books It is certainly to be taken as a good sign that the sale of Thackeray's novels has shown a marked increase within the last few years, and that this new standard edition has been earnestly demanded In it will be included some writings not before collected and a number of additional illustrations

Mr David Douglas' charming pocket editions of American authors it is pleasant to know have met with great success The books are made with admirable taste and skill, and reflect only credit upon the Edinburgh press, from whence they come By these cheap editions the writings of Mr Howells Mr James Mr Cable and other of our best writers have become popular all over England The latest issues of the series gives Dr Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" in two volumes with the author's latest revisions and notes The volumes contain says the London *Academy* in welcoming the work "perhaps the one collection of modern essays that deserve to rank with those of the former masters of the art"

An interesting addition to the literature of the ante rebellion period will be the new book by George W Julian entitled "Political Recollections 1840 to 1860" It will be brought out by Jansen McClurg & Co of Chicago in a few days

J Proctor Knott, now governor of Kentucky, and Ainsworth R Spofford librarian of congress are said to be engaged in the compilation of several volumes containing the best selections of wit and humor from the time of Chaucer to date, including the works of both English and American writers Mr Spofford has already evinced considerable literary ability and judgment in his "Library of Choice Literature" and his forthcoming work will doubtless meet with as liberal a demand Whether Mr Knott's assistance will add to the value of the compilation remains to be seen His reputation as a humorist is based upon the slight foundation of a single speech, yet he may possess the faculty of knowing what constitutes genuine wit without the power of giving it utterance

Harper & Bros have issued the fifth volume of that charming series of boys' books by Mr Knox The last volume is devoted to a tour through Central Africa carrying the boys among lands made memorable by the explorations of Barth and Livingstone Schweinfurth and Stanley Though written ostensibly for children these volumes may be read with interest and profit by older persons

The Courtship of Miles Standish has been dramatized and published in handsome and convenient shape by Houghton Mifflin & Co of Boston The story of the stern old Puritan captain's ill fated attempt to carry a heart by storm can never be so presented to the mind as by the vividness of the poet's words and the introduction of many entirely irrelevant "gags" and stage trappings would completely destroy its beauty Priscilla's arch invitation would somehow lose its charming abruptness if put in the mouth of any but Longfellow's Priscilla

The *Century* Company have just published Rev Washington Gladden's history of "The Christian League of Connecticut" in book form it having previously appeared in the columns of the *Century* magazine It is an attempt to form all church organizations of benevolence into a common organization for purposes of charitable work regardless of creed or church formulas Rev Gladden's scheme is a practical one and will commend itself to everybody interested in such work For sale by J K Gill & Co.

G P Putnam's Sons have in press "A History of the Northern Pacific Railroad," from its inception in 1834 to 1883, by E V Smalley, and "A History of the Thirty Years' War," by Anton Gindeley, professor of German history in the University of Prague to be published in two volumes Both will appear soon

Dio Lewis Monthly for October has for its frontispiece an engraving of the editor Its matter is all very good "Our Rich Men," by Dio Lewis, is well worth perusal by all who yearn for the "flesh pots" of a Vanderbilt or Gould

Perhaps Tourguenoff's almost unrivaled success lay partly in the fact that he was an artist first and a social reformer afterward He was indeed no constructive statesman The shafts of his irony pierced not only the thin skin of Russian officialism but the thick hide of conventional shams and falsehoods generally But there Tourguenoff stopped He exposed fallacies and unmasked pretenses Further it was not his business, or at all events it was not his habit to go His knife cut sharp and deep He had no sticking plaster for the wounds which it made As a man of letters he was supreme Of politics and society he was merely a scathing critic —*London Daily News*

Mr Cross has made little progress with the biography of his dead wife, George Eliot He has been greatly interrupted by illness

The Rev E Bradley, rector of Shelton, Rutland, better known as "Cuthbert Bede," author of "Verdant Green," has been presented by Lord Aveland to the vicarage of Lenton, Lincolnshire

Mr Matthew Arnold's approaching visit to this country is to be commemorated by Macmillan & Co in a very pleasing manner—viz. by a new and uniform edition of his prose writings in seven volumes.

The fifth volume of "Topics of the Time" is devoted to "Questions of Belief," discussed in five essays. They are culled from the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary Review* and *Mind* They are entitled as follows "The Responsibilities of Unbelief," by Vernon Lee, "Agnostic Morality," by Frances Power Cobbe, "Natural Religion" by Edmund Gurney, "The Suppression of Poisonous Opinions" by Leslie Stephen, and "Modern Miracles," by E S. Shuckburgh Mr Stephen's contribution is a masterly discussion of a very vital question, and the most readable of the five papers. 16mo cloth 60 cents, paper, 25 cents New York G P. Putnam's Sons, J. K. Gill & Co , Portland.

One more edition of the immortal work of Thomas à Kempis is issued by J R Osgood & Co This one is in a pretty 16 mo volume embellished with head and tail pieces and initial letters of symbolical designs Some of these are very quaint and interesting, though they would look better on heavier paper and with broader margins. The edition is for the pocket and the text, the latest translation, is well printed

BLUE-BLOOD FOUNTAINS.

England's Aristocratic Roll of Crime, Dishonor and Infamy.

AN INSTRUCTIVE RECORD

Incontrovertible Facts Respecting the Bars Sinister of the Wearers of Coronets and Their Families

New York World

Two authors of the same name are authorities on family history but their treatment of the subject is different One was an Englishman the other a Yankee Sir William Dugdale the Englishman could see nothing in men of title but streams of nobility swelling with majesty, honor dignity beauty and glory The practical American the late Robert L Dugdale somewhat after the manner of Galton's hereditary theory took one family as an example traced it through the ramifications of the crimes committed by its members and fearlessly impartially and analytically held a mirror up to the vilest side of human nature

This last method is the only way in which an American with the facts staring him in the face, can or should regard the peerage of Great Britain and Ireland The horrible murders committed by its members and the vile history of the monarchs of England the source from which English aristocracy flows have been already treated in these columns

It is a duty to American democracy that this subject should be pursued as an antidote to the toadyism and flunkeyism exhibited before the tinsel coronets the ridiculous titles and debauched feudalism of the dying civilizations of the old world by far too many Americans in this country and in Europe

The estates and wealth of the English landed aristocracy were obtained by robbery and false pretenses As the Briton gave way to the Roman and Saxon, and Dane and Norman to each in its turn appropriated the property of the weaker race and built up a castle with special class privileges and rights The English territorial lands, from the time of William the Bastard to this hour, have held their power as a hereditary house of lords and as land owners upon the unjust confiscation of other people's property Might has been their only right and based upon tyranny and oppression alone, they have pursued their course of bloodshed, crime and immorality

And aristocracy's snake like trail has distributed virus on all sides of it upas like, poisoning the air, vampire-like, sucking wealth and health from England's people, and barring the way to the liberty and salvation of the peasant and other proletarian paupers of a great nation

It is idle to say that the peer of to-day is not the feudal baron of medievalism when we find within the past few years the representative of one of the oldest Scotch marquisates arraigned for felony, the son of a noble duke flying to this country from English justice for his beastial crimes, and the heir to the British throne forced to swear on the witness stand that he was not the seducer of his friend's wife, a baronet's daughter and the sister of a countess

In 1837 the first year of the present Queen's reign, Baron de Ros, who was the premier baron of England and a grandson of the duke of Leinster, was arrested and tried like an ordinary bunco steerer or confidence man for swindling at cards Of this blackleg representative of a baronial house which Burke quotes in this year's peerage as a "great and noble family" Thackeray writes

"A peer of the realm was found cheating at whist and repeatedly seen to practice the trick called *sauter la coupe*. His friends at the club saw him cheat and went on playing with him One greenhorn who had discovered his foul play, asked an old hand what he should do Do! said the mammon of unrighteousness back him you fool! The best efforts were made to screen him People wrote him anonymous letters and warned him but he would cheat, and they were obliged to find him out Since that day when my lord's shame was made public the gaming table has lost all its splendor"

And there has been quite lately in America trying to earn an honest livelihood a baronet who was cashiered for embezzling the mess chest funds of a British cavalry regiment of which he was paymaster Yet Murray Hill Newport and New York clubs received him as their noble and honored guest simply because he could put "Sir" in front of his soiled name and "Bart." behind it

Of such is the present English nobility which is descended from the bastard progeny of British monarchs and their ennobled mistresses from robber barons from sovereigns' licentious male favorites and from the gutters and sewers of vice The few who have been honored for services in war and peace or of literary merit, like the late Benjamin Disraeli have been the exceptions The rule has been infamy and mediocrity

The earlier English baronets purchased their titles, and many a peer wears a strawberry leaved coronet that his noble ancestor bought for cash Gervase Holles tells us that Sir John Holles, who was created Baron Houghton of Houghton in the fourteenth year of James I and in the twenty second year Earl of Clare "for his peerage paid the favorite Duke of Buckingham £10 000 sterling For at the entrance of King James the sale of honors was become a trade at court, and whilst the duke lived scarce any man acquired any honor but such as were either his kindred or had the fortune (or misfortune) to marry his kindred or mistresses, or paid a round sum for it The ancestors of the Holles Earls of Clare were peasants, one of whom went to London, became a merchant and died a lord mayor but his eldest son to whom he had left a very fair estate, lived to spend it and die in prison

His grace the duke of Grafton, who is also earl of Euston and earl of Arlington Viscount Thetford and Viscount Ipswich, Baron Arlington of Arlington and Baron Sudbury of Sudbury, hereditary ranger etc , etc " is descended with all his Fitzroy relatives including "My Lud" of Southampton from Henry Fitzroy the second bastard son of King Charles the Second, by his mistress Barbara Villiers duchess of Cleveland the rival of "Old Rowley's" other paramours, Mlle de Querouailles, created duchess of Portsmouth, and My Lady Palmer, countess of Castlemaine

And all were created peeresses by the grace of Sir Knight Chiffinch the royal page of the backstairs, the panderer to the vices of King Charles, the official whose special duty it was to introduce new female faces to the kingly reprobate

The present earl of Dysart is the lineal descendant of the Lady Elizabeth, countess of Dysart and duchess of Lauderdale, who boasted to her husband that when he was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester she "saved him from the block by submitting to the familiarities of Cromwell," the lord protector

The English title of countess of Darlington was given by George the First to his mistress Frau von Kielmansegge, and that of duchess of Kendall to his mistress Frau von Schulenburg

Queen Victoria's first cousin "on the wrong side of the blanket," my lord, "the earl of Munster, Viscount Fitz Clarence and Baron Tewksbury," was a bastard son of William the Fourth by his "leman," Mrs. Jordan, the actress, and his eight other brothers and sisters were Lord Frederick Fitz Clarence, married to a daughter of the earl of Glasgow, Admiral Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence, G. C. H , the Rev Lord Augustus Fitz Clarence, the queen's chaplain, whose wife was the eldest daughter of Lord Henry Gordon; Lady Sophia Fitz Clarence, the wife of Lord de l'Isle and Dudley, Lady Mary Fitz-Clarence, Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Clarence, wife of the earl of Errol, hereditary high constable of Scotland, Lady Augusta Fitz Clarence, married first to a son of the marquess of Ailsa, and secondly to Lord John Frederick Gordon, and Lady Amelia Fitz Clarence, wife of Lucius, Viscount Falkland

The countess of Suffolk at one time Mrs Howard and the mistress of George II , was housed in St James' palace, right under the window of the queen's bedroom and in the apartments formerly belonging to the duchess of Kendall A well known author states The king was not allowed to remain in undisturbed possession of his mistress Mr. Howard went one night into the quadrangle of St James, and, before the guards and other audience, vociferously demanded his wife be restored to him. He was, however, soon thrust out, and just as soon soothed—selling (as Walpole had heard) his noisy honor and the possession of his wife for a pension of £1200 a year and the earldom of Suffolk." The present earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Viscount Andover and Baron Howard is the descendant whom Ulster King of Arms in this year's peerage says is the head of "a branch of the house of Howard, dukes of Norfolk, springing from Thomas, the fourth duke and his second wife, Margaret, only daughter and heiress of Thomas, Lord Audley of Walden, K G "

And thus the black list goes on almost *ad saecula saeculorum*

The ducal family of Marlborough is enriched with the blots in their family lineage of Sarah Jennings the first duchess a woman whose depraved character has been rendered immortally infamous by Pope and whose sister in law, Lady Arabella Churchill, was the mistress of King James II , by whom she had two bastards, James Fitz James the celebrated Duke of Berwick and Henry Fitz-James commonly called the Grand Prior created by his father duke of Albemarle By the king she also had a daughter married to Lord Waldegrave and by her husband Colonel Godfrey, another, married to Viscount Falmouth

Lord Hugh de Despencer, son of the earl of Winchester was the rapacious and insolent "mignon" of Edward the Second who was murdered by that king's rebellious barons And another favorite of the same lecherous and infatuated monarch was Lord Piers Gaveston, earl of Cornwall who was murdered without judgment of his peers or any course of law by the earls of Lancaster and Warwick,' and who says an old historian, filled the court with buffoons parasites minstrels players and all kinds of dissolute persons to entertain and dissolve the king with delight and pleasures' It was Gaveston who nicknamed the earl of Lancaster the "stage player," the earl of Pembroke "Joseph the Jew" and the earl of Warwick "the black dogge of Arden"

George Villiers, who acted for King James the First, as Gaveston and Despencer had for Edward the Second, was created by his grateful monarch duke, marquis and earl of Buckingham We are told that King James was a man that could hardly exist without a favorite and he had quarrelled with (the earl of) Somerset, the courtier who had last held the place of favor in the royal heart Being thus destitute of an object on which to bestow the honors at his disposal he welcomed the singularly handsome and captivating Villiers to his court with a love passing the love of women, and installing him at once as his chief favorite began to shower distinctions upon him, Villiers' mother was made countess of Buckingham, his older brother baron Villiers and viscount Purbeck his younger brother earl of Anglesey and baron of Daventry his half brother a baronet and another a knight and president of Munster, and his son died almost a pauper in a garret

Viscount Purbeck the duke's brother was married to the daughter and heiress of Sir Edward Coke ancestor of the earls of Leicester and she led such a life of debauchery that she narrowly escaped doing public penance She was, however forced into her unhappy marriage by that great legal luminary her father, who in order to force on the marriage had his wife sent to prison and locked up his daughter in her own house until the wedding was brought about

Nor should be forgotten the ducal house of St Albans, the present representative of which is his grace William Amelius Aubrey De Vere Beauclerc, duke of St Albans, earl of Burford, and Baron Vere, grand falconer of England, &c and who never would have been a duke but for the fact that King Charles II kept as his mistress his grace's ancestress, that offspring of the stews and witty orange girl, Nell Gwynne, from whose plebian womb came the first duke of St. Albans the duke of Monmouth and other peers of the realm From her proceeded the De Veres, of whom Poet Laureate Tennyson—who refused to compose a dirge on John Brown the queen's favorite—wrote

> A simple maiden in her flower
> Is worth a thousand coats of arms
> And all the blood of Vere de Vere

The fair Rosamond poisoned by the queen, her rival, had a royal lover, Henry the second a natural son, Henry Longspee who was married by his legitimate brother King Richard to Ela, countess of Salisbury when then years old, and in right of his wife he became earl of Salisbury It is believed he was poisoned by his wife, who upon his death took the veil and became abbess of the monastery of Lacock, in Wiltshire

Emma—Lady Hamilton—known as the mistress of Lord Nelson by whom she had an illegitimate daughter Horatia was the wife of Sir William Hamilton Originally a servant she married her baronet husband after a long course of depravity and after she had been exhibited nude in London as the Modern Venus at so much per head by one of her early gentlemen friends

An early and remarkable example of nobility of the same character was the exhibition in the streets of Coventry of the naked Countess Godiva wife of Leofric earl of Mercia.

Lady Heron, the wife of Sir William Heron and mistress of King James V of Scotland is notoriously immortalized by Scott in "Marmion" Her husband was one of the murderers of Sir Robert Kerr, and while lying in prison for his crime his wife captivated the monarch with her Circean spells and betrayed him at Flodden

One of the many troubles that brought about Queen Elizabeth's murder of Mary, queen of Scots was the accusation on the part of the countess of Shrewsbury that her husband Lord Shrewsbury had fallen a victim to the lascivious wiles of the Scottish queen.

Besides the illegitimate branches of noble English homes already named are numerous others, as well as many aristocrats on whose shield the bar sinister has been to them no brand of shame

Lord William Peverell of the Peak was a bastard son of King William the Conqueror, the bastard son of a tanner's daughter

The Stanleys earls of Derby who are descended from Isabel, daughter of Sir Thomas Lathom and wife of Sir John Stanley, are also collaterally descended from this Sir Thomas Lathom, whose family was perpetuated by his cherishing an ardent desire for a son to inherit his name and fortune he had an intrigue with a young "gentlewoman" the fruit of which connection was a son," Oskatel, from whom came the Lathoms of Astbury" The real surname of the later earls of Derby is the aristocratic cognomen of Smith, and the first Smith in this noble family was the husband of Elizabeth Farren, the actress A son of the first earl of Derby was James Stanley bishop of Ely and of him Fuller quaintly observes: "I blame not the bishop for passing the summer with his brother, the earl of Derby, in Lancashire, but for living all the winter at Somersham with one who was not his sister, and who wanted nothing to make her his wife save marriage." From this episcopal liaison was born Sir John Stanley but the estate so obtained his father the church's ban and he died an excommunicant

With such abominable and foul surroundings it is not to be wondered at that the worst of crimes have been committed by the English nobility

"The Golden Chersonese" is Miss Isabella L Bird's last book of travels It contains the scenes of her trip from Hong Kong to her departure from Georgetown and the Wellesley Settlement to Ceylon It is an admirable picture of life in the Straits Settlements with sketches of Victoria, the city of Hong Kong island and Canton Miss Bird has acquired much deserved fame as a traveler and interesting writer, and we look forward with pleasure for other productions of her pen. Published by G P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

PRESS PITH.

"My husband insists upon wearing his old coat everywhere," said the butcher's wife "Yes" he sadly said, "I can't afford a Newmarket.—Walton News

It is an amusing coincidence and nothing more that the middle name of Miss Sarah Althea Hill is the generic term for the Rose of Sharon.—San Francisco paper

Governor Butler, when asked recently by a friend what he thought of the democratic party, replied "The democratic party is a political bicycle, I am riding it now —Hartford Post

The weather is just getting cold enough to break up the man who has been making a living by peddling ice cream out of a wagon for the past three months, and to bring out the lank dyspeptic man who wears long hair, a high hat and a shawl —Puck

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If so, please remember that the Royal Route, Chicago and Northwestern Railway is the great short line between St. Paul and Chicago—running the finest sleeping cars the dining cars acknowledged by friends and foes to be unequaled, it is the route between St. Paul and Chicago and between Minneapolis and Chicago making the best time for all points east. Ask Mr. Maxwell, ticket agent foot of Ash street, for your tickets via this great line.

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PORTLAND CITY DIRECTORY, 1884.

We, the undersigned, hereby to notify the people of Portland generally, and those from whom we have taken orders or advertisements to the above work in particular, that we have abandoned publication of the same.

Oct. 19, 1883.

JOHN H. GILMAN
AUG. J METCALF.

The "spike" edition of THE OREGONIAN, containing full accounts of the driving of the last spike on the Northern Pacific and a complete history of the road from its beginning to the present day, in an extra first number to send east, can be obtained ready in wrappers at this office. Mailed free to any address on receipt of price, ten cents.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

THE DIOTHAS By Ismar Thiusen. New York G P Putnam's Sons For sale by A. L Bancroft & Co., San Francisco. Price $1

Bulwer in his "Coming Race" has had several imitators, but the latest, with the above title will be found fully as interesting, and a much more plausible vision of the future Of course it is a love story, but it has the merit of portraying the love of simplicity, modesty and truthfulness The author, whose name is unknown (Ismar Thiusen being purely imaginary) has handled his subject with the skill of one familiar with literary methods and produced a tale which will interest every one not too *blasé* to read a healthful story. In his treatment of the future of the human race he handles scientific facts and possibilities in a reasonable manner, and seeks rather to instruct the reader than to imitate the marvelous impossibilities of Jules Verne There are many excellent ideas in the book that could well be followed at the present day Few of the newer books of fiction will be found as interesting or profitable reading as this clever volume

LIFE OF GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL By W. S Rockstro New York Macmillan & Co Price $2 50

The life of the great composer has been well written by Mr Rockstro who is an English musician, and author of several works on musical science It is neither too condensed to be satisfactory to one desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the composer's life, nor too detailed as to be tiresome There is enough of the man to interest those who care most for personal character, while his art has received sufficient attention to awaken the interest of the special student Sir George Grove in an introductory notice to the volume says "The name of Handel is as widely known to the English public as that of Shakespeare, and no play of the latter has been performed so often as the 'Messiah' In the face of this fact it is remarkable," he says, "that no adequate English biography of him has appeared before" The German biographies have been so voluminous and dull that little value has been attached to them by English readers and Mr Rockstro has performed an admirable deed in thus presenting those who would learn of the great composer's life with such an excellent opportunity. Perhaps it would be too much to say that this is the final and complete biography of Handel, but it certainly comes nearer perfection than any that have previously appeared

Mr H Buxton Forman who has long devoted himself to doing for John Keats what he did for Percy Bysshe Shelley, has at last done for the former to the extent of four octavo volumes which are impending The features of this edition of Keats, as stated in the English literary journals, which we have no doubt were inspired by Mr Forman, are, that the text of the poems has been revised from the poet's own editions, and that these as well as the posthumous papers, have been collated, as far as possible with the author's manuscripts The important collections of Sir Charles Dilke have been placed at the disposal of the editor, who has also had access to a large number of other documents preserved by the members of the poet's family and by his friends Variations and numerous cancelled passages are given in foot-notes and much is added from manuscript and other sources An important mass of letters to various persons is now first published increasing the number of letters to almost 200, and a considerable number of those re-edited from printed sources have been revised from the originals Among the illustrations are five authentic portraits by Severn Hayden, and Hilton and an etching of Keats' burial place has been made by Samuel Palmer We have preferred to give the above statement in the words of its writer rather than in any condensation thereof that was in our power to arrive at first that the readers of Keats in this country may know precisely what is claimed for this new edition of his prose and verse and second that we may do Mr Forman justice. We frankly confess that we do not like the kind of work that he has done in his Shelley volumes, of which there are eight we believe, and we do not expect to like the kind of work that he has done in his Keats volumes We do not believe, for example in printing every scrap that poet wrote, and we do not believe in restoring cancelled papers and in collecting poems that his judgment deliberately rejected. Having had the critical judgment of Shelley and Keats upon themselves such as it was, we do not want—we refuse to accept—the judgment of Mr Forman, such as it is, upon either Their work would no doubt have been improved if he could have been consulted about commas, colons and semi-colons, but unfortunately he was not so consulted, for the Forman that we now have *in posse* was not then even *in esse*. They escaped the infliction which he is to us.

The *Saturday Review* says some clever and some just things about the writings of the late Theodore Winthrop, three of which have lately been reprinted at Edinburgh. Winthrop is declared to belong to the school of Hawthorne, which is sheer nonsense, and his work to be refreshingly reasonable as compared with the work of Mr Julian Hawthorne, which is sheerer nonsense They are free, too, for the most part from that luxuriant growth of verbal nonsense which renders so many of the romantic authors of the present day ridiculous. It is only rarely that we come across a sentence which is a forerunner as it were, of the floods of folly that were soon to come. Thus, when he tells us that one day in summer "the sluggish heat lay clogged and stagnant in the streets of the furnace like city," we see that even before the year 1861 a man could, if he would, write that particular kind of nonsense which is now at the top of fashion We are grateful to him for having so seldom exercised these newly-found powers We find one of his heroes, too becoming conscious by I know not what magnetism of a fact that he could only have known by lifting up his head and opening his eyes Magnetism we believe is at present just a little out of favor Intuition—subtle intuition—supplies its place. Earlier writers than the elder Hawthorne would have been content with "mysteriously" People mysteriously knew in all cases in which the author did not choose to make it clear how the knowledge came Winthrop has done one thing for the west which ought not to be forgotten. But for his book, "The Canoe and the Saddle," the name "Tacoma" would have perished.

Literary preferences, like love preferences, says *Chamber's Journal*, are unexplainable. We like because we like. Macaulay's biographer says of him that on the day on which he detected in the dark recesses of a Holborn bookstall some trumpery romance that had been in the Cambridge circulating library in 1820, was a date marked with a white stone in his calendar. He exulted over the discovery of a wretched novel called "Conscience," which he owned to be execrable, as triumphantly as if it had been a first folio edition of Shakespeare, with an inch and a half margin. "Why is it," he asks, "that I can read twenty times over the trash of —— and that I cannot read Bulwer's work? It is odd, but of all writers of fiction who possess any talent at all, Bulwer, with very distinguished talent, amuses the least" Bulwer, however, conquered him once for he sets down. "On my journey through the Pontine marshes I finished Bulwer's Alice." It affected me much, and in a way which I have not been affected by novels these many years. Indeed, I generally avoid all novels which are said to have much pathos. The suffering which they produce is to me a very real suffering, and of that I have quite enough without them." Theodore Hook relished nothing better with his wine than novels of a serious character, and was so fond of "Gil Blas" that he made a point of reading it every year. He would cross examine Sir Henry Holland's children in the most minute details respecting Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Byron, and could have done the same with regard to the "Pride and Prejudice" series, of which he said there were no compositions in the world approaching so near perfection—a eulogium Whately and Whewell would have readily indorsed

Horatio Alger, Jr , has added another biography of Abraham Lincoln to the many already